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* * ERRATUM.—At page 16, *post*, third line from the bottom, after "official reports," there should have been introduced this parenthesis, *vis.* "(which, the readers will see, have not been reduced to one common denomination)."

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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Reports of the Commissioners appointed to consider and recommend a General System of Railways for Ireland.*
Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1838.

THERE is, we humbly think, something impressively appalling in the reflection that everything in creation has been immutably fixed, by a strict entail, save and except the march, progressive or retrograde, of human reason.

The velocity of lightning, the sound of thunder, the power of the wind, which still goeth where it listeth, do not increase. The heat of the sun, the blueness of the sky, the freshness of mountain air, the solemn grandeur of the trackless ocean, remain unaltered. The nest of the bird improves no more than its plumage—the habitation of the beaver no more than its fur—the industry of the bee no more than its honey; and, lovely as is the melody of the English lark, yet the unchanged accents of its morning hymn daily proclaim to us from the firmament of heaven, that in the conjugation of the works of Nature there are no distinctions of tenses, for that what is, what was, and what will be, are the same.

But it is not so with human reason. Man alone has the power to amass and bequeath to his posterity whatever knowledge he acquires, and thus our condition on earth may be improved *ad infinitum* by the labour, intelligence, and discoveries of those who have preceded us.

Human reason being therefore a fluctuating series, while brute instinct is a fixed quantity, there is something encouraging in reflecting that the high degree of instinct with which animals are gifted, coupled with our promised dominion over every beast of the field, foretells the superior eminence which human intelligence is capable of attaining. For instance, the powerful eyesight of the eagle might have almost led a philosopher to prophesy the invention of the telescope, by which we have surpassed it—the astonishing instinct of those birds of America, which from the luxury of a southern latitude annually return to a wilderness nearly a thousand miles distant, to build their nests on the very trees upon whose branches they were reared, might have led him to foretell the discovery of the compass, which enables men,

not only in one direction, but in all directions, to probe their way to the remotest regions of the earth.

The strength and ferocity of the lion, the tiger, and the rhinoceros, might have foretold the invention of fire-arms, which have empowered us, with fearless confidence, to seek rather than avoid every beast of the field.

The immense size of the whale, so fortified by the boisterous element in which it lives, might have led a man to prognosticate the simple apparatus by which it is now captured.

The speed of the horse—the strength of the ox—the acute sense of smell in the dog—the patient endurance of ‘the ship of the desert,’ the camel—the stupendous power of the elephant—and the swiftness of the carrier-pigeon’s wing, have already, by the exertion of the human mind, one after another, been made subservient to the interests of man, for whose dominion they were created; and, though we cannot deny that in certain instances human reason has not yet surpassed brute instinct, yet we should remember that in science, as well as in religion, it has beneficently been declared to us, ‘Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.’

If this train of reasoning had been applied to the sudden discovery of America, as well as to our almost simultaneous acquaintance with other immense uninhabited regions, whose mountains, plains, lakes, rivers, and cataracts, on a scale of stupendous magnificence, totally unsuited to the means we then possessed, had apparently been created altogether too large for us to grapple with,—if the same train of reasoning had been applied to the fearful increase of population, simultaneously observable among every nation on the globe,—it would surely only have been placing due confidence in the wisdom of that Providence which ‘knoweth our necessities before we ask,’ had we from these data prophesied the advent among us of some new gigantic power, strong enough to enable us not only to traverse these new countries, but to mingle with their inhabitants with a facility proportionate to the increased wants of the human family.

This new gigantic power has very lately arrived; and, although the distances as well as difficulties we have to contend with have, during the last three centuries, greatly increased, yet most true it is that we are at this moment more competent than ever we were before the discovery of America to contend with the dangers which assail us by land and sea. In truth, we have attained more power than at the present moment we have courage to wield; and, instead of being alarmed at the distances which separate us from remote nations, we actually tremble at the means we possess of approaching them, through the sudden subjugation

jugation of elements which have hitherto proverbially been invincible. Time and tide once waited for no man—now no man waits for them. Of the long-bewailed tyranny of the winds, it may truly be said, 'Le congres est dissous.' Science has, at last, ended the quarrel which since the beginning had existed between fire and water, and by the union, or *belle alliance*, of these two furious elements, she has created that gigantic power of steam which the subject at present before our mind leads us for a few moments to consider.

I. If the wild tribes of Lake Huron were even at this moment to be told that the white man's recipe for conquering the waves of the great lake before them was to take up a very small portion of it and boil it—if sixty years ago Dr. Johnson had been told (as, exhausted by a hard day's literary labour, he sat ruminating at his fire-side waiting for his favourite beverage) that the tiny volume of white smoke he was listlessly gazing at, as it issued from the spout of his black iron tea-kettle, was a power competent to rebuke the waves, and to set even the hurricane at defiance—the red children of nature would listen to the intelligence with no greater astonishment than our venerable lexicographer would have received it.

To credit such a statement, however gravely uttered, would have been almost impossible—for even now how many among us can scarcely bring our minds to believe it, though we see it? Not only at its birth did the vigorous infant run alone, but, quickly breaking the apron-string that tethered it to our side, it fled we hardly know where. Let us, therefore, for a moment endeavour to follow it.

Those who have traversed the Pacific, as well as the great Atlantic and Indian Oceans, have ever been accustomed to observe a small dark line or thread which every here and there perpendicularly connects the clouds with the waters. We need scarcely say that we allude to water-spouts, which, especially in fine weather, when suddenly summoned into existence, leave the human mind in doubt whether they are messengers descending to us from heaven, or spirits rising from the vasty deep on which we sail. In addition to these symbols, whose antiquity is coeval with creation, a modern hieroglyphic has now become one of the well-known characteristics of the ocean, and on almost every portion of the aqueous globe the appearance of a slight horizontal stain in the atmosphere designates, according to its colour and its form, that a steamer is or has been beneath it.

These vessels have not only made their way round the Cape of Good Hope to India, where the new power is regularly plying on the Ganges, but our readers are aware they have just successfully

crossed the Atlantic, in consequence of which not only are immense vessels—one of them *thirty feet* longer than the largest line-of-battle ship in the British service—now building on both sides of the water, in order to establish a regular steam-communication between the Old World and America, but arrangements have been commenced and companies formed for connecting our trade across the Isthmus of Darien with steamers which are to ply on the great Pacific Ocean between Valparaiso and Panama, a distance of about 2500 miles;—by which means the voyage round Cape Horn to Lima, which has hitherto occupied our trading-vessels about four months, will, it is said, be reduced to about thirty days.

In the Mediterranean, steam-vessels are used by Christians, Jews, and Turks. Our garrisons of Gibraltar, Malta, and Zante, no longer, as in old times, are doomed to lie becalmed without letters from England, although two or three packets might be due, but to a day, and almost to an hour, they calculate upon the arrival of the welcome messenger; and, whether the wind be too great or too little, whether it be *gregale* or *ponente*, the prediction in the almanac is verified by the appearance through the telescope of the distant breath of the English postman—we mean of the approaching steamer, which is bringing them their mail.

In 1824 the Hugh Lindsay steamer, of 411 tons, made four successive voyages between Bombay and Suez; and, notwithstanding the south-west monsoon—notwithstanding that the vessel required to be propelled, without her engine being stopped, 3000 miles against a strong wind, heavy sea, and lee-current—the voyage has been made against the monsoon to Suez from Bombay. The intricacy of the passage of the Red Sea—the local and unusual difficulties which characterise it—the savage passions of some of the nations which inhabit its coast—add to the triumph of the ethereal power which has successfully wormed its way through all these dangers, for the sole object of communicating prompt intelligence to those hundred millions of inhabitants who form the eastern portion of the British empire.

The number of steamers which from the port of London alone radiate in almost every direction, is a fact which a few years ago could not have been conceived possible.

The Leith, as also the Aberdeen smacks, whose uncertain passage to London was from three days to a fortnight, have been now nearly superseded (as far as passengers are concerned) by steamers, which perform the distance with such regularity, that—whether the wind be fair or foul—families at Edinburgh, when the appointed hour arrives, drive to Newhaven to greet their expected London friends—who, if they have not actually arrived, will,

will, they know, almost immediately be seen, perspiring in the offing.

The steamers which ply from England to Calais, Boulogne, Havre, Dieppe, Granville, St. Malo, Dublin, Bordeaux, Rotterdam, Cologne, Mentz, Coblenz, Mannheim, and to the various towns and villages on the banks of the Rhine, perform their respective passages with equal punctuality; and, especially at the latter places, the hurried ringing of the bell, which announces their close approach to their respective havens, coincides very nearly with the slow striking of the parish clock, which in simple monosyllables informs the little community that the hour appointed for the appearance of their smoke-boat has arrived.

With similar precision do steamers on the continent of Europe (which may almost be said to be girt round with a chain of them) ply to Antwerp, Ostend, Hamburg, Zwolle, Amsterdam, Saar-dam, Strasburg, Kiel, Copenhagen, Lubec, Gothenburg, St. Petersburg, Dobberan, Stockholm, Christiania, Bergen, Schaff-hausen;—across the lakes of Constance, Zurich, Wallenstadt, Lucerne, Thun, Neuchâtel, Morat; Lago Maggiore, Como, Garda, &c.;—on the Danube from Gallatz to Pest, Vienna, Linz and Ratisbon;—on the Save from Belgrade to within 80 miles of Fiume, an Austrian sea-port on the Adriatic; from Drontheim to Hammerfest, far within the Polar circle, in latitude 70°;—from Stockholm to Upsala, Tornea, (the most northern town in Europe) Abo, Revel, Cronstadt, &c. &c.

In the Thames alone, steamers are plying in all directions. Almost every five minutes throughout the day, a communication is going on between Hungerford Stairs, London Bridge, Blackfriars Bridge, Waterloo Bridge, Kew, Richmond, and Twickenham. Below London Bridge, the tortuous course of the river is, during every day of the week, singularly designated by innumerable dashes of horizontal smoke; and, as the steamers from which they have proceeded—reckless of wind or tide, and with velocities proportionate to their different horse-powers—pass and repass the noble Hospital where the *élite* of our weather-beaten sailors are reposing in peace, one can hardly help reflecting with what astonishment their old admiral, Nelson, if he could be conjured up among them, would gaze upon this wonderful picture of the march and progress of human reason!

The Irish Sea, in various directions, is traversed by steamers; and between Dublin, Wicklow, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Galway, Donegal, Londonderry, Belfast, Isle of Man, Liverpool, Holyhead, Bristol, &c., there is a never-ceasing communication. In the inland lakes of Ireland, from Shannon Harbour to Athlone, Lough Ree, Carrick, and by Limerick to the sea,

sea, these waters are partially navigated for 150 miles by steam-vessels, carrying goods and passengers, or acting as tugs. From below Limerick, steamers now ply to Clare, Kilrush, and Tarbart—the number of passengers between those places having amounted, in the year 1836, to 23,851. In short, so rapid has been the increase in steam-vessels throughout the British empire, at home and abroad, that, although in 1814 we possessed only two, the united tonnage of which was 456 tons, we have now a fleet of 600, whose tonnage amounts to 67,969 tons.

The victory which the power of steam has gained upon the aqueous surface of North America is even greater than that which we have already described. Thirty years ago the United States had but one steamer—they have now between 500 and 600. Mr. David Stevenson, in his late narrative, states that abreast of New Orleans may be seen numerous tiers of steam-boats, of gigantic dimensions, just arrived from, or preparing to start for, the upper countries, through which passes the Mississippi, whose tributary streams would, it is said, in length, twice encircle the globe. Mr. Stevenson says—‘At every hour, I had almost said at every minute of the day, the magnificent steam-boats which convey passengers from New Orleans into the heart of the western country fire off their signal guns, and dash away at a rate which makes me giddy even to think of.’ Steamers were first introduced on the Mississippi in 1811; and by 1831, 348 had been built for the navigation of the western waters.

In the very heart of the continent of America, at Pittsburg, may be seen moored in the river Ohio a fleet of thirty or forty steamers, some of which have meandered from New Orleans (about 2000 miles) through the waters of the Mississippi and Ohio. The deck of the St. Louis, which plies on the former of these streams, and carries about 1000 tons, is 230 feet.

On the Hudson River, the passage from Albany to New York is regularly performed at the rate of 15 miles an hour. The steam-boats which ply between New York and the ports of Providence and Charleston are of stupendous dimensions. The Narragansett's keel is 210 feet in length. These sea-steamer afford most excellent accommodation, and often contain about 400 berths. The cabins are from 160 to 175 feet in length; and it is not unusual to see nearly 200 people dining together. The power of the engines is proportionally great: that of the Narragansett equals 772 horses—that of the Rochester 748.

The great North American lakes, or rather seas, of fresh water, are so admirably adapted to steamers, that they are there seen, as might be expected, in vast numbers. They are strongly built vessels (furnished with masts and sails), propelled by powerful engines,

gines, some of which act on the high pressure and some on the low pressure principle. Lake Erie alone is traversed by between forty and fifty from 200 to 700 tons register.

The St. Lawrence steamers, all of which are owned by her Majesty's Canadian subjects, are also fine powerful vessels. Mr. Stevenson—from whose book we have extracted much accurate information on these subjects—found the deck of one, the John Bull, to be 210 feet in length. In this vessel he passed from Quebec to Montreal, a distance of 180 miles, in forty hours, against a current averaging three miles an hour. Upon this occasion the John Bull had a fleet of five vessels in tow—one drawing 12½, another 10½, two 9, and one 7 feet of water; and it is not uncommon to see a steamer, with 1200 or 1500 passengers, towing (or, as it is termed, *tugging*) through the Scylla and Charybdis difficulties of the St. Lawrence, six of such vessels, against the current of a river which is supposed annually to discharge into the sea 4,277,880 millions of tons of water!

In the various modes of water-conveyance to which the traveller on this globe is subjected, there is perhaps no one more curious than that of descending one of the great rapids of America, in a small bark canoe, under the command, as is customary, of two Indians; and the anxiety to witness this spectacle is perhaps not at all disagreeably spiced by that still, warning voice of reason which gravely admonishes the traveller that his undertaking, interesting as it may be, is not altogether divested of danger.

Besides the rocks, shoals, and snags which are to be avoided, unceasing attention must be given to the innumerable logs of hewn timber, which, having been wafted by the lumberers to the commencement of the rapid, are then left to be hurried for eight or nine miles towards their market—sometimes separately, sometimes hustling each other, sometimes floundering, and sometimes, if anything irritates or obstructs their passage, rearing up in the water until they almost reel over. As soon as a berth or clear place is observed between these masses of floating timber, the elder Indian, who is seated at the head of the canoe, his younger comrade being at the stern, and the passenger in the middle, calmly lets go his hold of the bank, and the two Indians, each furnished with a single paddle, immediately standing up, the frail band-box which contains them indolently floats until it reaches the edge or crest of the rapid—which is no sooner passed, than the truth rushes upon the mind of the traveller that all possibility of stopping has ceased, and that this 'hubble-bubble, toil and trouble' must continue until the eight or nine miles of the rapids shall be passed.

In

In the apparent turmoil of this scene, in which the canoe is preceded, as well as followed, by masses of huge timber, the slightest touch of which would annihilate it—the icy-cold judgment of the old Indian—his collected but lightning-like decision—the simplicity and tranquillity of his red, beardless face, thatched over by his bluff-cut, black, lank hair—his total absence of fear or bravado—his immutable presence of mind—and, in places of the greatest possible noise and confusion in the waters, the mild tone of voice with which he softly utters to his young comrade the monosyllable that directs him to steer the stern of the canoe in the direction opposite to that which he gives to its head—form altogether a most striking contrast with the boisterous scene, the sudden kaleidoscope changes of which it is utterly impossible to describe—for one danger has no sooner been avoided than, instead of reflecting on it for a moment, the eye is attracted to a second, as suddenly passed and succeeded by a third. Sometimes the canoe rapidly dashes over a sunken rock, or between two barely-covered fragments, which to have touched would have been ruin—in avoiding these a snag is passed, which would have spitted the canoe had it impinged on it—sometimes the middle of the stream is the safest—sometimes the Indian steers close to the steep, rocky bank, where it becomes evident the velocity of the current is so great, that if the canoe were to be upset, its passengers, even if they could snatch hold of the bough of a tree, could not hang on to it, without being suffocated by the resistance which in that position they would offer to the rushing waters. Sometimes, at a moment when all is apparently prosperous, and the water, on account of its greater depth or breadth, has become comparatively tranquil, some of the timber a-head, going down end-foremost, strikes either against the side, or some sunken rock in the middle of the stream, in which case the tree suddenly halts, and, veering round, impedes the rest of the timber until the congregated mass, forcing its way, thus clears the passage, perhaps just before the canoe reaches it. At other times, in traversing the stream to avoid difficulties, the pursuing timber approaches the canoe nearer than is agreeable. In some places the river suddenly narrows, and here, it is said, the waves are not only tremendous, but the whole character of the torrent seems to be changed, for the water apparently ceases altogether to descend the channel, doing nothing but as it were boiling and bubbling up from the bottom. In approaching this cauldron, the case seems hopeless, and often continues so until the canoe is close upon it, when the Indian's eagle eye searches out some little aqueous furrow, through which his nutshell vessel can pass, and, though his countenance is as

tranquil

tranquil as ever, yet the muscular exertion he makes to attain this passage will not, it is said, easily be forgotten by any passenger whose fortune it has ever been to observe it. As soon as the declivity of the rapids has ended, the water instantly becomes tranquil, the Indians sit down in the canoe, and, on reaching the shore, one of them carries it on his shoulders during the remainder of the day.

It would, of course, be impossible for any vessel to ascend a torrent similar to that down which, by a digression not uncommon to the traveller in America, our readers have just unexpectedly been precipitated; yet on the St. Lawrence it is not unusual to see a steamer *climb* a rapid of very considerable violence. From the deck of a vessel in this situation, it is very curious to determine, by the relative bearing of fixed objects on shore, the slow but sure conquest which the power of steam makes over the two elements of wind and water, both of which are occasionally seen combining to oppose its progress. In places where the current is the strongest, the ascent for a time is almost imperceptible; every moment it is expected that the engine will be beaten, and that the vigorous strength of the steam will be exhausted by the untiring force of its adversaries; but no—the hot water in the long run beats the cold—the fire conquers the wind—and, though the liquid element is continuously slipping from underneath the vessel, and though the air in close column is unceasingly charging to oppose it, yet—‘at spes infracta’—in spite of all these difficulties, the steamer triumphantly reaches the summit of the rapids, and then merrily glides forward on its course.

Until last year's disturbances in the Canadas it had been considered impracticable for steamers to navigate the great lakes of America in winter. The lakes Huron and Ontario, from their immense depth, are never frozen over; but at that season they are subject to sudden and most violent gales of wind; and moreover, as soon as all the rivers, harbours, and bays are frozen hard enough to bear the passage even of artillery, no haven is left in which a vessel can seek refuge from the storm. The coast, which, generally speaking, is in summer of easy access, becomes gradually incrustated with ice; against this barrier the waves break, and, as the water is no sooner motionless than it freezes, the whole beach gradually becomes a reef of rocky ice of a most forbidding and inhospitable appearance. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the steamers of Upper Canada contrived last winter to navigate the lake until the 4th of February, when, after a short refit, they again went out, and patiently continued their services until ‘the sun strengthened and the days lengthened;’ in short, until, their American invaders having been everywhere repulsed, warm peaceful weather arrived.

Nothing,

Nothing, we understand, but the imminent danger which threatened the Canadas from the perfidious conduct of the United States' authorities, in allowing the artillery and muskets of their public arsenals to be hostilely turned against a high-minded, generous nation with which they were trading under a solemn treaty of peace, could have warranted the desperate experiment of trying to transport arms, artillery, and troops during the winter from Kingston to Toronto, Niagara, and Hamilton. It was fully expected that the paddles would become clogged with ice, that the boilers would burst, and that the vessels would even become water-logged from the weight of the frozen element on their bows; however, trip after trip was effected with impunity, and thus were the important services required from the captains of the steamers manfully performed.

In traversing the lake at this inclement season, the helmsman stood upon the upper deck in a glass lantern or case. Above him was the clear, exhilarating, deep blue Canadian sky, into which the suddenly-condensed white steam rapidly disappeared—around him in all directions were waters of the same dark ethereal hue, diversified every here and there with different-sized white patches of floating ice—the American and Canadian shores covered with sparkling snow were bounded by the dark, bristling outline of the pine-forest.

On approaching the points at which the arms or soldiers were to be disembarked, much embarrassment and even danger were caused by the undulating surface of floating ice; but the greatest apparent difficulty was for these steamers, which always during the night became firmly frozen in, to break their fetters in the morning, and regain their liberty. The manner in which this operation was daily effected, was, we understand, as follows:—As soon as two or three of the vessels lying close together could get their steam up, the ice was cut away by axes just sufficient to allow the paddles to turn. This having been done, the vessels simultaneously worked their paddles, which by revolving caused such a hubbub and turmoil, that the water, forming into angry waves, wrenched up the ice for a considerable distance. The steamers being thus enabled to get headway, and their bows being shod with iron, they charged the ice, and, by the crew continually running in a body across the deck from starboard to larboard, a rocking motion was created, which, with the impetus of the vessel, enabled it to force its prow through the ice into the clear water.

By these means the lake was not only traversed in winter by day, but on several occasions during the most tempestuous weather by night. With every harbour closed—with the air, the concentrated essence of cold, feeling as if it would freeze the blood in the veins,

veins, it may easily be imagined that there must have been something very appalling, even in a calm winter's night-passage, (as the red embers of various sizes slowly descended from the invisible top of the funnel, till, on reaching the water, they suddenly vanished) in reflecting that the British steamer was a solitary vessel on the lake. In heavy weather, however, these suggestions were unnoticed, the whole attention of the crew being occupied in searching through the utter darkness for the friendly red shore-light, which no vessel but one under the providential protection of steam could have ventured to approach. As a striking contrast to this scene, let us view the following description of a passage up the Ganges:—

'We have been steaming up the Ganges for about eight days, and we have seventeen more before us. Fancy a set of people belonging to the most civilised nation in the world, surrounded by European luxuries and machinery, living in a little world of itself, which, with its crew of inhabitants, is whizzing along in the torrid zone, for upwards of 600 miles through a perfectly uninhabited country—sometimes traversing a river twice or three times as broad as the Rhine, and sometimes stealing along a creek so narrow that the thick bamboo jungle overhung on both sides of the deck. This tract (the Sunderbund) we have however passed, and we are now scuffling up the broad rapid Ganges. The country on each side is cultivated, but as flat as a table, while the banks are constantly crowded with the natives, who rush out to see the fire-ship pass.'

On salt water as well as on fresh—reeking and fuming under the Line, as well as freezing in Canada—on crowded rivers, as well as on those whose shores are desolate—on large streams as well as on small ones—in bays, harbours, friths, estuaries, channels—on the small lakes of Ireland, Scotland, and Switzerland—on the large ones in America—on the Red Sea—on the Black Sea—on the Mediterranean—on the Baltic—in fair weather, in foul weather—in a calm as well as in a hurricane—with the current, or against it,—this power, when tested, has most successfully answered the great purpose for which it was beneficently created; and it is impossible to reflect on the thousands of human beings who at this moment are being transported by it; it is impossible to summon before the imagination the various steamers, large and small, which in all directions, in spite of wind and weather, are going straight as arrows to their targets—without feeling most deeply that after all there is nothing new in the discovery that '*the spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters.*'

II. Although the power of steam has not, geographically speaking, made the same extensive progress on land as on the aqueous surface of the globe, yet in science it has established a simple

simple fact, the utility and importance of which almost surpass the value of the steamer.

Although M'Adam's roads are the best on the globe—although our horses (bone, breeding, and condition being duly considered) are the most powerful in the world—although capital, experience, competition, and an unparalleled propensity among us to travel fast, have, during the lapse of ages, united in creating a system of travelling which, without being accused of national vanity, we may say has nowhere been equalled—and which, with humility we acknowledge, we had often fancied could not be surpassed—yet, by the application of the locomotive engine on the railway, the infant power of steam, by its first earthly stride, has suddenly trebled, even in England, the speed of our ordinary conveyance for travellers, and has more than three times trebled the speed of our heavy goods by the public waggon!

On the nature of the sudden gift, even to ourselves, of this new velocity, it is almost awful to reflect; but when we consider that the railroad principle is very nearly as applicable to every region of the globe as it is to our own, and consequently that countries which have bad roads, and even that countries which have no roads at all, without passing through the transitional processes to which *we* have been subjected, may suddenly travel with this velocity, we cannot but admit that the power of steam on land, as on water, is prodigious.

There are no doubt many of our readers who have yet to receive those commonplace impressions which are made upon the mind of the traveller when for the first time he sees and hears the engine, as from a point in advance on the railway it retrogradingly approaches in order to be hooked on to a train, composed, as on the London and Liverpool line, of eighteen or twenty huge cars, besides private carriages on runners, caravans full of horses, waggons of heavy goods, &c. &c. &c. The immense weight, upwards of eighty tons, to be transported at such a pace to such a distance, when compared with the slight, neat outline of the engine, the circumference of whose black funnel-pipe would not twice go round the neck of the antelope, and whose bright copper boiler would not twice equal the girth or barrel of a race-horse, induces the stranger to apprehend for a moment that the approaching power must prove totally inadequate to its task; but the tearing, deafening noise with which this noble animal of man's creation advances to his work satisfactorily demonstrates that it has itself no fear, but comes as a bridegroom out of his chamber, rejoicing, like a giant, to run his course.

If the character of this noble creature be considered for a moment

moment with that of a horse, the comparison is curious. With sufficient coals and water in his manger, which, it must be observed, whenever he travels he takes with him, he can, if the aggregate of his day's work be considered, carry every day for ten miles, at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, the weight of an army of 21,504 men, of 10 stone 10 lbs. each; whereas a good horse could not, at the same pace, and for the same distance, continue to carry every day more than one such man. For a distance of eighty miles he can carry the weight of 2688 men at a rate (sixteen miles an hour) that neither the hare, the antelope, nor the race-horse could keep up with him. No journey ever tires him; he is never heard to grumble or hiss but for want of work; the faster he goes the more ravenously he feeds; and for two years he can thus travel without medicine or surgery. It requires, however, about 2000*l.* a-year to support him. We might to these observations add the graver reflection, that, as by the invention of the telescope man has extended his vision beyond that of the eagle, so by the invention of the locomotive engine has he now surpassed in speed every quadruped on the globe; we will, however, detain the engine no longer, but for a few moments will, with our readers, accompany the train with which it has now started.

On recovering from the confusion consequent on passing rapidly through the air, one of the most pleasing novelties which first attract the attention of the traveller, as seated in his elbow-chair he joyously skims across the green fields of Harrow, is to see the horses grazing at liberty, in rich pasture; for it reminds him that the power of steam has at last emancipated those noble quadrupeds from the toilsome duties which, in the service of our mails and coaches they have so long and so gallantly undergone, and that thus, for the first time in his life, he is travelling on land, without the slightest infliction of animal suffering.

Although everybody comprehends perfectly well in theory what moving in a carriage at the rate, occasionally, of twenty-four or thirty miles an hour means, yet, until a person *has* performed it on a railroad, he can scarcely conceive the sensation he experiences in practically finding every hour that he is gliding past some place which in ordinary travelling he would scarcely have reached under three or perhaps four hours' labour. The dashing at full steam-speed into the small black orifices of the tunnels—the midnight darkness that prevails there—the flashes of light which occasionally denote the air-shafts—the sudden return to the joyous sunshine of this world—the figures of the company's green servants, who, as the train whisks past them, stand all in the same attitude, motionless as statues, with white flags (the emblem of safety) in their extended right hands—the occasional

occasional shrill plaintive whistle or scream, by which the engine, whenever necessary, scares the workmen from the rails—the meteor-like meeting of a return train, of which, *in transitu*, no more is seen than of the coloured figures on one of the long strips of painted glass, which, after slow exhibition before children, are by the showman rapidly drawn across the lens of his magic lantern,—all these sensations unite in making the traveller practically sensible of the astonishing velocity with which not only he and his fellow-passengers, each seated in his arm-chair, but heavy goods, can now be transported.

But let us descend from the train seriously to consider what is the amount of danger attendant upon this new mode of travelling; for there can be no doubt, if it be suicidal, it ought not to be continued.

That death is everywhere—that he levels his shafts at the throne, the bench, and the cottage—that the rich and the poor, the brave and the timid, are alike the victims of his power, no one will be disposed to deny; and it is, perhaps, equally true that, where he is oftenest encountered, he is, generally speaking, the least feared, and that, on the contrary, he is invariably the most dreaded where he is least known. The human mind becomes callous to dangers to which it has been long accustomed, while, on the other hand, it is often over-sensitive respecting those which are newly born. We believe that these observations are peculiarly applicable to the dangers attendant upon railroad travelling, as will appear from the following comparison between it and that to which the public have been hitherto accustomed.

The dangers of travelling in either fashion may be divided into four heads, namely:—

1. The dangers of the road.
2. The dangers of the carriage.
3. The dangers of the locomotive power.
4. The dangers arising from momentum, or from the weight of the burden, multiplied by the velocity at which it is conveyed.

As regards the first of these, we are certainly humbly of opinion that, *ceteris paribus*, a railway must be less dangerous than a high-road; because it is flat instead of hilly; because a surface of iron is smoother than a surface even of broken stones; because the lip of the rail which confines the wheels is an extra security which the common road does not possess; and because waggons, vans, carts, private carriages, and all other vehicles, as well as horses and cattle, belonging to the public, are rigorously excluded.

As regards the second of these dangers, we submit to our readers, that, *ceteris paribus*, a railway-car must be less dangerous

gerous than a stage or mail coach, because its centre of gravity, when empty, is low instead of high; because its passengers sit low instead of high, inside and not outside—because its axles, receiving no jerks, are less liable to break—and consequently because altogether it is less liable to overset.

As regards the third of these dangers, we conceive there can be no doubt whatever that, *ceteris paribus*, a locomotive engine must be less dangerous than four horses, because it is not liable to run away, tumble down, or shy at strange objects or noises—because it has no vice in it—because it is not, like a horse, retained and guided by numberless straps and buckles, the breaking of any one of which would make it take fright. And, lastly, because by the opening of a valve its restless enterprising spirit can at any moment be turned adrift, leaving nothing behind it but a dull, harmless, empty copper-vessel.

It is true that it is possible for the boiler to explode, yet, as the safety-valve is the line of least resistance, that accident with mathematical certainty can be so easily provided against, that it is not now apprehended; and even if, contrary to philosophical calculations, it should happen, the sudden annihilation of the locomotive power would injure scarcely any but those firemen or engineers answerable to the public for their neglect which had occasioned the misfortune, while to the great bulk of the passengers it would create no inconvenience except a gradual halt of the train.

With respect to the fourth of these dangers, it must be admitted that both the speed and the weight of a railway-train are infinitely greater than the momentum of a mail or stage-coach; yet if the latter, in case of serious accidents, be sufficient to cause the death of the passengers, it might be suggested that the former can do no more, just as it is practically argued by old soldiers, when they rebuke recruits for dreading artillery, that a musket-ball kills a man as dead as a cannon-shot. If a railway-train at full speed were to run against the solid brick-work of the tunnel, or to go over one of the steep embankments, the effect would mechanically be infinitely greater, but perhaps not more fatal to the passengers than if the mail at its common pace were to do the same:—besides which it must always be remembered that, though the stage may profess to travel at the safe lukewarm pace of eight miles an hour, yet any accident suddenly accelerates or boils up its speed to that of the railroad, under which circumstances the carriage is unmanageable. In going down hill, if a link of the pole-chains break—if the reins snap—or if the tongue of a little buckle bends, the scared cattle run away—and it is this catastrophe, it is the latent passion,

passion, and not the ordinary appearance of the horses, which should be fairly considered, when a comparison is made between railroad and common road travelling; for surely there is infinitely less danger in riding a horse that obeys the bridle at twenty miles an hour, than there is in sitting demurely trotting, at the rate of eight miles an hour, on a runaway brute that is only waiting for the shade of the shadow of an excuse to place his rider in a predicament almost as unenviable as Mazeppa's.

There is nothing, we understand, at all either dangerous or disagreeable in going what is vulgarly termed '*fast*,' if no object intervenes mechanically to oppose the progress; and thus, not only at this moment do the crows, heavily as they appear to us to fly, go faster than we travel on the railroad, but every little bird that hops out of the hedge as the train passes (without conceiving that he is incurring danger) leaves it behind him. Now, we have already shown that the obstructions which exist on a railroad are infinitely less than those which exist on a high-road—inasmuch as from the former every human being, animal, and vehicle, is excluded (excepting those safely included in the train). It is true that in case of an unforeseen obstruction a coach can pull up, say in twenty yards, while a train at full speed cannot be stopped in less than, say 200; but, on the other hand, it must be recollected that, assisted by the signal-men, who by flags or bugles (especially in a fog, at which time as '*dans la nuit tous les chats sont gris*') can communicate, like telegraphs, one with another, the conductor of a train may be said to see considerably more than ten times farther before him than the driver of a mail-coach, and therefore he is better able to avoid the obstruction. Indeed, if any one would take the trouble to watch the simultaneous departure from the London Post-office of our mails, in a foggy or snowy winter's night, he would almost feel that nothing short of a miracle could enable the men and horses, against wind and weather, as well as in defiance of all obstructions on the road, to keep their time; and, with these ideas in his mind, he would probably feel that the danger of travelling by such a conveyance was infinitely greater than in a railroad-train, flying along the iron groove of its well-protected orbit.

So much for theory; in practice the precise amount of the danger of railroad travelling, even at the commencement of the experiment, will at once appear, from the following official reports, to have been about *ten passengers killed out of more than forty-four millions!*

Name of Railway.	Date.		Number of Miles.	Number of Passengers.	Number of Accidents.
	From	To			
London and Birmingham . .	July 20, 1837	Nov. 5, 1838	19,119,463	541,360	{ 3 cases of contusions, no deaths. (1)
Grand Junction . .	July 4, 1837	June 10, 1838	97½	214,064	{ 2 cases of slight do. do. (2)
Bolton & Leigh, & Kenyon & Leigh	June 13, 1831	Oct. 1, 1838	3,923,012	508,763	{ 2 deaths, 3 slight con- tusions. (3)
Newcastle and Carlisle . .	March 9, 1835	Oct. 1, 1838	1	8,540,759	5 deaths, 4 fractures. (4)
Edinburgh and Dalkeith . .	Summer of 1832	Sept. 30, 1838	7	1,537,642	1 arm broken. (5)
Stockton and Darlington .	Oct. 10, 1836	Oct. 10, 1838	2,213,681	357,905	None.
Great Western	June 4, 1838	Nov. 1838	4,109,538	230,408	None.
Liverpool and Manchester .	Sept. 10, 1830	Sept. 23, 1838	30	3,524,820	8 deaths, no fractures. (6)
Dublin and Kingsdown .	Nov. 14, 1836	Sept. 1, 1838	1	26,410,152	{ 5 deaths, and 3 conta- sions to passengers.
London and Greenwich .	Dec. 14, 1836	Nov. 5, 1838	484,000	2,880,417	{ 1 passenger slightly bruised.

(1) None of these accidents occurred to actual passengers.
 (2) Do. do. do.
 (3) None of the persons killed were passengers.
 (4) One of the persons killed was a passenger.
 (5) The whole of these were passengers; one of them a sergeant in charge of a deserter who jumped off the carriage whilst in motion; the sergeant jumped after him to retake him, but was so much injured that he died; 3 others got out and walked on the road, and were killed; the rest suffered by collision of two trains, at different times. These include all the casualties from the very commencement of the working of the Line.

Our readers have now, we conceive, sufficient data to enable them to form their own conclusions on the comparative danger between railroad and highroad travelling; and as our immediate object is to denote the progress which the power of steam on railways has made in our own country, as well as the miraculous safety with which it has transported, at a velocity hitherto unknown to mankind, so many millions of passengers, we will extract the following remarkable statements from the Second Report of the Railway Commissioners for Ireland:—

‘The degree to which intercourse is not merely promoted, but actually created by the facility of accomplishing it, could be scarcely credited, but for the numerous and authentic examples which establish the fact. The omnibus traffic, of modern introduction, between different parts of London and its principal suburbs, is a familiar instance which immediately suggests itself. There is a constant succession of those conveyances, to and fro, through all the leading avenues and streets of the metropolis, and their number is increasing daily; yet, in addition to these frequent means of transfer from east to west, small steamers are continually plying between Westminster Bridge, Hungerford Market, Dyer’s Wharf, and the Surrey side of London Bridge—by which many thousand persons are withdrawn every day from the omnibus traffic; while below London Bridge the number of passengers, by steam-vessels, down the Thames—also an introduction of recent date—amounts to several millions in the year.

'We learn that each of the two Greenwich steam-packet companies carried, last year, about 400,000 passengers—that the Woolwich Old Company, calling at Greenwich, carried more than 100,000 Greenwich passengers, besides 192,000 to Woolwich—and the New Woolwich Company carried nearly 100,000 passengers between Woolwich, Blackwall, and London Bridge. To these are to be added the many thousands who pass those places to Gravesend, Margate, Ramsgate, Southend, Dover, Herne Bay, &c. &c.; and above all, the multitudes, greatly exceeded one million, who, during the last year, passed by the railway to Greenwich, while the public conveyances on the high-road scarcely appeared diminished in number or in the frequency of their journeys.

'We believe it to be a fact, that thirty years back, the only public mode of conveyance between Woolwich and London was by coach; and two coaches, each leaving and returning twice in the day, were then deemed sufficient for the whole passenger traffic of that place. There are now omnibuses leaving twenty-four times, and returning as often, in the day; and a still greater number of vans and single-horse coaches, running, as they fill, to Greenwich only, whence most of the passengers proceed by railway, steam-boat, or omnibus, to London.'—p. 86.

Respecting our northern and western railroads, the Commissioners state:—

'On the Stockton and Darlington line the passenger traffic, prior to the establishment of the railway, amounted to only 4000 persons in the year; it now exceeds 16,000. On the Bolton line the average weekly number of passengers is 2500, whereas the number of coach journeys out and in per week, which the railway has superseded, amounted only to 28, carrying, perhaps, on a weekly average, about 280 or 300 persons.

'On the Newcastle and Carlisle road, prior to the railway, the whole number of persons the public coaches were licensed to carry in a week, was 343, or, both ways, 686; now the average daily number of passengers by the railway, for the whole length—viz., 47½ miles—is 228, or 1596 in the week.

'The number of passengers on the Dundee and Newtyle line exceeds, at this time, 50,000 annually; the estimated number of persons who performed the same journey, previous to the opening of the railway, having been 4000.

'Previous to the opening of the railway between Liverpool and Manchester, there were about 400 passengers per day, or 146,000 a-year, travelling between those places by coaches; whereas the present number by railway alone, exceeds 500,000.'—p. 87.

'It appears, by a letter received from Peter Sinclair, Esq., treasurer and engineer, that on the Bolton, Leigh, and Kenyon lines the number of passengers carried in six months, ending October 16th, 1836, amounted to between 50,000 and 60,000, or about 10,000 per month, although the railway has only superseded one stage-coach, which ran daily out and in, and four others which ran each one day in the week only. The traffic in goods has been considerable—amounting in merchandise to about 130 tons, and coal between 200 and 300 tons daily.'—p. 99.

The

The only existing railroad in Ireland is but six miles in length. The Commissioners report of it as follows:—

‘The Dublin and Kingstown railway has been in operation for three years only. The prices are not lower than those of the ordinary road conveyances; and the line being a very short one, no considerable saving is effected in point of time; yet it has more traffic than ever was known to be on the high road, while the latter is still frequented to a great extent, with carriages, horses, and foot passengers. The owners of hackney cars, who had derived all their support from the intercourse between Dublin and Kingstown, and feared that they would be thrown out of bread by the railway, have actually experienced an improvement in their business—not all, indeed, being employed upon the same line as before—but finding the deficit amply made up by calls to places not directly in the line of railway, and in journeys and excursions to and from its several stations.’—p. 89.

‘From the opening of the railway, on the 17th December, 1834, to the 1st of March, 1836—a period of one year and seventy-three days—there were 31,890 single journeys by trains, each trip 5½ miles. The total number of passengers conveyed was 1,237,800.’—p. 103.

The Commissioners give the following account of the success of the Great Belgian Railway:—

‘The number of persons who usually passed by the road between Brussels and Antwerp was 75,000 in the year; but since the railroad has been opened from the former place to Malines, it has increased to 500,000; and since it was carried all through to Antwerp, the number has exceeded a million. The opening of a branch from Malines to Termonde appears to have added 200,000 to the latter number: so that the passenger traffic of that railroad, superseding a road traffic of only 75,000 persons, now amounts to 1,200,000.’—p. 87.

In France, the railway from Paris to St. Germain, and a small portion of that which runs from Lyons to St. Etienne, are the only roads on which locomotive engines have been established. Respecting the latter, we possess no account of its traffic; but as regards the former, it has been stated that the number of passengers who lately went on a Sunday by the railroad from Paris to St. Cloud, according to the returns of the octroi officers, amounted to 13,955; and of those to St. Germain, 9630. Those who stopped at the intermediate stations being added, it appears that the total number of persons conveyed by the two branches may be calculated at 24,000 within twenty-four hours!

In the United States of America, the locomotive power of steam on land has to a very great extent been ingeniously adapted to the peculiar circumstances which characterise that intelligent people, and that flourishing portion of the globe.

The intense cold in winter of the northern districts of the United States—its splitting effect upon stone imbedded in the ground—

ground—the scarcity in many places of that material—the superabundance of timber of peculiar qualities—and the price of labour being more than double what it is in England, are all reasons for the substitution of wood for stone in the construction of the American railways; besides which, this temporary, and consequently economical mode of operation, is also better adapted than expensive permanent works to the political, as well as statistical, condition of the country.

The irregular and astonishing manner in which a healthy young country not only annually increases in general wealth, but at the same time grows and expands in all its parts, makes it, even if it be under a fixed permanent government, imprudent for a capitalist hastily to embark in any work constructed, as it is commonly termed in England, ‘to last for ever.’ Not only does immigration from the old world, the facility of providing for children, and the immense elbow-room for all, tend every where to thicken the population in an astonishing degree, but, from its peculiar circumstances, the said population assumes a mercurial character—it is, in fact, so constantly shifting that in any given point it would be almost as unsafe to trust to its permanency, as it would be to build a substantial mansion on a moving quicksand. The opening of a road, the projection of a town, the elevation of a church, the formation of a harbour, the creation of a saw-mill, or even the establishment of a post-office, trifling as such circumstances appear to us, tend to draw people, who with their young families are only hanging by a single anchor, from one part of a new country to another. In any great undertaking, therefore, in which such a community may combine, immediate benefits and immediate profits are very naturally deemed of more importance than to seek for more permanent advantages which may never be realised; and if this be the feeling which exists in our own colonies under the protection of a fixed powerful government, it is easy to imagine how much more strongly it must act in the republican states of America, where every man, whatever be his politics, sees and practically feels that the ark of the society in which he lives, laws, securities, private engagements, public treaties, religion, morality, and all, float upon the uncertain will and irresistible passions of the multitude.

Without discussing the merits or demerits of this state of society, we merely describe it, because it explains the sound arguments which, together with the engineering reasons we have given, induce reflecting men of capital in the United States to project their railroads on a temporary rather than on a permanent foundation: an example which it would not be prudent for us to follow, seeing that in England the same necessities do not exist.

From

From the late accounts published by Mr. David Stephenson, it appears that there are already completed and in full operation in the United States fifty-seven railways, (on which the usual rate of travelling is fifteen miles an hour,) whose aggregate length exceeds 1600 miles, and that thirty-three others are in progress, which when completed will amount to 2800 miles. Besides these, there have been incorporated more than 150 railway companies, many of which will very shortly be in action.

The commissioners annex to their Report the following statement of the traffic on the Hudson and Mohawk Railroad, for the years 1833 and 1834:—

1833, passengers departing from Albany . . .	59,599
„ ditto from Schenectady . . .	56,155
	<hr/>
	115,754
1834, passengers departing from Albany . . .	78,188
„ ditto from Schenectady . . .	65,290
	<hr/>
	143,478
Increase	27,724.

The enormous number of passengers who in Europe and America have, in consequence of the increased facility in conveyance, been transported by railways, when viewed in the aggregate, is perfectly astonishing. The second report of the Railway Commissioners for Ireland contains, besides the quotations we have inserted, some very valuable information on the subject.

Although, as we have already admitted, the locomotive power of steam has not made so extensive a progress on the terrestrial as on the aqueous surface of the globe, our readers will nevertheless have remarked that wherever the railroad has been tried, the experiment, in point of science, has been eminently successful. In France, as well as in Belgium, in Prussia, in England, Ireland, and America, in climates dry, humid, extremely hot, as well as extremely cold, whether constructed on stone blocks or wooden sleepers, on a permanent or on a temporary plan, the career of the locomotive engine has been triumphant; and with these unquestioned facts before the mind, if the railroad be considered in conjunction with its twin brother the steamer, it is impossible to deny the awful truth that a new gigantic power has been created by which the human family will, whether for good or evil, henceforward be made to mingle together with a facility, and to migrate with a velocity, which it may truly be said it had never entered into the heart of our ancestors to imagine or conceive.

III. *What will be the ultimate result?*—What will be the advantages and disadvantages to mankind of this new power, we submit

submit that is impossible for philosophy accurately to define, for the simple reason that the power in question is undetermined.

When Archimedes in his study had calculated, 1st, the quantum of power he possessed, and 2nd, the weight of the world, he did not fear to declare that with sufficient lever and fulcrum he could move the globe; he would not however have said this had the amount of his power been, as is termed in mathematics, an unknown quantity. In this latter predicament we stand: for though we see the existence of our new-born power, we have yet to learn what is its real strength.

Mr. Booth (secretary to the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company), whose very sensible letter to the Irish Railway Commissioners has been inserted in the appendix to their report, observes that a speed of thirty miles an hour, with the luxury of the smoothest motion which springs and cushions can afford, is considered by many as merely our starting-point. We ourselves humbly believe that that rate will ere long be doubled; and, if travellers can fly backwards and forwards at the rate of sixty miles, one can hardly say why infinitely lighter engines (on the tooth and pinion system for instance) might not, with larger driving-wheels, travel on this iron orbit at the rate of 100 miles an hour; for, to return to the old argument, an accident at that pace could hardly do a passenger more mischief than at the rate to which we are already accustomed.

It will be evident that the first effect of this increasing series is the gradual annihilation, approaching almost to the final extinction, of that space and of those distances which have hitherto been supposed unalterably to separate the various nations of the globe; and that in proportion as this shall be effected, the centralisation, whether for weal or woe, of the human family, must be accomplished. For instance, supposing that railroads, even at our present simmering rate of travelling, were to be suddenly established all over England, the whole population of the country would, speaking metaphorically, at once advance *en masse*, and place their chairs nearer to the fireside of their metropolis by two-thirds of the time which now separates them from it; they would also sit nearer to one another by two-thirds of the time which now respectively alienates them. If the rate were to be again sufficiently accelerated, this process would be repeated; our harbours, our dock-yards, our towns, the whole of our rural population, would again not only draw nearer to each other by two-thirds, but all would proportionally approach the national hearth. As distances were thus annihilated, the surface of our country would, as it were, shrivel in size until it became not much bigger than one immense city, and yet by a sort of miracle every man's field

field would be found not only *where* it always was, but *as large* as ever it was!

This magic process would be as applicable to all other countries as to our own. In Germany, for instance, where from time out of mind, men as well as mile-posts have been reared up under the idea that a league and an hour are synonymous,* if railroads at the rate of thirty miles an hour were suddenly to be established, the small family of one-hour (*eine stunde*) men, who now live not exceeding sixty minutes from their metropolis, or from any great city, or from one another, would suddenly be fraternally increased by the two-hour, three-hour, and four-hour men, with whom previously they had been but very distantly connected; in short, circles being to each other as the squares of their diameters, the one-hour area would, as a hen gathers her chickens, collect within its circumference all the men and all the mile-posts of sixteen times its original space.

While this Birnham-wood-coming-to-Dunsinane process was gradually congregating the population of each particular country on earth into a national family, our steamers, by the same process, would unite into one huge society all the nations of the globe.

Since the brown leaves, now rustling on the ground, burst into verdant existence, we have seen the power of steam suddenly dry up the great Atlantic ocean to less than half its breadth, and thus, to the British as well as to the American merchant, who for the advantage of communicating with each other have hitherto paid to Neptune his customary charge of thirty-five days' passage, Science has proclaimed, '*For thirty-five, write sixteen!*' Our communication with India has received the same blessing. The Indian ocean is not only infinitely smaller than it used to be, but the Indian mail, under the guidance of steam, has been granted almost a miraculous passage through the waters of the Red Sea. The Mediterranean, which is now only a week from us, has before our eyes shrunk into a lake; our British and Irish channels are scarcely broader than the old Frith of Forth: the Rhine, the Danube, the Thames, the Medway, the Severn, the Shannon, the Hudson, the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Ganges, &c., have contracted their streams to infinitely less than half their lengths and breadths, and the great lakes of the world are rapidly drying into ponds!

The ideas which rush into the mind when it attempts to contemplate this astonishing congregation of the human race, are so vast and overpowering, that it is almost impossible to think of

* In some parts of Germany distances are expressed by the number of pipes which it has invariably taken men to smoke in going from place to place,—thus the midwife is said to live 'two pipes off,' the doctor 'three pipes,' and so on.

the future but as an undiscovered country totally beyond our ken, and as children feel disposed to be frightened whenever they are in the dark, so it would not be difficult to conjure up in this new region apparitions of a ghastly and terrific figure. We entertain, however, a firm reliance that so great a power as steam would not have been let loose upon us, but for our advantage. When a congregation of cannon balls of various sizes, each covered not only with mud and dirt of different countries, but with the rust and scoræ which are common to all, are shut up, and made very quickly to revolve together in a large hollow iron-lined cylinder, the operation, though rude, rough, and productive of no little noise and internal confusion, invariably ends by their quietly coming forth to the world clean as from the hands of the founder. It is impossible to deny that man is capable of being polished by a similar process, and though the prescription may or may not be agreeable, yet we own there is nothing we hold dear in our institutions that we should tremble to see subjected to that state of the world in which it has been prophesied by Daniel, that *'men shall run to and fro and knowledge shall increase.'*

The disadvantages we notoriously labour under from national ignorance no one can be more anxious to see removed than ourselves, and as we believe nothing can be more true than that a people will never accept the advantages of experience until they have purchased them for themselves, at their full cost, we hail rather than apprehend that salutary intercourse with our fellow creatures which the power of steam is about to introduce.

Those even who have written on dress and finery have not failed to remark that, though the inhabitants of our great empire all eventually adopt the same costume, yet the fashion travels but slowly in proportion to the rate of those who wear it.

In like manner the evidence of individuals from abroad has always been dully received, whenever they have offered us gratuitously any truths which the public had not yet dearly purchased for themselves: for instance, when this country, cheered on by its cleverest minister, undertook from sheer ignorance, in the bubble year 1825, not only to lend money by millions to Lilliputian states in South America, whose position the public was ignorant of, and whose hard names the Jew on the Stock Exchange could not even pronounce—but also to throw broadcast upon mines millions, which the natives with open laughter at our folly were preparing by every species of imposition to collect—if the power of steam had existed, sufficient evidence would have reached us to have warned our capitalists of the breakers there were a-head, and we should thus not have been kept in ignorance of the danger until it was at last announced in the

Gazette that—(the shares having been successfully transferred to the poor widow and the orphan)—the speculations one after another had foundered upon the rocks.

Again, from the United States of America how many of our travellers, one after another, have returned to us heavily laden with the important intelligence that the great republican experiment which has been trying there has already turned out a complete failure!

Although democratic institutions answered more admirably in America, so long as all men there were, as they professed to be, really *equal*, yet, so soon as they became *not equal*, or in other words, as soon as industry, intelligence, and honesty, by amassing and bequeathing hard-earned wealth, divided society into the same two very unequal compartments, which are indigenous to every country on the globe, namely, the small portion who have made their fortunes, and the very large portion who have their fortunes to make, it was discovered that the fine-sounding theory of the 'rights of philosophers' was practically incompatible with good government, the real definition of which is the art or mystery of protecting the honestly earned property of the few from the rapacious plunder of the many.

Although men of property and intelligence, in the great cities of the United States, do not dare openly to utter a word of complaint against their tyrannical masters, the people, (a considerable proportion of whom in New York are our hard-hitting Irish labourers,) yet in talking of the said 'people' they do not hesitate in private to acknowledge to any intelligent English traveller that they are afraid publicly either to write their sentiments or to speak their mind—that their property is insecure—that they cannot luxuriously spend it as they like, or bequeath it in any way contrary to the mode approved of by 'the people;' for though their bequest might be perfectly legal, yet, that the jury would be sure to overrule it, as has been customary in such cases, by a verdict of 'INSANITY!'

Suffering under this tyranny it is quite easy to perceive that they look with secret admiration and envy on those noble British institutions which openly protect the property of the few from the Briarean fingers of the many, by boldly promulgating that the revered laws of the land are stronger than either the passions or the will of the people. They see that under this system no man in England is afraid to write or speak his mind—that property may be spent or bequeathed as its owner chooses—that neither the British judge nor the British jury fear anything but the guilt of *injustice*—that, strange to say, the Bowie knife is unknown throughout the British empire—and, after all, that if this admirable

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able British Constitution were to be broken to pieces, and its power distributed among the population—though an immense sacred fabric would have been levelled to the dust—the particle of it which each farmer, yeoman, manufacturer, merchant, independent private gentleman, and nobleman would, in lieu of all his property, receive as his share, when placed in his hand, would be utterly valueless to him, and without the assistance of a microscope would absolutely be almost imperceptible.

This is the evidence which the few of our travellers who have visited America have consecutively described to us in vain; but the corroborative facts are too large for any private individual to bring over. By practical men it has long been lamented that heavy truths sink in crossing the Atlantic; and even if it were not so, the cargo we allude to is, alas! considered contraband by our government, and as such must not be landed.

Again, if we look to Ireland, the mismanagement of which has been notorious, we find ourselves, by all practical men, constantly taunted with our ignorance of that country. We do not allude to the opinions of the party opposed to the present administration; but we will take the deliberate verdict of their own servants, selected and appointed by themselves.

The Railway Commissioners for Ireland, in their second report, addressed 'to the Queen's most Excellent Majesty,' and 'by command of her Majesty presented to both Houses of Parliament,' after minutely examining the moral, statistical, and political state of the country, boldly address her Majesty as follows (see page 92):—

'Ireland, though for years past a subject of anxious attention and discussion in public, IS REALLY VERY LITTLE KNOWN TO THE BRITISH PEOPLE; and the disadvantage to both countries, arising from that circumstance, is much greater than is generally supposed.'

Again, let us for one moment look to the population of the British North American colonies, who, excepting a French faction in Lower Canada, have, at the point of the bayonet, lately indignantly driven from their land, in every direction, those American sympathisers who volunteered to obtain for them what anarchists presumptuously call 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' or, in other words, a purely democratical system of government.

The filial attachment of these colonists to their mother-country has, in a moral point of view, been as deeply affecting, as their reverence for British institutions and their loyalty to the British throne have indisputably been proved; and yet with a debt of eight hundred millions, incurred in resisting republicanism in Europe, staring us in the face, have we not, under a species of political

political inconsistency, amounting almost to insanity, done everything in our power to entice the British population of our North American colonies ingeniously to furnish us with anything like the shadow of an excuse for declaring that concessions to democracy in America are unavoidable, and that '*as liberal men*' we ought not to withhold them? Under this infatuation, have we not pulled down, one after another, every public servant who in any of these colonies has dared to stand against our suicidal policy? Have we not driven the loyal British population of the Canadas to despair, and almost to desperation, by the cruel systematic preferment above them of notorious traitors?

By plain honest men, can language be concocted stronger than the following extract from the last two printed reports of the Legislative Council and of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada on this subject?—

'Let any one,' it is indignantly observed by these brave loyal senators, 'who will submit to the disgusting drudgery, read through the ninety-two resolutions passed by the Assembly of Lower Canada; let him then consider that the known and avowed author of these resolutions was taken from the Assembly by my Lord Gosford, and placed, reeking, upon the bench of the highest court in the colony—there to administer justice in the name of the King of England; let him then imagine some one of the many poor deluded wretches who have been lately taken in arms against their sovereign, brought before this judge to answer for the treason;—Why should he not say boldly to the author of the ninety-two resolutions, "*Show me what I have done that you did not incite and advise and encourage me to do? If I am guilty of treason—a crime in which all that are concerned are principals—how can you be less so, who urged me to the act?*"'

And, lastly, after this solemn appeal had been made to her Majesty and to her Majesty's Government, and to both Houses of the Imperial Parliament, was it not astonishing—was it not heart-breaking—and, in sorrow rather than in anger, we add, was it not degrading to the British name that when the eyes of the civilised world were fixed upon us, my Lord Durham should be sent from the mother-country to the Canadas, with orders to continue to be, in spite of this unanswerable language, what is called *liberal*? And that, accordingly, under these fatal orders, his lordship, instead of placing himself at once at the head of those who last winter with arms in their hands gallantly maintained in practice the loyal theory of their whole lives—instead of openly discountenancing the rebel faction who had barbarously murdered Colonel Moodie and Lieutenant Weir—instead of announcing in calm dignified language the Queen's disapprobation at the conduct of our American allies for having in their attack on her Majesty's island of Point Pelée shot down thirty of our gallant soldiers of
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the 32nd Regiment*—instead of expressing indignation at the wholesale robberies committed by citizens of the United States on Canadian property—instead of arresting these proceedings by paternally telling our American progeny that as civilised men they ought to be ashamed of themselves, his lordship felt himself constrained not only, excluding the well-tryed loyal inhabitants, to appoint to his council certain strange gentlemen, who shall for the present be nameless, but openly to show the most marked attention to the American sympathisers whom he publicly feasted,

* Among the many infamous depredations committed last winter upon the Queen's unoffending loyal Canadian subjects, was the attack upon the British island of Point Pelée by an organised body of about 500 Americans, who, regularly officered, and generally armed with their own government muskets, not only drove from her Majesty's island into the United States all the horses and cattle they could collect, but grossly maltreated the inhabitants, all of whom who had anything worth plundering were, just as it will be in England, voted to be Tories, and robbed accordingly.

Intelligence of this invasion and occupation of her Majesty's island having reached the Honourable Colonel Maitland, it appears by the public journals that he left Amherstburg at midnight with five companies, two guns, and thirty of the Canada militia to attack the invaders.

After marching twenty miles across the ice, his little force reached the island at daybreak, and two companies under Captain Brown having been detached to the American end of the island to cut off their retreat, Colonel Maitland with his three companies and thirty militia-men advanced upon the enemy, who were in the bush. Although the organised American force consisted of 500 men, they retreated before Colonel Maitland, and being well acquainted with the paths through the wood, they completely escaped from him, and came in sight of Captain Brown's detachment, who were formed on the ice, about 100 yards from the island. Instead of rushing forwards to annihilate this little force, the Americans, availing themselves of the broken ice on the edge of the lake, deliberately lay down behind it, and then opened a fire upon the British, which was, of course, ineffectually returned. Captain Brown's men fell in all directions, and had his decision vacillated for a moment, his force would have been so weakened, that these American 'precursors' would at once have rushed forwards and despatched the remainder.

Under these desperate circumstances, Captain Brown, instead of attempting to conciliate, most nobly gave orders to his men to charge, which with three cheers they no sooner obeyed, than the Americans rose *en masse* to receive them, their colonel exclaiming 'Charge, and be d—d to you!'—which elegant words were scarcely uttered before a musket-bullet passed through his forehead.

The British continued to advance until they drove before them the whole American force, who, although they had the bush to retire to, deserted their flag, on which was inscribed the word 'Liberty,' and leaving their colonel, their major, and two of their captains dead on the field, never rallied for a moment.

In this affray thirty of our gallant fellows fell; and though we know that it is not deemed 'liberal' in politics to mourn over the untimely murder of British soldiers when they oppose republican institutions, yet we may be permitted to quote the following affecting passage from Colonel Maitland's dispatch:—'I sincerely regret the loss of so many brave soldiers, and feel it the more when I reflect that they did not fall before an honourable enemy, but under the fire of a desperate gang of murderers and marauders.'

It was in consequence of this feeling, which was ardently responded to by the Canada militia, that when Lord Durham not only publicly entertained the American sympathisers at Niagara, but nearly opposite Navy Island openly proposed, before Brock's monument, and in presence of the Canada militia, the health of the President of the United States, murmurs, we have been credibly informed, were heard—such murmurs as we must decline to repeat.

for the almost avowed object of promulgating to the North American colonies that her Majesty's representative belonged to no party, and that, as Napoleon said of the Bourbons, 'Ils n'ont rien appris et tout oublié,' so the policy of the mother-country continued to deem it '*liberal*' to see no distinction whatever between the loyal, the disloyal, and our perfidious foreign invaders?

His lordship then made his brief summer's tour amidst the acclamations of a brave and loyal people, and the hour of his sudden retirement having arrived, he boldly censured the judicial conduct of all former rulers, and then frankly acknowledged to the free population of our North American colonies, that though he had only seen the summer-side of the Canadas, he was enabled to declare (just as the Railway Commissioners had simultaneously declared to her Majesty respecting Ireland) that when he left London he knew but little of the subject of his mission, and that the people in England knew still less!

The reason why my Lord Durham, when he left England, 'knew but little of our North American colonies,'—the reason why his Lordship feared to select as his council men distinguished not only for stanch, well-tried attachment to the British constitution, but for unalterable hatred of Republican institutions,—the reason why his lordship (like the good-natured man in the fable, who endeavoured to please everybody) publicly fed our American assailants with warm, savoury soup,—and finally, the reasons why people in England, at this moment, 'know still less' of our colonies than even Lord Durham did on landing at Quebec, are the identical reasons we have already given for our national ignorance of the fatal results of democracy as they are already staringly exemplified in the United States.

The facts are too heavy for individuals to bring across the waves of the Atlantic, and, as in certain trials, the testimony of the single witness is insufficient for conviction.

Under these appalling circumstances, if it be asked by what means, under Heaven, then, can these real truths be imported to this country, we unhesitatingly reply—by the magic power of steam! The communication it has lately opened with America will, undoubtedly, dissipate the ignorance which my Lord Durham has so manfully acknowledged, and our farmers, yeomen, manufacturers—all our fellow subjects who by honesty and industry have amassed little fortunes—will (thanks to the Great Western, the Royal William, and the British Queen!) soon perceive that there is nothing really '*liberal*' in being bullied by our farm-servants, labourers, and mechanics—in short, they will be brought into contact with republican institutions, and then judge
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for themselves. This is all we desire—we most ardently seek the comparison, and await the country's verdict without the slightest apprehension of the result.

We might offer many other instances of the general advantages which society is likely to derive from the application of this new-born power of steam, but if our readers will only reflect on the immense improvement which, since the last peace, has taken place in the manners of our countrymen, who, within these few years only, have left off hard drinking, attending prize-fights, bull-baits, wearing Belcher neck-cloths, affecting to dress, nod, spit, and meet each other like stage-coachmen, &c. &c. &c.—they may calculate for themselves the aggregate advantages which the whole world will derive when, by the power of steam, every nation is enabled to see, without flattery, its own faults clearly reflected in its neighbour's mirror.

Among the various problems of minor importance which have arisen from a consideration of the general results of railroads, it is constantly asked—in *what manner will they affect our metropolis?* There are many who argue that the facility with which people who are now immured in London will be enabled to get into the country must have the effect of diminishing the population of the metropolis. We must, however, acknowledge that we differ from this opinion.

As travelling has been found by the Irish Railroad Commissioners invariably to increase in proportion to the facility with which it can be effected, it would follow, that so many railroads, converging upon London as a centre, must, at all events, daily bring thither large crowds of passengers; besides which the railroads would import provisions in such quantities that their price would inevitably fall. On looking at those statistical tables which show the prices of provisions all over the United Kingdom, it is very curious to observe with what exactness these prices decline on the different roads, in proportion to the distance from the capital—so that, if a man with these tables in his pocket were to fall from the clouds upon any given road, by simply asking the first person he met to tell him the price of butter, for instance, and by then looking at his tables, he would be able to determine very nearly his precise distance from the metropolis. Now, when London, instead of being supplied with expensive milk, fruits, and vegetables, produced on land and gardens of an exorbitant rent, can be readily furnished with these articles from a distance—when bullocks, instead of being driven at great expense, 'larding the lean earth' as they proceed, can be killed 100 or 200 miles off, and be thus despatched to, instead of in, the metropolis—and when all sorts of provisions can be forwarded thither with equal facility, it must, we conceive,

conceive, follow that the prices of these commodities will be more equally adjusted throughout the country than they hitherto have been. London must thus become a place of much cheaper residence, and we think there can be no doubt that, in proportion as the objections to living in it are removed, its population must increase. When a powder-magazine by exploding creates a vacuum in the atmosphere, the windows of the adjacent houses are not, as most people would be led to expect, forced *inwards*, but the air within their rooms breaks the glass *outwards* in rushing to restore the equilibrium of the atmosphere. On similar principles, the population of the country will, we conceive, rush towards the London markets, whenever by any commercial convulsion the price of provisions is suddenly lowered; and thus will the effect of the railroads upon the metropolis be, we conceive, centripetal, and not, as has been supposed by many, centrifugal.

It is true that the twenty minutes, thirty minutes, and sixty minutes city-men (we mean those gentlemen whose affluent fortunes allow them now to live those periods of time from the metropolis) will, instead of residing at Hackney, Putney, and other such retreats, rush away to Maidenhead, Watford, and places from ten to thirty miles from London; but the number of these will not only comparatively be few, but the houses they abandon; falling in rent, will attract a new description of men—besides which, as, where a man's treasure is, there is generally his heart; so, wherever these gentlemen may sleep, they will still *bonâ fide* be actual inhabitants of the metropolis; indeed, instead of deserting the metropolis, it may be justly said they will carry it with them, and that the real limits of London will become, as indeed they now are, that radius to which its population can at night conveniently retire to their pillows.

If our object was to advocate the railroad and steam-boat system, we should now conclude our imperfect observations, but; as our sole desire is to bring the important subject fairly before the consideration of our readers, it is necessary that, in the words of Portia, we should say, '*Tarry a little, there is something yet!*'

'Your lordship will observe,' (wrote the Duke of Wellington in his celebrated dispatch from the field of Waterloo,) 'that such a desperate action could not be fought, and such advantages gained, without great loss, and I am sorry to add that our's has been immense.' In science, as in warfare, victories, however brilliant they may appear to the public, invariably leave behind them anguish and misery which even the flourish of the trumpets cannot conceal from our ears. The invention of any new machinery in our manufactories has always, more or less, been

been productive of such results, but the power of steam is about to produce effects which it is not only painful but absolutely fearful to contemplate. The wooden walls of Old England (we mean our navy as it floated in the days of Nelson) do not afford the same protection to our island, since the invention of vessels which, against wind and tide, and especially in calm weather, can penetrate our fogs for the purpose of invasion. Our insular defence, which during the reign of Napoleon amounted, in round numbers, precisely to the quantum of difficulty that then existed in a fleet's crossing the British Channel, has of course been suddenly weakened exactly in the same ratio as that difficulty has been immensely diminished; and when we recall to mind with what confidence we have been accustomed to look to the British navy for defence, it is melancholy to reflect that men-of-war, whose names in letters brighter than gold are most gloriously recorded in the naval annals of our country, might now, in a dead calm, hear the cannon of our assailants—without the power of pouring into them in return British broadsides, in the old boatswain's phraseology, 'as hot as they could suck 'em.' We shall, of course, be driven, indeed we have much too long neglected, to make the construction and application of the steam-engine one of the principal subjects of examination in the promotion of our rising generation of naval officers;—and we have no doubt, if the Lords of the Admiralty will but require and encourage them to do so, they will eventually display and maintain in the new science the ability and character which distinguished their predecessors in the old. Still, however, the maritime defences of the country must be weakened, and we own, accustomed as our brave sailors have been to the pure fresh breezes of the ocean, it is with a painful sensation that we read in Captain Austin's report upon a steam-sloop (as published by the Irish Railway Commissioners), 'that there has been taken from the Medea's flues, after a week's steaming, sixty bushels of soot!'

On shore not only will the merry face of Old England be seared and furrowed by railways, resembling the straight cross-barred lines tattooed across the countenance of a New Zealander, but some of our noblest establishments have already received what may almost be termed their sentence of death.

The first among these is our mail-coach establishment, so long our just pride, and still the admiration and wonder of all other countries. Those well-built carriages which have hitherto with unerring accuracy conveyed our correspondence to the remotest points in the United Kingdom—those skilful coachmen who, against all weathers and in all seasons, have with rarely an exception kept their respective times—those guards who with unpretending courage have faithfully protected the commercial

treasure

treasure committed to their charge, must, it is foreseen, be soon cast aside. Our immense stage system, with all its coaches, coachmen, horses, and horsekeepers, is nearly also on its last legs. Our posting system, with its expensive hotels, built at convenient sleeping-places by enterprising people for the comfort and luxury of travellers, post-houses, post-horses, and postilions, is, we apprehend, in nearly equal danger. Our public roads, as well as our private roads, have scarcely, at an enormous expense, been brought to a state of perfection, when it is notified to us that the M'Adam system has been supplanted by a new power which, by attraction, is to leave it deserted. It is estimated that there are about 20,000 commercial travellers—this intelligent body of men will be considerably injured. The communication from London to Leith and Aberdeen by smacks, which, at great expense, had been fitted up for public conveyance, is already superseded by the power of steam; and those noble American packets, so beautifully built, so liberally provided, and so ably navigated, are now about to make way for steamers, in the building of which the Bristol, Liverpool, and New York merchants are all emulously combining against the 'old liner,' that faithful and veteran servant who has hitherto in all weathers transacted their business with credit and success.

IV. We will now proceed to endeavour to apply the whole of the foregoing general observations on the power, progress, and probable effects of steam, to a useful and practical result.

Civilization has never been granted an opportunity of suddenly making such an immense step, or rather such an incalculable stride as is now offered; but it is humiliating to reflect how little apprehension we have shown for the heavenly gift which has been imparted to us—how strongly our conduct respecting it exemplifies the observation, '*Nescis, mi fili, quantulâ sapientiâ gubernatur mundus!*'

In private life a man would be considered almost insane who should begin to build for himself a house before he had settled upon its plan, but we have scarcely become acquainted with the locomotive power of steam on land, than we have at once jumped upon its bare back, riding it roughshod in all directions before the breadth of the rails has been determined, or before we have settled, or even considered, upon what scientific principles these immense new works ought to be constructed.

In order to form some sort of notion of the responsibility which we are thus taking on us, let us for a moment, by multiplying the work in a single railroad by the number which are to be constructed, roughly estimate the quantum of expense which either has been or is about to be incurred. Mr. David Stevenson says—

'The Americans now number among their many wonderful artificial lines of communication a mountain railway, which, in boldness of design and difficulty of execution, I can compare to no modern work I have ever seen, excepting perhaps the passes of the Simplon and Mont Cenis, but even these remarkable passes, viewed as engineering works, did not strike me as being more wonderful than the Alleghany railway in the United States.'

Mr. Lecount, civil engineer, speaking of an undertaking to which he has from the first been professionally connected, writes as follows:—

'The London and Birmingham Railway is unquestionably the greatest public work ever executed, either in ancient or modern times. If we estimate its importance by the labour alone which has been expended on it, perhaps the Great Chinese Wall might compete with it, but when we consider the immense outlay of capital which it has required,—the great and varied talents which have been in a constant state of requisition during the whole of its progress,—together with the unprecedented engineering difficulties, which we are happy to say are now overcome,—the gigantic work of the Chinese sinks totally into the shade.

'It may be amusing to some readers, who are unacquainted with the magnitude of such an undertaking as the London and Birmingham Railway, if we give one or two illustrations of the above assertion. The great Pyramid of Egypt, that stupendous monument which seems likely to exist to the end of all time, will afford a comparison.

'After making the necessary allowances for the foundations, galleries, &c., and reducing the whole to one uniform denomination, it will be found that the labour expended on the great Pyramid was equivalent to lifting fifteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-three million cubic feet of stone one foot high. This labour was performed, according to Diodorus Siculus, by three hundred thousand, to Herodotus by one hundred thousand men, and it required for its execution twenty years.

'If we reduce in the same manner the labour expended in constructing the London and Birmingham Railway to one common denomination, the result is twenty-five thousand million cubic feet of material (reduced to the same weight as that used in constructing the Pyramid) lifted one foot high, or nine thousand two hundred and sixty-seven million cubic feet more than was lifted one foot high in the construction of the Pyramid; yet this immense undertaking has been performed by about twenty thousand men in less than five years.

'From the above calculation have been omitted all the tunnelling, culverts, drains, ballasting, and fencing, and all the heavy work at the various stations, and also the labour expended on engines, carriages, wagons, &c.; these are set off against the labour of drawing the materials of the Pyramid from the quarries to the spot where they were to be used—a much larger allowance than is necessary.

'As another means of comparison, let us take the cost of the Railway and turn it into pence, and allowing each penny to be one inch and
thirty-four

thirty-four hundredths wide, it will be found that these pence laid together so that they all touch would more than form a continuous band round the earth at the equator.

'As a third mode of viewing the magnitude of this work, let us take the circumference of the earth in round numbers at one hundred and thirty million feet. Then, as there are about four hundred million cubic feet of earth to be moved in the Railway, we see that this quantity of material alone, without looking to any thing else, would, if spread in a band one foot high and one foot broad, more than three times encompass the earth at the equator.'

We have lying before us descriptions more or less inflated of the Liverpool and Birmingham, of the Great Western, of the Brussels and Antwerp railways, &c. &c. &c., but the two sketches we have just given will probably be deemed sufficient as multiplicands, and with these before the reader we will proceed to show by what immense figures they are about to be multiplied.

In the United States we have already stated that there were, in the year 1837, no less than fifty-seven railways completed and in full operation, whose aggregate length amounted to upwards of 1600 miles; that thirty-three railways were in progress which, when completed, would amount to 2800 miles; and that, in addition to this, upwards of 150 railway companies had been incorporated.

In Great Britain, the Irish Railway Commissioners state that the amount of capital authorised to be raised for making railways, under acts passed in 1833, 1834, 1835, and 1836, was 29,000,000*l*. The estimate for those for which bills were petitioned in 1837 was very near 31,000,000*l*. In France, the government, on the 15th of February, 1838, proposed in the Chamber of Deputies bills for a general system of railroads, which was to extend in aggregate length to the enormous distance of 1100 leagues of railway, without reckoning the branch roads. The estimated expense mounted to 40,000,000*l*. sterling; the railways to be constructed *on the English system*—as adopted on the lines from Liverpool to Manchester; Birmingham to Manchester; London to Birmingham; and the Great Western Railway. In Belgium, it is proposed to throw a network of railroads over the whole surface of the country, and vast projects are in contemplation in Holland, Prussia, and in various other countries in Europe.

In this enormous new undertaking, which is to compress the world quite as much as by a novel application of power we compress our hay and cotton for exportation, it cannot, we conceive, be denied that the British nation, whether for good or for evil, is pre-eminently leading the way.

We do not mean, by this observation, to withhold from the

Americans the well-earned applause due to them for the activity and enterprise which in their railroad undertakings have distinguished that shrewd and industrious people, but we have already shown that their railroad system is one adapted only to their own peculiar political situation, and that, between their course and ours, there exists the same important difference as between field and permanent fortification; and as it is our permanent, and not their temporary system, which is adapted to Europe, it would be with pride, if we could record that we were ably, or even to the best of our ability, performing the duties of the high station which we have been called upon before the world to occupy.

It is, however, with feelings of humiliation and regret, we must acknowledge, that we have failed to receive the new power which has lately visited the earth with the attention due to its importance. If an illustrious stranger had landed on our shores, considerable expenses would have been incurred, and deliberate arrangements would have been made to have imparted to our guest the honours suited to his rank—but this great mechanical power which, without metaphor, we may say has lately descended from Heaven permanently to reside with us on earth, has been most culpably neglected. Against prejudice and ignorance it was at first left to contend, unassisted and unattended; and even when, having trampled both these enemies under its feet, it was seen in all directions moving triumphantly among us, by the legislature as well as by the government it was suffered for a considerable time to exist totally unnoticed.

If we be gravely asked before the world upon what system and upon what principles the various English railroad bills have passed into laws, with shame we have to confess that neither system nor principle has been considered. In the animal frame, Nature has not only, by great arteries, projected from the heart to every part of the body, however remote, nourishment exactly proportionate to its support, but, by astonishing foresight and reflection, she has placed these arteries in sheltered situations in which they are admirably protected from outward accidents—the good of every part has been scrupulously attended to, and yet in no instance has the general welfare of the whole been neglected. In the arterial system of our railroads, no such considerations have for a single moment been attended to. Disregarding all private suffering, the legislature has, on the face and surface of the country, made incisions here, and circumcisions there, of the most serious and lasting consequences. Unguided by science, and without due attention to the general anatomy of the country, we have decreed that a little artery shall diagonally flow here, and a large one there—one longitudinally in this place, another latitudinally

latitudinally almost at right angles in that. 'It would be a good thing,' argues one company of speculators before the legislature, 'to grant us a railroad here;'—'It would be a very fine thing, indeed,' argues another self-interested body of engineers and attorneys, 'to give us one there:'—the prayers of both are conceded! And thus have monopolies been granted for ever to different inexperienced joint-stock, zig-zag companies, who, strange to say, are to settle at what hours the British public is to travel—at what rate it is to travel—and, up to a certain point, at what price it is to travel!

The details have been as little regarded as the outline or building-plan. The width between the rails of one of our railroads is four feet eight inches and a half; of another, five feet; of another, four feet six inches: of another, six feet; and of another, seven feet. In the line from London to Liverpool, the space between the double sets of rails is four feet eight inches and a half for the Liverpool and Manchester Company, and six feet for the rest of the distance belonging to the other two brother companies. Again, the driving wheels of the engines of one company are four feet, of another four feet six inches, of another five feet, of another six, of another seven, and ten feet in diameter. In short, village lawyers, country surveyors, and speculators of all descriptions, who knew but *little* of the great principles upon which railroads should be constructed, have appeared before the legislature, who knew *less*, to advocate the interest of the public, who, taken collectively, absolutely knew *nothing at all* on the subject.

That the blind have thus, not only in Europe but in America, been led by the blind will appear from the following statement:—

On the 8th of May, 1837, the French government brought forward six bills for six railroads, whose united length amounted to two hundred and thirty leagues, all planned on the most different and inconsistent principles; and, on the 15th of February, 1838, a general system was proposed, *copying the British*. In Belgium various projects are in embryo. In the United States, Mr. Stevenson says that no two railroads are constructed alike. The fish-bellied rails of some, weighing forty pounds per lineal yard, rest upon cast-iron chairs weighing sixteen pounds each; in others, plate-rails of malleable iron, two and a half inches broad and half an inch thick, are fixed, by iron spikes, to wooden rafters which rest upon wooden sleepers; in others, a plate-rail is spiked down to trenails of oak or locust-wood driven into jumper-holes bored in the stone curb; in others, longitudinal wooden runners, one foot in breadth and from three to four inches in thickness, are embedded in broken stone or gravel—on these runners

runners are placed transverse sleepers, formed of round timber with the bark left on—and wrought-iron rails are fixed to the sleepers by long spikes, the heads of which are countersunk in the rail; in others, round piles of timber, about twelve inches in diameter, are driven into the ground as far as they will go, about three feet apart; the tops are then cross-cut, and the rails are spiked to them.

The cost of the American railways, having generally only a single pair of rails, which are almost everywhere of *British manufacture*, was from 6000*l.* a mile to 1800*l.*

The cost of the Liverpool and Manchester was 30,000*l.*,—of the Dublin and Kingstown 40,000*l.*; the estimated cost of the French is about 15,000*l.*; of those to be made in Ireland about 10,000*l.*

This conflicting system was at last carried to an extent which, as our readers must perceive, became truly alarming. Our unconnected projects received the sanction of parliament, and yet, during the scrutiny which ought to have sifted these undertakings, there existed no master-mind,—no disinterested scientific authority whose duty it was to collect and record the important facts which experience was daily eliciting, or to give to the government, to the legislature, or to the public, such scientific information or such sound advice as it might be deemed advisable to require.

The House of Lords, becoming at last fully sensible of the imminent danger of the course which had been pursued, resolutions and an address were moved by the Marquis of Lansdown, in accordance with which his late majesty was pleased, on the 20th of October, 1836, to appoint a commission '*to inquire into the manner in which railway communication could be most advantageously promoted,*' and '*to consider and recommend a general system of railways in Ireland.*'

The commissioners thus appointed delivered their first report on the 11th of March, 1837; and their second and final report on the 13th of June, 1838. The recommendations contained in these important documents are as follows:—

1. The commissioners 'come to the conclusion that the two great lines which would open the country in the most advantageous manner, confer the most extensive accommodation at the smallest outlay, and afford the greatest return on capital,' would be—

A. A railway from Dublin to Cork by Maryborough (near which a branch is to be thrown off nearly south to Kilkenny), and through Holy Cross, at which point a west branch is to be thrown out to Limerick, and an east branch to Waterford.

B. A railway from Dublin to Navan, at which point the said railway

railway is to fork into two directions,—the one through Castleblany and Armagh to Belfast, the other through Kells, Virginia, and Cavan, to Enniskillen.

2. The commissioners consider that a uniform breadth should exist between the rails of the railway lines in Ireland, and they recommend that this breadth be six feet two inches.

The commissioners state as their opinion that if the utmost economy be observed—that if no unnecessary expense be admitted for the mere attainment of an ideal perfection—that if single lines of way be adopted till increased traffic shall call for increased accommodation—that if provision be made by the legislature for reducing the great expense hitherto commonly incurred in obtaining railway bills—and if some legislative enactment be provided granting only a just and reasonable compensation to the Irish proprietors, in Ireland 10,000*l.* or 12,000*l.* a mile may be generally made to cover all the charges of construction and appointments on the two lines they have recommended.

The commissioners estimate that, under these circumstances, the main trunk line from Dublin to Cork would give a dividend of from 4·82 per cent. to 5·18 per cent.; that the Kilkenny branch of twenty-six miles and a half would give a dividend of only two per cent.; that the Limerick branch of thirty-five miles and a half would give only $\frac{7}{10}$ per cent.—Total dividend of the main trunk line and of these two branches $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—Ditto of the Waterford and Limerick branch 3·8 per cent.

As regards the great north line the commissioners estimate that the dividend would be on an average about 4·75 per cent.

3. The commissioners consider that, under present circumstances, Cork will answer every purpose for which a winter-port can be required to promote a steam-communication with America; and, with this object in view, they recommend most strongly that every encouragement be given to the completion of the lines of railway from Dublin to Cork, on the best system, and under such arrangements as shall prevent private or partial interests from having a power to check a perfect co-operation between these means of transport and the most improved and rapid railway and packet communication between London and Dublin.

4. The commissioners calculate, that if from the Birmingham and Liverpool a branch railroad was to be established to Holyhead or to Porth Dyllaen, the mails might be conveyed from the London post-office to that of Dublin in eighteen hours—allowing one half-hour from the post-office in London to starting on railway; twenty-seven miles per hour for the railway; thirty minutes for embarkation; ten miles an hour for steam-boat voyage; thirty minutes from Irish port to Dublin, including landing—

ing—two hours additional for return to allow for occasional long passages by sea—hour of leaving London eight p.m., hour of arrival in London seven a.m.

5. In reporting on the present condition of the population of Ireland, the commissioners state, that whilst that island is making a visible and steady progress in improvement, and whilst signs of increasing wealth present themselves on all sides, the labouring population derive no proportionate benefit from the growing prosperity around them; indeed, that in many places their condition is even worse than it used to be. The commissioners consider as the main cause of this anomaly, the remarkable and accelerated increase of the population which took place from the year 1793, in consequence of the act which then passed for conferring the elective franchise on that class of voters known as the forty-shilling freeholders. In 1791 the numbers were 4,206,612; in 1821 they were found to have increased to 6,801,827; in 1831 to 7,767,401, and they now amount to more than eight and a half millions.

Among the effects of this rapid increase of population without a corresponding increase of remunerative employment, the most alarming, though perhaps the most obviously to be expected, is a deterioration of the food of the peasantry.

The commissioners declare that the vice and the bane of the people of Ireland is idleness, and they observe that if the Irish peasantry were placed in point of comfort on a par with those of Great Britain, the result to the public revenue would be an annual increase of six millions in the article of excise.

The commissioners, after minutely explaining the influence of railways in developing the resources of a country, and the extraordinary increase in the communication with Ireland which has already been effected by steam-vessels, state as their opinion, 'that a well-arranged system of railways in Ireland would have the effect of continuing and extending throughout the country the benefits which the outports have thus obtained by the introduction of steam-vessels.'

6. The commissioners having at very great length examined the great principles by which a general system of railways in Ireland should be regulated, and having laid down the lines which, in their opinion, would be most beneficial to the country, offer very important suggestions as to the means and the manner of carrying these projects—either altogether or in part—into execution, and some sensible observations upon the principles on which railway bills should be framed for the common benefit of the public and the companies, which we regret our limits do not allow us to extract.

The commissioners, after exposing several of the serious errors which have been committed, as regards the privileges granted to railroad companies in England, conclude their report as follows:—

‘It might be well to look to the proceedings of other countries, in reference to this important matter. In France the main lines have been laid out under the immediate direction of the Government, and the conditions made known, on which private companies will be empowered to construct and work them. America, as might be expected, from its separate and independent jurisdictions, has proceeded less systematically; but the several States have, in general, become shareholders to a large amount, and have thus acquired great influence in the direction of the railways undertaken within their respective limits.

‘In England alone, the main lines of communication have been committed to the direction of individuals, almost unconditionally, and without control. We believe this has arisen, in a great measure, from the suddenness with which this invention burst upon the country, and the imperfect view which has as yet been taken of its extraordinary power, as well as of the extent to which the public interests are involved in its just application and management.

‘But to whatever cause this may be attributed, we have deemed it our duty, before closing our Report, to urge these important considerations on public attention, in the earnest hope, that in Ireland, where the ground is yet untrodden, every precaution may be taken, and every measure adopted, which can contribute, on the one hand, to the encouragement of the capitalist, and, on the other, to secure to the country the full and entire benefit which the railway system is capable of affording.’

Copies of this ‘Second and Final Report’ (Dublin, 13th July, 1838) having been printed, and by command of Her Majesty presented to both Houses of Parliament, it has followed, as might have been expected, that the commissioners’ statements and opinions have excited, especially in Ireland, considerable attention. It was natural to anticipate that those private interests and projects which the commissioners have openly opposed in this Report, should, as soon as it appeared before the bar of public opinion, angrily rise up in judgment against them. On the whole, however, we must say that we think the public, with creditable forbearance, have not factiously joined with this party; at the same time, those who are most deeply interested, as well as those who have most seriously reflected upon the important subject involved in this Report, feel that the recommendations contained in it are of such vital moment, that it becomes the duty of all prudent men cautiously to consider what amount of weight ought to be given to opinions and to locomotive projects, which not only irrevocably must affect our commercial interests, but our character before the world; for there can be no doubt that a sensible explanation of the great principles upon which railways should be constructed,

structed, is as much wanted throughout Europe as in Ireland; that already without such a report our system, or rather our want of system, has been copied on the Continent; and that, as in the government of the new element of steam it appears we are unavoidably obliged to take the lead, it is evident that if we were to adopt false principles, they would immediately be extensively inoculated throughout almost every country in Europe.

With such important interests at stake, we therefore, as a duty which we owe to science, call upon our readers to unite with us in casting aside party feeling and political animosity, while we endeavour very briefly to review the subject before us.

We conceive the principal question in this inquiry to be,—*Does the Report emanate from persons possessing in the opinion of Europe requisite qualifications?* We have accordingly taken some pains to inform ourselves upon this subject.

The first on the list of the Irish Railway Commissioners is Lt. Thomas Drummond, of the Royal Engineers, in which corps it appears that he has served upwards of twenty years. We understand that he left the military academy at Woolwich with the character of being an unusually good mathematician, and accordingly he was appointed to the great trigonometrical survey on which he was employed ten years. In consequence of his acknowledged abilities and of his scientific acquirements, he was entrusted by Colonel Colby with the chief subordinate direction of measuring the great base in Ireland, one of the finest operations of the sort ever performed. In carrying from this base the Ordnance triangulation over Ireland, the application of the instruments and telescopes became of course limited by the curvature of the earth and atmospheric haze. The former obstruction was to a certain degree remedied by taking up stations on elevated mountains; but the latter was so difficult to be overcome, that months were passed on the mountain tops of Ireland, vainly endeavouring to catch a glimpse of the distant stations. It was in this situation and under these circumstances that Lt. Drummond ingeniously applied, rather than invented, the hydro-oxygen light which bears his name, and also constructed an instrument which he called the Heliostat, for obtaining a reflection from the sun's rays, by which means distances exceeding 100 miles have been observed. These inventions having brought Lt. Drummond into some degree of notice, he was employed by government in the calculations which the new modelling of our representative system required; afterwards he was appointed private secretary to Lord Althorp, and during the last two or three years he has held the office of under-secretary for Ireland. In this last capacity he has shown strong political sentiments, with which

we do not accord; at the same time we cannot but acknowledge that his mathematical information, coupled with the general knowledge of Ireland, which in his professional avocations he must have had an opportunity of acquiring, entitle him as an Irish Railway Commissioner to the confidence of the country; and that dark as may be his political principles, he shines in science by his own light.

The second Commissioner is Colonel Sir John Burgoyne, an officer of about thirty years service in the Royal Engineers, a considerable portion of which was before the enemy in Egypt, Spain, America, and France. In his professional acquirements we have been informed that he stands second to no one in his corps, and we learn it was in consequence of his strict integrity of character that he was selected to be chief commissioner and chairman to the Board of Public Works in Ireland; in which capacity (as appears from the printed Parliamentary Reports relating to that Board) Sir John's attention has for the last six years been principally directed to the management of a fund of 550,000*l.* for loans and grants to public works; to the inland navigation—the roads and bridges—the harbours and the fisheries of Ireland.

Besides opening several communications through the waste districts in Ireland, by roads made by Government, and now under the charge of the Board of Works, Colonel Burgoyne's attention must have been especially directed to the practical operation and importance of the Dublin and Kingston Railway, as it appears (by the Parliamentary Reports) that the sum of 75,000*l.* has been loaned to that undertaking by the said Board.

The third Commissioner, Mr. Barlow, professor of mathematics at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, is well known as the author of several works, and detached articles, connected with abstract mathematical inquiries, as also for the application of those theories to scientific and engineering subjects. His first essay, made with a view of combining theory with practice, was his work on the strength of materials, founded on a series of experiments made by permission of the Admiralty in the dock-yard at Woolwich, on all the different woods contained in that arsenal. These experiments were afterwards extended to others, in connexion with the late Mr. Telford, on the strength of iron bars, principally with a view of obtaining data for the construction of the Menai bridge. This work has passed through several editions, has been translated into the French and German languages, and is considered by engineers, both foreign and English, as a text-book for the subjects on which it treats. Mr. Barlow was also associated with Mr. Telford, in experiments on the tides,

tides, relative to the removal of the late London bridge; which experiments, as well as some others on the motion of steam-vessels, were conducted under the sanction of the Lords of the Admiralty. Mr. Barlow afterwards published a large work on the machinery and manufactures of Great Britain—showing the revenue derivable from them, and their influence on the population, wealth, and prosperity of the British empire. On the first proposition for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, Mr. Barlow was employed to estimate the comparative advantages of railways and canals, for the transfer of heavy goods; and he was afterwards appointed, in connexion with two eminent engineers, to decide the merits of the communications of the several candidates for the prizes proposed by the London and Birmingham Railway Company relative to the construction of that great work. This led to a new set of experiments on the strength of railway bars, and on the strength of locomotive engines when in rapid motion; afterwards published in two distinct reports addressed to the directors of that company. Subsequently, Mr. Barlow has been consulted on various questions connected with the subject of railways and steam-navigation by several companies, both English and foreign, principally on disputed points of practice.

Another important inquiry on which he was engaged, although not connected with the present matter, appears to have been the practical correction of the compass on ship-board. The success which attended his researches on this subject entitled him to the parliamentary reward established by the longitude act. He was also in consequence elected a member of the Institute of France, and of other societies—received the Copley medal of the Royal Society, and several other flattering marks of distinction.

Mr. Griffith, the fourth and last of the commissioners, is a civil engineer, who has been very extensively employed in the laying out and construction of roads in Ireland. He has the character of being a scientific man, especially in geology—and many years ago was the leading person employed in the surveys and operations connected with the well-known bog reports. For many years Mr. Griffith has been exclusively employed by Government, and is now at the head of the boundary department with which the Ordnance survey of Ireland is connected.

The undoubtedly very accomplished and experienced individuals composing the Irish Railway Commission having now hastily passed in review before us, it is proper that we should consider the materials with which they formed their Report.

The first assistance they appear to have received was from the Master-General of the Ordnance, who, being impressed with the public

public importance of the commission, granted to it the aid of such officers of the corps of engineers as were deemed best competent to the task: accordingly Major H. D. Jones, R.E., an intelligent officer and steady man of business, was appointed secretary to the commission, and a subaltern officer of ten years standing, Lt. Harness, R.E., was selected to analyse and condense the statistical information, on account of his peculiar ability for that duty.

In addition to these officers of the Ordnance corps, the commission enlisted into its service Mr. Vignolles, grandson of the late Dr. Charles Hutton, professor of mathematics to the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. In consequence of his mathematical acquirements, Mr. Vignolles was engaged in engineering and trigonometrical operations in South Carolina for the State Government; also in Florida, at the time of the cession of that territory by Spain to the United States. Since that time Mr. Vignolles has acted as assistant to several of the principal engineers of this country, was engaged by Messrs. Rennie to prepare the parliamentary plan and sections for the Liverpool and Manchester railway, and has been more or less employed on the following railways, either in their construction, or as consulting-engineer of the companies, or as engineer consulted by the two houses of parliament—the St. Helen's, the Wigan branch, Dublin and Kingston, North Union, Sheffield and Manchester, the Edinburgh and Glasgow, the Eastern Counties, the Croydon, the Grand Junction, the Great Western, the Southampton, the Brunswick and Hamburgh, &c.; besides which Mr. Vignolles has been much engaged in other branches of engineering, and has laid out some roads and canals both in England and Ireland.

In the north of Ireland the Commissioners employed Mr. Macneill, a favourite *élève* of the late Mr. Telford. It appears that this gentleman was selected on account of his general merit and reputation as a civil engineer, and principally because he had already been engaged in similar researches in that part of Ireland in which the commissioners especially required his assistance.

The Boards of Customs and Excise were directed by their chairman to prepare for the commissioners certain returns relative to the trade of the country. The Constabulary, under the direction of Colonel Shaw Kennedy, procured for the commissioners very valuable information respecting the inland traffic in most parts of Ireland. The Post-office, and Messrs. Purcell, Bowne, and Bianconi, the principal proprietors of public conveyances in Ireland, furnished the commissioners with the requisite details respecting the number of passengers travelling by coaches and cars,

cars, thus showing the precise increase of intercourse which has followed increased facility, and diminished expense of communication. The Ordnance Survey Department for Ireland, under Colonel Colby, at the request of the commissioners, caused to be made from the great triangulation a diagram of the whole of Ireland, and a map was especially compiled from the already completed portion of the Ordnance Survey, and the last county maps, the imperfections of which were corrected by means of the fixed points of the great triangulation. The preparation of these valuable documents was entrusted by Colonel Colby to his principal assistant, Lieutenant Larcom, of the Royal Engineers.

The principal engineers and promoters of railway undertakings residing in Dublin, very liberally furnished the commissioners with the plans and reports explanatory of their respective projects; and the principal railway companies in England readily afforded much valuable information, as well as many useful suggestions.

With this powerful assistance the commissioners proceeded to the execution of the task imposed upon them, namely, to consider and recommend a general system of railways for Ireland, and the result of these labours has been the publication of the two reports under our notice.

It would of course have been possible, and there can be no doubt it would have been the safer course, for the commissioners to have contented themselves with giving their opinions, or, as it may be termed, passing their judgment, on conflicting railway interests, without revealing to the public the high-roads and by-roads through which they had arrived at their decisions. They, however, determined on the opposite course, and although giving reasons for difficult decisions is always attended with danger, especially where the verdict has been influenced by moral circumstances, which it is generally almost impossible to describe, yet they determined to throw before the public, without reserve, if not all, as many of their data as could possibly be collected. With this view they appended to their report the following original documents, respecting which, as we enumerate them, we will make any observations that may occur to us:—

1. A map of Ireland, showing the different lines laid down under the direction of the commissioners, and those proposed by private parties.

2. A map of Ireland, showing, by the varieties of shading, the comparative density of the population.

(We consider this map to be a most valuable statistical document. The amount of the population, in 1831, of each town in Ireland, as also the average population per square mile, are not only

only marked in figures, but the strong lights and deep shadows which characterise the map, appear at first sight as if they were intended to distinguish those parts of the country which are high and dry from the different gradations of land, damp, wet, swampy, and boggy. Under this impression, without any previous acquaintance with the country, the eye at once determines that, in order to dry the country, the main drain should be cut through the blackest shadows; but on closer observation it turns out that, in this map, the light are the desolate, and the deep shadows the densely populated, regions of Ireland. And thus is the mind led to reflect that tapping the stagnant population of a country by a railroad is an operation which should be performed on very nearly the same principles as draining wetland—we mean that the railroad should pierce the country wherever the population is the densest, just as main drains are cut wherever the region is the wettest.)

3. A map of Ireland, showing the relative quantities of traffic in different directions.

(This map not only shows the quantity of traffic which upstart railway companies, looking to nothing but their own interests, would of course naturally desire to draw to themselves, but it also shows that large proportion of traffic on well regulated canals, which, in a poor, young country like Ireland, it would be highly impolitic for the parliament to ruin.)

4. A map of Ireland, showing the relative number of passengers in different directions by regular public conveyances.

(This map, by giving a picture of the present arterial circulation of passengers from the capital to the remotest extremities of Ireland, enables the mind to determine very nearly mechanically—as the public roads cannot be superseded by as many railroads—*what* lines of railway, by preserving a mean course, will be best adapted, not to the selfish and partial interest of any particular place, but to the uninterrupted health and general prosperity of the whole body of the country.)

5. A geological map of Ireland.

(This map, which, like Joseph's coat, is of many colours, denotes, by its different gaudy hues, the various rocks of Ireland; and as, in a bird's-eye view of the continent of North America in autumn, the deep black pine, the bright red beech, and the yellow seared oak-trees, denote the poverty or richness of the soils from which they respectively proceed, so do the geological formations of Ireland designate the relative fertility of their respective districts. But it moreover appears that the carboniferous limestone, which form about two-thirds of Ireland, not only are the richest districts in it, but, from being also the flattest, are consequently the

the best adapted for railway communication, especially in those places where they pass, as is shown in this map, between districts of coal—and thus is the reader led to observe how beneficently the greatest fertility and the greatest population of the country have been made to coincide with the easiest lines of railroad communication.)

6. A map of England and Ireland, explanatory of that part of the report of the Railway Commissioners which relates to the communication between London and Dublin, and other parts of Ireland.

(On this map are denoted, 1. the railways which have been completed, and for which Acts of Parliament have been obtained: 2. The proposed railways. 3. The lines of railways laid down under the direction of the railway commissioners.)

Besides these maps, which, as we have shown, speak very clearly for themselves, the commissioners have annexed to their report, in the form of an appendix, consisting of two hundred and eighty-one pages, a mass of new statistical information, most of which they have, it appears, very diligently obtained from indisputable authorities. Abstruse as many of these investigations are, it was nevertheless absolutely necessary that they should be duly considered by the commissioners before they promulgated (after twenty months' labour) their ultimate decisions; and although the printing of these documents has subjected them to be blamed for having wandered into inquiries which many have deemed irrelevant to the subject, yet we must confess we think they have acted openly and honestly in delivering up to the public the whole of that evidence, whether relevant or irrelevant, which, having been officially collected under powers granted by an Act of Parliament, became, whatever it might be worth, virtually the property of the public.

We have no desire, and even if we had, it would altogether exceed our limits, to attempt a discussion of the various local objections which have been raised against the recommendations of the commissioners by those whose latent expectations they have disappointed, as well as by those whose private speculations they have in their report openly opposed. Without personally alluding to any of these complainants, we will simply observe, that one might as well expect that a deep incision could be made in the human body without the infliction of pain, as that any public line of railroad could possibly be projected which would not give excruciating anguish in some private direction or other: indeed, the more lustily selfish theorists are heard to cry out, the greater reason is there for by-standers calmly to infer that the interest of the public is alone receiving attention.

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The commissioners have been blamed, especially by speculators in railways, for estimating the dividend to be produced by the lines of railways they have themselves recommended (which of course, in *their* estimation, are the most favourable that could be selected) at the low amount of $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 per cent. If the commissioners had felt themselves authorised to indulge in even their own *El Dorado* anticipations, they would probably have raised this dividend to a higher figure; but as men of sense, and as public servants, it was undoubtedly their stern duty, in the storm of speculation that was raging around them, to describe no more than they could clearly see; and if, under this conscientious feeling, they confined their calculations to plain black and white, whoever may be dissatisfied is of course at full liberty to colour their Indian-ink drawing as highly and as gaudily as he may choose.

Time alone will show whether the commissioners have really underrated the profits of the great Irish railroads or not. In the mean while we have no hesitation in saying that, in our humble opinion, the anticipated profit of our English railroads is 'a false creation proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain.'

Against the commissioners' report there have been raised many other objections, to which we have given due attention. On a consideration of the whole, however, we own that we feel disposed to approve of the two great lines which they have proposed; and our reasons for doing so are positive and negative:—First, they appear to us to be supported by facts and calculations which are unanswerable, and by arguments and observations sensible, and apparently disinterested. Secondly, we feel that as no individual can be in possession of as much general information, united to as much local knowledge of the subject in question, as the commission collectively has amassed, bad as may be its opinion, that is nevertheless, in our present circumstances, the best light we can possibly obtain. Thirdly, we feel that we should appear before the civilised world in a most extraordinary predicament were we to continue, as we hitherto have done, to proceed on our railroad career in utter darkness; not because, as formerly, our want of light was unavoidable, but because, when Science had presented to us her lamp, we no sooner received it than we wilfully blew it out and cast it from us!

The country may go wrong in following the two lines of railways recommended by the commissioners, and it may go wrong in *not* following them (one only of these catastrophes can happen); but even supposing the chance equal, yet, in the opinion of the present age, as well as in history, there would be powerful excuse for the first error, none whatever for the second. If a man-of-war,

groping its way through strange waters on a voyage of discovery, were to run upon rocks during a night, when all on board were in utter darkness, by all liberal men would the captain be acquitted; but if it were proved that he had wilfully prosecuted his course, after the man he himself had sent to the mast-head had sung out, in clear daylight, '*breakers a-head!*' the commander's character, like his vessel, would be wrecked.

Although, however, we are disposed to approve of the professional recommendations of the commissioners, so far as the two lines of railways are concerned, yet, after having received from them the calculation of the dividend likely, in their opinion, to be produced from these works, we certainly feel that their recommendations respecting what amount of assistance ought or ought not to be granted by parliament to the undertaking—or their opinions whether the work should be private or public property—are questions extra-judicial: we mean they are political rather than scientific; and this being the case, we consider that the commissioners' opinion can claim no more value, when placed in the balance of public discussion, than may be found to be intrinsically its worth. We therefore beg leave to join with the public in freely discussing these important questions.

There can be no doubt that the interference of Government in any *speculation* should be the exception rather than the rule.

The objections which are raised against its interference with the Irish railroads, as proposed by the commissioners, will be sufficiently explained by the following extract from a mass of pamphlets and newspaper articles on this subject now before us:—

'However valuable the labours of the commissioners may have been as the collectors of general information—where that information did not interfere with any pre-conceived plans of their own—we believe that on the whole this commission has given a blow to enterprise in Ireland, from which it will not soon or easily recover. The favourite project of the commissioners is to unite all railways in Ireland into "a combined and judicious system, in which the joint traffic of many places and districts should pass to a great extent over one common line." To this project, we must add, everything has been made subservient; and those lines already projected, which interfere with this darling plan, have been unfairly dealt with.

'We are anxious to meet this question broadly on its merits. We waive all allusion to the body of capitalists, who might be supposed to be favoured: we take up the question as an abstract one of economy and statistics—without caring who are the parties to whom the general system of railways is to be entrusted; and we simply inquire whether it be wise, or prudent, or consistent with the maxims of enlightened economy, to lay down a general and complicated system of railways through Ireland, and condemn the efforts of every private company who

do not choose to spend their money in obedience to the commands of the commissioners?

'The plain common sense way of proceeding was to leave each proposed line of railway to be determined on its own merits, and each body of capitalists to choose for themselves the mode in which they would lay out their money, under the check imposed by the rules of the House of Commons, which, previous to the passing of the act, required that the likelihood of a fair return for the capital expended should be shown. This, we submit, is the plain common sense way of dealing with the subject—to try each proposed line of railway simply by itself—and if it should appear a useful and a profitable speculation, to permit it to proceed on the assurance, that when the capitalists gain, the country cannot lose.

'If this plan had been followed, railways would, no doubt, have been found in many parts of the country. Men would have subscribed their capital, and judged for themselves what lines would afford the most profitable return; and those common principles which regulate all commercial enterprise, would have secured that the capitalist, in consulting his own profit, would have contributed to the good of the country at large. It pleased, however, our government to think otherwise. A commission was appointed to drill the capital of the country into a uniform and regular system of expenditure—to lay down a vast and comprehensive system of railways—the merit of which confessedly rests on its execution as an entire—and in the mean time to compel those who wish to embark their money in railway speculation to take up detached portions of this great system—which its authors only allege to be profitable when complete. This is the germ of all the practical suggestions of the report; and we hold that never was there a more absurd or mischievous attempt than thus to stretch mercantile enterprise on a Procrustean bed—we scarcely use the language of figure: if we do, it is of a figure which is unavoidably suggested by a single glance at one of the maps as it is intersected by the lines prepared by the commissioners. The dotted lines, the black lines, and the red lines crossing each other in every direction, seem almost like the diagram of a rack upon which the commissioners are to bind and torture the enterprise of Ireland. Prometheus upon his rocky bed was not bound in more rigid fetters; and perhaps to complete the simile, there is not wanting the emblem of the vulture that preyed upon his vitals.'

It is perfectly true that a wise government should encourage, rather than presume to contend with, that daring spirit which has so remarkably characterised British capitalists; for whenever there appears the slightest opening to a new discovery, there are always among us to be found monied men ready to lead on the forlorn hope, and, without metaphor, to 'place their fortunes on a cast, and stand the hazard of the die.' To check, to suppress, or to compete with this enterprising spirit, would not only involve the government in difficulty, but the nation in ruin; and we can conceive nothing more distasteful to our great capitalists than to be

told that they can never embark in a voyage of speculative discovery until they shall have received from the government its 'passeavant.'

But besides this being theoretically a maxim in political economy, it is a known fact that a government has that dull, heavy, lumbering gait about it, that in pursuit of small objects it is practically incompetent to move with the activity or nimbleness of private speculators. It is true that my Lord Melbourne may good-humouredly boast that, on retiring from Pimlico at night, he now no sooner vociferates the monosyllable, 'CAB!' than he hears Mr. Whittle Harvey's voice (*vide* Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, vol. i. chap. 2.) replying through the fog, '*Here you are, sir! now, then, first cab!*'—but if the government had also undertaken to *horse* the cabs, and feed the horses, the Hackney-Coach Act, instead of being, as without exception it undoubtedly is, the noblest measure of the present administration, would have proved a complete failure.

In short, nothing but a most violent competition between man and man could have so lowered the prices, and so hastened the pace at which the British public has hitherto travelled. If any single capitalist had a few years ago been offered by government the exclusive privilege of carrying heavy people every five minutes from Paddington to the Bank for sixpence, he would most surely have conceived that the secret object of the government was to ruin him, and if alone he had accepted the undertaking, there can be no doubt he would have been ruined; but when all our horsekeepers and coach-proprietors were encouraged openly to compete for the job, such a variety of economical arrangements were collected in a focus, that the speculation has answered, and the London public has so materially benefited by it, that it is now truly observed, '*It has become cheaper to ride than to walk.*'

Again; as regards the sea, how justly would the public complain, if the government were to attempt to monopolise, or even to interfere with, the transport of our merchandise and of our passengers? Not only in theory would it be argued that British enterprise had better be left to itself, but it would indignantly be observed, what could not be denied, namely, that the British merchants' steam-vessel had practically crossed the Atlantic before any government steamer had dared to do so. If, therefore, the power of steam, elicited by private enterprise, has just performed such a wonder on the aqueous surface of the globe, why, it may be boldly asked, should it not be permitted to proceed equally free and unfettered on land? With no object in view, but to arrive, if possible, at a just conclusion, we will endeavour to answer this important question.

If our present locomotive engines were like steam-vessels, or like carriages, public or private, there could be adduced no more reason for government interfering with the former than with the latter; but the cases are widely different. If steam-vessels are badly constructed, the public cease to embark in them. If they are mis-suited to one water, they can sail to another, just as the Sirius steamer, when found too small for the New York passage, was despatched to St. Petersburg. As new inventions arise, this process can be extended—vessels which are now on the ocean may ply in channels—those on channels may retire into rivers, and even if they were all suddenly to vanish, the noble element on which they had moved would be left uninjured, trackless, and unaltered.

Again, if any description of *land* conveyance be found to be dangerous, it can be avoided—if stages on any particular road are no longer required, they, and their horses, and their horse-keepers, may go where they are wanted, or, in simpler terms, where they choose—if our omnibuses should be superseded by a better conveyance, the public can at once leave them to be sold or destroyed, as their proprietors think best. The Strand, Oxford Street, and Cheapside, would remain, however, as they were; and even if every public carriage in England, in consequence of some new invention, were to be suddenly removed, housed, and the horses turned out to grass, there would, after the first shower, be left on the roads scarcely a mark of the tires of the wheels, or an impression of the horses' iron-shod feet. In all these changes the public would continue, as they ever ought to continue, on sea and land, the lords and masters of the way on which they travel; this right being un-surrendered, the competition of capitalists would always, as we have shown, be made subservient to the interest, and arbitrarily subject to the sovereign will and pleasure of the community;—and if steam-carriages could contend with mails and stages on *our public roads*, they would in like manner take their chance of being either patronised or condemned, as the public might think proper. But on railways the case, as regards the public, is essentially different;—and it is with pain we reflect that when our English railway bills were brought forward, the legislature as completely neglected to calculate what was to be the real result of the simple sounding petition before them, as in common life we constantly see two young people, barely able to provide for themselves, come before the altar hand in hand, without ever having reflected how fearfully their marriage will probably multiply their wants.

Those persons who applied for an act of parliament in favour of their railroad, were obliged openly to avow their desire to possess

possess themselves of whatever private property might stand in their way;—but they did not avow, nor did the country appear to perceive, that, in addition to this request, the projectors hoped, expected, and indeed perfectly well knew that they would draw all the passenger traffic to their line—or, in other words, that they would ruin every mail-coach, stage-coach, chaise, and public carriage in the neighbourhood; in short, that they were about to supersede the M'Adam road, which, for aught they cared, might be again 'peopled with wolves, its old inhabitants.'

Now let us suppose for a moment that twenty years ago any body of speculators, however respectable, had obtained from the legislature an act by which the property in all the leading roads in the country, with all the horses, carriages, waggons, and other means of conveyance whatsoever, had been consigned to them to be dealt with as they might think proper—that the public were to travel on the said roads, which were to be kept in whatever condition the company pleased, at such pace as it pleased, at such hours only as it pleased, and very nearly at such price as it pleased—that this monopoly was to last not for ten years, or for twenty years, or for a hundred years, but for ever and ever; should we not now most reasonably complain of the improvidence and injustice of this act? Yet this is precisely what will take place, so soon as the English railroads shall have superseded, as from their nature they *must* supersede, all other modes of travelling on the lines where they are established.

Again, suppose that on the discovery of some new system of paving, the property in *streets* which had hitherto belonged to the public, had also by act of Parliament been surrendered in like manner to the profit, caprice, and exaction of companies of capitalists, we should now be at the mercy of the said companies to get out of our houses—just as we shall be at the mercy of railroad companies to get out of our towns.

If our English railway companies had petitioned Parliament to be allowed to avail themselves of an invention, the whole and sole product of their own brains, still we maintain that for no pecuniary advantage whatever should the public have been directly or indirectly deprived by Parliament of their right of way, which by competent legal authorities has been thus defined:—'every way from town to town may be called a highway, because it is *common to all the king's subjects*; the freehold of the highway is in him that hath the freehold of the soil; but the free passage is for all the king's liege people.'—(1 Haw. c. 76, § 1.) Again, 'In books of the best authority a river common to all men is called a highway.'—(1 Russ, 448.) But the great discovery, we mean the locomotive power of steam, which has secured to the English railway

railway companies an absolute monopoly of 'the way from town to town,' was not their property, but the property of the public; the gift of Heaven to mankind; and the Legislature might as well have granted to a London company the exclusive use of the compass, or to a Birmingham company the exclusive use of daylight, as have granted to a railway company privileges over private property amounting in fact to the exclusive use of the locomotive power of steam;—and yet it has been and still is gravely argued, on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle, that because open competition on the road has hitherto invariably been found to succeed, these private railroad monopolies ought to be established! In every point of view the contradiction is monstrous.

We are told that, to make way for a railroad, private property of every description must be sacrificed and surrendered to the public, and yet seizing this property under false pretences, we no sooner possess it, than by a mis-translation of the word *respublica*, we hand it over to a company of *private* individuals, whose undisguised object in obtaining it is to deprive by it, the public, of their most ancient right; in short to make the public the servants instead of the masters of the high road or 'way from town to town.'

It is rumoured that some of these railroad companies already talk (whether they are right or wrong we do not argue) of not allowing the public to travel on Sundays.—Now suppose that one of the three railways between London and Manchester were to become the property of wealthy Jews, who, under the same conscientious feeling, were to declare that they could not think of allowing the British public to travel on Saturdays—could any of us plead that a Jew's sabbath ought not to be as sacred to him as a Christian's? And if it were attempted by force to persuade him to the contrary, might he not, in demanding his right to stop the public, exclaim with Shylock,—

'If you deny me, fie upon your laws!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice!'

Under such circumstances, in what a predicament would the public be placed, and what would become of the commercial correspondence of the country; or, in moments of emergency, of the transport of our troops? A company of high-spirited sporting young men might take a pride in hurrying the mails and the public along infinitely faster than was safe; a company of old gentlemen might, from over-caution, convey them too slowly;—and if the extremity of a long line were to be found not to be profitable in winter, any company might merely continue to work the rich portion of their lode, and for half the year leave the poorer vein untouched.

But

But let us suppose that all these conjectures are visionary, and that the railway companies, although there is no locomotive power to compete with them, will honestly carry the public as fast, as safely, and as cheaply as they can afford to do, still it is necessary to consider what compensation the public can receive for the loss of their *right of way*?

The advocates of our English monopolies answer this question very shortly by saying that the travelling community will be carried *cheaper* by what they oddly enough term 'public competition,' than they could be carried if the railroads were, as they are in Belgium (*where the fares are excessively low and the accommodation most admirable*), the property of the public; but when our readers consider that (thanks to the power of steam) nothing can compete with the railroad, say from London to Liverpool, and that this line is governed by three sets of directors, who, with infinitely more respectability than experience, may meet perhaps but for a few hours every week—sometimes one set of wealthy individuals, sometimes another—without responsibility or control—and well knowing that whatever may be the expenses they incur, they can most luxuriously make the public pay for them all—it must surely be evident that a network of railroads, under such a variety of systems, must in the end be infinitely more expensive to the public, than if it were placed under the control of scientific persons selected for the purpose, having no other business to attend to, no interest to consider but that of the traveller, and responsible to government, the legislature, and public opinion for the safety, comfort, economy, and speed of the conveyance.

If the right of way thus belonged, as it ought to do, to the public, and if a control over the creation as well as the management of our great arterial railroads were thus vested, as in law it surely ought to be, in the government, as large, and perhaps a much larger field for real competition might be opened to enterprising capitalists by these railways being made, maintained, and worked by public tender. We fully acknowledge that the less government meddle with the details of these undertakings the better: all we desire is, that the great arterial railroads of the country should be the property of the public—we mean that they should be the Queen's and not the Company's highways, and that, for the protection of life and limb, they should be scientifically controlled by a responsible authority.

If all the great railroads in the country, instead of being disjointed into separate interests, belonged to one great body of capitalists, the latter desideratum, namely, their scientific management and responsible government, might be, perhaps, as perfect

as if they were the property of the state; but it appears to us that one might as well expect that our blood, instead of receiving one noble impulse from the heart, could be healthily propelled throughout our body by a variety of little independent zig-zag forwarding authorities, as that the mail and passenger traffic of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland can be successfully transported by a vertebration of railroads, no one bone of which professes even to think of any broader object, interest, or profit, than its own marrow.

There can be no doubt that the public ought to be made to pay a fair remunerating price for the luxury of travelling, or rather of flying, by railroads; and if these gigantic concerns were under the supervision of one authority, this price might everywhere be settled, if not to the satisfaction, at least for the interest, of the public; but if it be left to a series of disjointed authorities, those who by act of parliament have cunningly got possession of the great towns with all their restless inhabitants, will be as much overpaid, as more remote, unpeopled districts will be underpaid; and if it should happen, as it probably will, that the unprofitable portions must eventually be purchased and worked by the government, shall we not then deeply regret the narrow-sighted policy which has incautiously alienated from the public to the Stock Exchange the profitable portions of our railroads for ever?

Again, in answer to those who strangely argue that the interests of the public and of private monopolists *must* be identical, we beg leave to observe that a toll is abstractedly a very imperfect measure of the public utility of an undertaking, and, consequently, that a railroad, though it does not 'pay' its proprietors, may be productive of immense revenue to the country.

Even common roads may be enormously beneficial to the public, without being remunerative to those who make them—for instance, a mile gained by cutting through, say Highgate hill, is a mile gained not only to the inhabitants of Barnet, &c.—who pay for it, but to all the inhabitants of every town and village between London and John-o'-Groat's. Waterloo Bridge, as far as the speculation affects its proprietors, has hitherto proved a total failure; but let any one who recollects the swamps and desolate places which existed on the Surrey side of the Thames, compare that picture with the wide handsome streets and lofty buildings which in all directions have undeniably been created by the project of the new bridge, and he will admit that that noble undertaking, though as yet unfortunate for the proprietors, has in fact been highly beneficial to the public. And if the addition of one bridge to half-a-dozen—if the opening of a communication of
a few

a few hundred yards has been productive of this immense benefit, how overwhelming are the ideas which rush into the mind of the incalculable advantages which the public might derive from a scientific, well-organised system of railways throughout the United Kingdom—never mind whether they everywhere paid their proprietors or not!

The trifling example of Waterloo Bridge might, we are aware, possibly induce a person without reflection to argue that 'as fools build houses that wise men may live in them,' so we should allow capitalists to ruin themselves in making railroads for the public use. We might answer that, though Waterloo Bridge has not yet paid, it is nevertheless firmly retained by its proprietors, who would be enabled to obtain for it almost any price, if all the other bridges (like our M'Adam's roads) could be suddenly ruined:—But, after all, the cases are not identical, for, however poor might be the proprietors of a railway, and however inadequate their funds might be to continue to work their line, yet there are plenty of long-headed people on the Stock Exchange, who know very well that railroad shareholders can always hold out, or rather stand still, longer than the public—that for the public to go to parliament for a second parallel railroad would be hopeless—that, having once tasted the speed of the locomotive engine, however fiercely they might threaten it, they would never relish returning to their old roads—and, consequently, that every company which found their speculation did not answer, could always, with apparent fairness, sell it to the country 'for no more than it had cost.' And thus would every item of fraud, extortion, improvidence, and ignorance, in all our railroad undertakings throughout the empire, be eventually saddled upon the public at prime cost, while all that was really profitable on the different lines would be irrevocably withheld from them;—by which system, not only would the general price of travelling on our railroads be raised, but, as it appears from a very sensible letter addressed by Mr. Loch, M.P., to Lord Morpeth,* that high rates are repellant, and low rates powerfully attractive, it would follow that the country would lose by the friction of high fares a very large proportion of the immense fiscal advantages which the establishment of the *cheapest possible system* would have obtained for it.

For the foregoing reasons, we must say, we cordially agree with the Irish Railway Commissioners in their recommendations that the two arterial lines of railway they propose should be treated as one great concern, and that no monopoly of the most productive portions only should be bestowed upon any party.

* Appendix A. to the Second Report from the Railway Commissioners, Ireland, page 78.

We must also confess our opinion, that, although the execution and even the working of these two lines should, as much as possible, be offered to capitalists, yet the property and control of these Irish railroads should, instead of being taxed by an annual profit to private companies, be vested in the state, for the sole benefit and protection of the public.

Having now laid before our readers the reflections which have occurred to us during an attentive perusal of the Reports of the Railroad Commissioners for Ireland, we shall conclude our notice of these two public documents by endeavouring to extract from them a useful moral.

V. No one, we think, can read the many voluminous Reports of the parliamentary committees on railroad bills, without appreciating the anxiety which both Houses have evinced to investigate as deeply as possible the new power suddenly forced upon their attention; but the masses of evidence to which we allude, demonstrate that much delusive, as well as irrelevant matter, was artfully made the subject of reiterated discussions.

The enormous expenses (exceeding in many instances 1000*l.* a-mile) which railroad companies have incurred before parliament by the conflicting statements and opinions of individuals, more or less professionally interested in the struggle—the repetition of these expenses in consequence of a separate investigation being required before each House—the heavy bribes which (concealed by a fictitious valuation of the property required for the railroad) have been paid to people of large property in order to secure their support—the unconscionable demands for compensation which have been awarded—the fictitious opposition, got up by interested parties, under the names of landowners caring nothing about the matter*—the illusory lines got up as competition lines without any intention of ever being made—the common habit of landowners disputing and even opposing a railroad merely for the sake of getting an excessive price for their land, notwithstanding the measure may be calculated to confer great benefits on their property—the erroneous estimates which, though ‘PROVED’ before parliament, have turned out (in one instance by more than a million and a half) to be deficient—the extravagant haste with which railroads have occasionally been constructed—all these unnecessary expenses must, it is evident, in the form of a tax which to the poorest classes will almost amount to prohibition, eventually fall as heavily upon the public, as the responsibility of these measures must in history rest upon the parliament which sanctioned them.

* See letter from Peter Sinclair, Esq., App. 84.

The experience gained on railroads which are actually to be paid for by public traffic, surely ought to be national property; whereas Mr. Joseph Pease, M.P., in his honest letter to the Irish Railroad Commissioners respecting the Stockton and Darlington railway, states, 'As public attention has been so closely turned to the subject of railway communication, the reports, plans, and acts of parliament have long ago disappeared, having been bought up at extravagant prices. Whither to go to find them I should not know, though I have belonged to the undertaking since the first prospectus. I am literally stripped of these documents.'

To conclude:—under this miserable want of system must the public suffer, so long as our parliamentary committees shall continue to be unreasonably saddled with the whole responsibility of deciding upon railroad bills without the assistance of an Official Board, competent (like the establishment of the 'Ponts et Chaussées' in France) to afford to the country such professional information and reports as new measures may require. Not only does our national character require that we should scientifically, instead of ignorantly, govern and direct the new power which has been bestowed upon us; but as railroad scars cannot easily be obliterated, surely it is our duty to save the surface of our country from being barbarously disfigured by any more rude unskilful incisions. We desire not the creation of irresponsible power; but feeling confident that, under sound legislation, the public would be in favour of, instead of being prejudiced against railways—that public-spirited landowners would, under a sensible honest system, come forward to assist rather than to oppose them—and that the revenue would be enormously increased if the public, in utter disregard of profits to private companies and such petty interests, were, under the ægis of science, to be conveyed in the cheapest, safest, and quickest possible manner—we feel it our duty to urge the absolute necessity of constituting, without further delay, a Department, or Board of Government officers, in Downing-street, which may, among other duties, exercise cautiously, firmly, and scientifically, such control over the railroads of the empire, as the Imperial Parliament from time to time may think proper to direct.

ART. II.—*How to Observe.—Morals and Manners.* By Harriet Martineau. Charles Knight. London. 1838.

IN the year of the world 6798, answering to the vulgar era of 1835, an association of philanthropic geniuses of both sexes combined to emulate the *material* improvements of the age—gas, railroads, and balloons—by teaching mankind a new and wonderful problem in *morals*—*how to observe*. This association seems to be an offset from the illustrious ‘Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,’ and means, we understand, to publish a complete encyclopædia *de omnibus rebus et quibusdum aliis*—of which the work before us is an early specimen. As *observation*, in the general sense of the term, is clearly the dawn of human faculties, (for the new-born infant shows by an expression of pain that it *observes* its change of situation,) it is strictly in the order of nature and logic that this society, meaning to proceed scientifically through the whole physical and mental economy of man, should begin with *How to observe*. The next essay of the series—*How to suck*—is in the hands of the professor of statistics in the London University, and will speedily appear, with an appendix, by Charles Babbage, Esq., on *artificial sucking*, vulgarly called *milking*, accompanied by the specification of a machine which he has invented for performing that operation on more cleanly and economical principles than by the human hand, and which only awaits a grant of 5000*l.* from the Treasury, to be brought into operation at Spring Garden gate: and the third, *How to talk*, by a promising pupil of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, is only delayed by Mr. Knight’s not being yet able to find a deaf and dumb compositor to communicate with the author: and so on through all the other categories.

How to observe, in *geology*, has, we understand, already appeared, by an able explorer of the bowels of the earth under the typical cognomen of *De la Bèche*. This author labours under the disadvantage of knowing a good deal of the matter he writes about, which makes his book rather perplexing to the uninformed, for whose use the society professes to publish. But even in this work, though much of it is above ordinary capacities, there are some things not uninteresting even to very young tastes—such as the precept that every body should be constantly furnished with a cup half full of *treacle* to ascertain the direction of *earthquakes*.*

But the second treatise of this class, namely, *How to observe*

* This ridiculous, and utterly impracticable, proposition has been actually and solemnly propounded in the work alluded to, as the combined recommendation of two grave philosophers, Messrs. Babbage and De la Bèche.

the morals and manners of the various nations of the globe, has been most properly confided to Miss Martineau—who enjoys, it seems, the great, and in the literary world almost singular, advantage of never having been on the continent of Europe, nor indeed in any country of which English is not the vernacular idiom. This circumstance, it is clear, must produce a fortunate sympathy between the teacher and the pupil, however ignorant and inexperienced the latter may be.

We shall hereafter perhaps take a larger view of the progress of this magnificent scheme, which promises to render the future modes of performing all animal and intellectual functions as superior to those in present use as the Birmingham rail-carriage is to Pickford's waggon. For the present, however, we must content ourselves with displaying the merits of the system as developed by Miss Martineau, and, as *mere* extracts could give but an inadequate idea of the precision of her style and the closeness of her reasoning, we shall rather endeavour to let her explain herself in her own words, and to exhibit to our readers a *miniature*, as it were, rather than a review of this great original, preserving even her scientific division of her labours into *parts, chapters, sections, &c.*, and only interjecting here and there a few explanatory remarks of our own to render our abridgment more intelligible.

'PART I.

'REQUISITES FOR OBSERVATION.

'INTRODUCTION.

'There is no department of inquiry in which it is not full as easy to miss truth as to find it;' as 'a child does not catch a gold fish in water at the first trial.' p. 1.—'The power of observation must be trained;' for 'which of us would undertake to classify the morals and manners of any hamlet in England after spending a summer in it?' 'If it be thus with us at home,' 'what hope remains for the foreign tourist?'—p. 4.

Not much, certainly; for, at *six months* per hamlet, Methuselah himself would hardly get from La Vendée to the Simplon.

'I remember some striking words addressed to me, before I set out on my travels, by a *wise man*, since dead. "You are going to spend two years in the United States," said he. "Now just tell me,—do you expect to understand the Americans by the time you come back? You do not; that is well. I lived five-and-twenty years in Scotland, and I fancied I understood the Scotch; then I came to England, and supposed I should soon understand the English. I have now lived five-and-twenty years here, and I begin to think I understand neither the Scotch nor the English."—p. 5.

Such was the low state of the science of observation under the old system; but by Miss Martineau's new lights she was enabled, contrary

contrary to her own modest apprehension and her wise man's prophecy, to see all America in two years, and has published six octavo volumes on that country, containing, no doubt, more valuable information than 'the wise man' of the old school could collect about his native land in twice five-and-twenty years.

'The traveller must not generalize on the spot.'—'*A raw English traveller in China* was entertained by a host who was intoxicated, and a hostess who was red-haired; he immediately made a note of the fact that all the men in China were drunkards, and all the women red-haired.'—p. 6.

We have heard this 'anecdote,' not of a *raw English* traveller (who could not be very raw if he travelled *into* China), but of an old case-hardened Scotch doctor, one Tobias Smollett, to whom the thing is said to have happened, not at Peking, but at a French post-house.*

'These anecdotes,' however, 'are better than the old narratives of "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."'—*ib.*

How much?

'It was a great mistake of a geologist to assign a wrong level to the Caspian Sea;' and 'it is difficult to foresee when the British public will believe that the Americans are a mirthful nation, or even that the French are not almost all cooks or dancing-masters.' p. 7.—'As long as travellers generalize on morals and manners as hastily as they do, it will probably be impossible to establish a general conviction that no *civilised* nation is ascertainably better or worse than any other on this side barbarism.'—pp. 7, 8.

With a short commentary on this important and undeniable truth—that no *civilised nation can be better in morals or manners than any other civilised nation, unless the last-mentioned civilised nation should be also barbarous*,—the *Introduction* closes.

'CHAPTER I.

'PHILOSOPHICAL REQUISITES.

'There are two parties to the work of observation—the observer and the observed. This is an important fact.'—p. 11.

Very!

'SECTION I.

'A traveller must have made up his mind as to what it is he wants to know. In physical science great results may be obtained by *hap-hazard* experiments; but this is not the case in morals.' p. 11.—'The wise traveller's aim' should be 'the exclusion of prejudice. In short, he is to

* The story is still older than Smollett. We find it in a French '*Dictionnaire des Anecdotes*,' printed long before Smollett's travels, and there attributed to a German, qui passant par Blois, où son hôteesse étoit rousse et peu complaisante, mit sur son Album.—*N.B.* Toutes les femmes de Blois sont rousses et acariâtres.

prepare himself to bring whatever he may observe to the test of some *high and broad principle*, and not to that of a low comparative practice,' which will enable him to discover that, although 'in his native village, to leave the door open or shut bears no relation to morals and little to manners, to shut the door is as *cruel an act* in a Hindoo hut, as to leave it open in a Greenland cabin.'—p. 14.

Just the same—there seldom being a *door* in either.

'To test one people by another is to argue within a very *small segment of a circle*.'—*ib.*

To argue *in a circle* is, we all know, bad logic: how much worse must it be to argue in the *segment* of a circle! There was long ago in France a fellow, one Molière, who is supposed to have known *how to observe*; and, though he was reckoned no great mathematician, he had the good luck to stumble '*haphazard*,' as will 'sometimes happen in the physical sciences,' on this very distinction between the circle and the segment.

'*Mascarille*.—Te souvient-il, Vicomte, de cette *demi-lune* que nous emportâmes sur les ennemis au siège d'Arras?

'*Jodelet*.—Que veux-tu dire avec ta *demi-lune*? C'était bien une *lune toute entière*.'

This curious coincidence may perhaps induce Miss Martineau to look into the ingenious work which she has thus, no doubt unconsciously, imitated—it is called *LES PRÉCIEUSES RIDICULES*, and cannot fail, we assure her, to be of great use to *one* who so well knows '*how to observe*.'

'SECTION II.

'The traveller, when he was a child, was probably taught that eyes, ears, and understanding are all sufficient to gain for him as much knowledge as he will have time to acquire;' *ib.*—

but that was a mistake—

'a traveller may do better without eyes, or without ears, than without principles.'—p. 14.

And, indeed, the only two travellers mentioned with any degree of approbation in the whole work are

'Holman, the *blind* traveller, who gains a wonderful amount of information, though he is shut out from the evidence yielded by the human countenance, and by way-side *groups*,' and 'the case of the Deaf Traveller,'—[name not stated]—'which leads us to say the same about the other great avenue of knowledge.'—The blind and the deaf travellers must suffer under a deprivation or deficiency of certain classes of facts. The condition of the unphilosophical traveller is *much worse*.' *ib.*—

This superiority of the blind and deaf in the new science of *observing* is strongly illustrated by the following questions:—

'Is the Shaker of New England a good judge of the morals and manners of the Arab of the Desert?'—p. 17.

Clearly

Clearly not—particularly if he can see or hear.

‘What sort of a verdict would the shrewdest gipsy pass upon the monk of La Trappe? What would the Scotch peasant think of the magical practices of Egypt? or the Russian soldier of a meeting of electors in the United States?’—*ib.*

We cannot answer these questions; but Miss Martineau’s inference is plain and undeniable—none of these persons could be expected in their present state to write an instructive book of travels, whereas, if any of them, after losing eyes and ears, should by any means become acquainted with this excellent work, and thereby learn *how to observe*, he

‘would see the whole of the earth in one contemplation.’—‘In the extreme North, there is the snow-hut of the Esquimaux, shining with the fire within, like an alabaster lamp left burning in a wide waste.’—‘In the extreme East, there is the Chinese family in their garden, treading its paved walks.’—‘In the extreme South, there is the Colonist of the Cape, lazily basking before his door.’—‘In the extreme West, the hunters laden with furs.’—‘Here is the Russian nobleman on his estate, the lord of the fate of his serfs.’—‘his wife leads a languid life among her spinning-maidens.’—‘There is the Frankfort trader dwelling among equals.’—‘Here is the French peasant returning from the field in total ignorance of what has taken place in the capital of late; and there is the English artisan carrying home to his wife some fresh hopes of the interference of parliament about labour and wages. Here is a conclave of Cardinals; there a company of Brahmins.’—‘A troop of horsemen traversing the desert.’—‘A German vineyard.’—‘The Swiss mountains.’—‘The coffee-house at Cairo.’—‘The churches of Italy.’—‘And the New England parlour, where the young scholar reads the Bible to parent or aged grandfather. All these, and more, will a traveller of the most enlightened order revolve before his mind’s eye as he notes the groups which are presented to his senses. Of such travellers there are but too few.—pp. 18, 19.

Very few indeed; and, considering that there are but two *blind* travellers extant,* and only *one* that we know of, *stone deaf*, we cannot but wonder where Miss Martineau has collected all this valuable information.

SECTION III.

‘As an instance of the advantage which a philosophical traveller has over an unprepared one, look at the difference which will enter into a

* The French, who seem resolved to outdo us in all branches of *philosophy*, have pushed Miss Martineau’s theory even further than Lieutenant Holman, the blind Englishman; he only publishes his observations—but a blind Frenchman has announced his voyage round the world with *sketched views*. We copy the advertisement from the last French papers:—‘*Souvenirs d’un Aveugle. Voyage autour du Monde, par M. Jacques Arago, enrichi de soixante magnifiques DESSINS D’APRÈS LES CROQUIS de M. Arago, à la fidélité desquels l’Académie a rendu les témoignages les plus honorables. Hortel et Ozaune, Éditeurs, 58, Rue Jacob.*’ This blind traveller and draftsman is a younger brother of Arago, the *savant*.

man's judgment of nations, according as he carries about with him the *vague popular notion of a moral sense*, or has investigated the laws under which feelings of right and wrong grow up in all men.' p. 21.—'When he sees the Arab or American Indian *offer daughter or wife to the stranger*, as a part of the hospitality which is, in the host's mind, the first of duties, the observer regards the fact as he regards the mode of education in old Sparta, where physical hardihood and moral slavery constituted a man most honourable.'—'To go without clothing was, till lately, perfectly innocent in the South Sea Islands; but, now that civilization has been fairly established by the missionaries, it has become a sin.'—'Instances of such varieties and oppositions of conscience might be multiplied till they filled a volume, to the perplexity and grief of the unphilosophical, and the *serene instruction* of the philosophical observer.'—p. 24.

No doubt the Cyprian hospitality of the Indian might surprise and, peradventure, perplex an *unphilosophical* observer, while even the stark-naked modesty of the South Seas could not disturb the *blind*; but what is meant by *serene* instruction, or what *instruction* of any kind could be derived from those odd exhibitions, we do not exactly understand. We suppose Miss Martineau does.

'Whatever tends to make men happy, becomes a fulfilment of the will of God.'—'When the Ashantee offers a human sacrifice,'—'when the Hindoo exposes his sick parent in the Ganges,'—'when Sand stabbed Kotzebue,'—'when the Georgian planter buys and sells slaves'—'these things would be wickedness, perpetrated against better knowledge, *if* the supposition of a universal infallible *moral sense* were true. The traveller who should consistently adhere to the notion of a moral sense, must pronounce the Ashantee worshipper as guilty as Greenacre: the Hindoo son a parricide, not only in fact, but in the most revolting sense of the term: Sand, a Thurtell: and the Georgian planter such a monster of tyranny as a Sussex farmer would be if he set up a whipping-post for his labourers, and sold their little ones to gipsies. Such judgments would be cruelly illiberal.'

'So much for one instance of the advantage to the traveller of being provided with definite principles,'—'instead of mere *vague moral notions* and general prepossessions, which can serve only as a false medium, by which much that he sees must necessarily be perverted or obscured.'—p. 25.

The conclusion is clear—a traveller had better get rid of that old *prejudice* about a *moral sense*, or else not see at all.

SECTION IV.

'The traveller, having satisfied himself that there are some universal feelings about right and wrong,'—[This seems somewhat inconsistent with the former chapter—but what of that?]'—'must next give his attention to modes of conduct, which seem to him good or bad.'—'His first general principle is, that the *law of nature is the only one* by which mankind at large can be judged.'—p. 27.

With

With these lights—the moral and religious purity of which needs no eulogy from us—he will be able to distinguish, what no human intellect can do with such guiding principles, ‘a citizen of Philadelphia from one of London’—‘a Polish peasant from an American farmer’—‘a court lady’ from ‘Dr. Adam Smith’—‘gold and silver’ from bread and butter—and ‘a feudal castle on a rock or some other eminence,’ from a steam-boat on the Mississippi.

These are, it will be confessed, fine distinctions, and indeed shades of character imperceptible to any one who has not profoundly studied *how to observe*, while a traveller who has that unspeakable advantage will not only be able to *distinguish* between such material objects as ‘Madame d’Aunoy’ and the Glasgow professor, but, what seems still more difficult, will be taught to *confound* certain moral notions hitherto considered as quite irreconcilable:—

‘His *second* general principle’—[we have just seen that his *first* must be that there is no such thing as a *moral sense*]—‘must be that every prevalent virtue or vice is the *result of the particular circumstances* amidst which the society exists.’—‘He will not visit individuals with any bitterness of censure for participating in prevalent faults.’—‘Nor indulge contempt, or *anything but a mild compassion*, for *ANY* social DEPRAVITY or deformity.’—p. 39.

So far is clear and easy;—there is no real distinction between good and bad, nor any moral difference between right and wrong: but the second chapter opens with a postulate, which is, to us at least, somewhat discouraging:—

‘CHAPTER II.

‘MORAL REQUISITES.

‘An observer, to be perfectly accurate, should be himself *perfect*.’—p. 40. *A fortiori*, one who can teach observers, must be *præter-pluperfect*, or we should perhaps write it *præter-blue-perfect*.

But Miss Martineau is aware that few mortals can be so fortunate as herself in having attained *absolute perfection*, and she kindly holds out a hope that a person who may happen to fall something short of *perfection* may still be allowed to make a tour on the Continent; but there is one qualification, less difficult, indeed, which she still rigidly insists upon as a *sine quâ non*.

‘The observer must have sympathy; and his sympathy must be untrammelled and unreserved.’ p. 41.—‘As well might the *Erl-king* go and play the florist in the groves and plains of the tropics, as an unsympathizing man render an account of society.’—‘If a man have not sympathy, there is no point of the universe—none so wide even as the Ma-

h median bridge over the bottomless pit—where he can meet with his fellow.'—p. 42.

It seems as if some awful and important truth were shrouded under this mysterious imagery; but all that we can gather from it is an inference that, if such a philosophical traveller, as Miss Martineau describes, shall ever *meet his fellow*, it must be somewhere in the neighbourhood of the *bottomless pit*.

'Human conduct,' says a philosopher, "is guided by rule."—p. 44.

We could have wished that a proposition so startling as this had been substantiated by the name of the philosophic author; but it is at least supported by an illustrious practical example—

'Robinson Crusoe could not have endured his life a month without rules to live by.'

Miss Martineau has, no doubt, discovered that Robinson Crusoe was not, as is vulgarly thought, a vision of Defoe's brain, but a real traveller whose example should be carefully studied. For this, she has the authority of the French lady, who asked Sir Thomas Robinson at a dinner-table in Paris, '*Monsieur, seriez vous, par hazard, le fameux Robinson?*'

From Robinson Crusoe, Miss Martineau proceeds naturally to the metaphysics of sympathy.

'When sentiment is connected with the rules by which men live, they become religion.'—'If the stranger cannot sympathize in the sentiment, he' 'can never understand the political religion of the United States'—'like one who, without hearing the music, sees a room-full of people begin to dance. The case is the same with certain Americans who have no antiquarian sympathies, and who think our sovereigns mad for riding to *St. Stephen's* in the royal state-coach.'—*ib.*

Here is a striking instance that knowing *how to observe* may be as useful at home as abroad—until Miss Martineau's more accurate system of observation had enlightened us, we always thought that, when our sovereigns went to parliament, they went to the *House of Lords*, and not to the *House of Commons*, and we even imagined that there might be some latent constitutional reason for the preference—but we were, it seems, mistaken.

'If an *unsympathizing* stranger is so perplexed by' 'a royal procession,'—'what would he have thought' 'in Hayti, when Toussaint L'Ouverture ranged his negro forces before him, called out thirteen men from the ranks by name, and ordered them to'—'be immediately shot?' 'Toussaint's nephew being one of them.'—'He might have pronounced Toussaint a ferocious despot, and the thirteen so many craven fools: while the facts wear a very different aspect to one who knows the minds of the men.'—p. 45.

The *unsympathizing* traveller would have, it seems, sympathized with the victims, while a *sympathizing* traveller would not.

CHAPTER III.

MECHANICAL REQUISITES.

'No philosophical or moral fitness will qualify a traveller to observe a people if he does not select a mode of travelling which will enable him to see and converse with a great number and variety of persons.' 'The travelling arrangements of the English preclude the possibility of studying morals and manners.' 'I have *heard* gentlemen say that they lose half their pleasure in going abroad, from the coldness and shyness with which the English are treated.'—'I have *heard* ladies say that they find great difficulty in becoming acquainted with their neighbours at the *tables d'hôte*.'—p. 52.

It is certainly a lamentable truth that English *ladies*, and even English *women*, are miserably deficient in this kind of sympathy; and what is still worse, unphilosophical husbands and fathers encourage them in such *unnatural* and culpable reserve: while, on the contrary,

'A good deal may be learned on board steam-boats, and in such vehicles as the American stages;—but—'when steam-boats ply familiarly on the Indus, and we have the railroad to Calcutta,'—'when we make trips to New Zealand, and think little of a run down the west coast of Africa,'—'our countrymen will, perforce, exchange conversation with the persons they meet, and may chance to get rid of the unsociability for which they are notorious.'—'Meantime, the wisest and happiest traveller is the pedestrian.'—'To see either scenery or people, let all who have strength and courage go on foot. I prefer this even to horseback. A horse is an anxiety and a trouble.'—p. 52.

This is undeniable; particularly if Miss Martineau had to groom her own nag; and, indeed, under any circumstances a horse would be of comparatively little use either in the American stages or steam-boats, and quite as little in a voyage to New Zealand; but there are circumstances in which we humbly think that horses and carriages have their advantages: even a male pedestrian may get foot-sore, a female might find it difficult to carry an adequate quantity of becoming apparel, and the progress of either would be rather slow, considering that, according to Miss Martineau's *programme*, one has to visit the 'Esquimaux,' 'the Chinese,' 'the Hottentots,' 'the American fur-hunters,' 'the Russians,' 'Frankfort,' 'France,' 'England,' 'Rome at the Conclave,' 'Cairo,' &c. Captain Barclay, in his best speed and a flannel-jacket, could not get over the ground during his natural life, particularly if he were to diverge—as is prescribed by Miss Martineau—

'To sit on a rock in the midst of a rushing stream as often in a day as he likes'—'to hunt a waterfall by its sound'—'to follow out any tempting glade in any wood. There is no cushion of moss at the foot of an old tree that he may not sit down on if he pleases. He can read for

for an hour without fear of passing by something unnoticed.'—'His food; he eats it under the alders in some recess of a brook. He is secure of his sleep; and, when his waking eyes rest upon his knapsack, *his heart leaps* with pleasure as he remembers where he is, and what at day is before him.'—p. 53.

In all this we cordially agree, except, perhaps, as to the superior security of the *knapsack*, which we fear might be as easily stolen from a sleeping traveller as a coach-trunk or imperial out of a bedchamber. In general Miss Martineau does not describe her *philosophical* traveller as subject to violent emotions. Witness the indifference with which he is supposed to contemplate the Venuses of the South sea; but his *heart leaps* at the sight of his *knapsack*. This reminds us of a philosophical observer of the name of Mr. Gamaliel Pickle, senior, who was never known to betray the faintest symptom of transport, except one evening at his club, when he showed some demonstration of vivacity at the sight of a delicate *loin of veal*!

But, after all, the greatest difficulty in the way of pedestrianism is the delay, particularly as Miss Martineau specifically states as the most contiguous places which must be visited after this manner 'Dunkeld Bridge, the brook Kedron, and the valley of Jehoshaphat.' p. 56. And, indeed, here she may be right, for we do think that, if half a dozen travellers were to set out under her directions from Dunkeld, their first and final place of meeting might possibly be the valley of Jehoshaphat.

'Nothing need be said on a matter so obvious as the necessity of understanding the language of the people visited.' p. 58.—'Difference of language is undeniably a great difficulty.'—'Happily, however, the difficulty may be *presently* so far surmounted as not to interfere with the object of observing morals and manners.'—p. 59.

This is certainly the most useful and important point in the whole book; this '*presently*' acquiring all languages—this miraculous gift of tongues, will immortalize the name of the illustrious inventor. Instead of the old French proverb, '*il parle français comme une vache Espagnole*,' we shall hear, '*il parle telle ou telle langue comme Mademoiselle Martineau*,' who, it seems, talks no language but her own. Like all other great discoveries, the 'process,' when once explained, appears equally simple and effectual. It is conveyed in one word—an *observer* need never *speak*! and to one who never speaks all tongues are clearly the same. But—

'Impossible as it may be to attain to an adequate expression of one's self in a foreign tongue, it is *easy* to most persons to learn to *understand it perfectly* when spoken by others.'—*ib.*

Quite easy; the *only* possible difficulty in the process would be our having already

'become

'become first acquainted with the language in books,' such as 'French Dialogues' and 'Krummacher's Parables,' which lead us to 'suppose too solemn and weighty a meaning in what is expressed in an unfamiliar language.'—*ib.*

But a language which you have had the prudence never to attempt to learn out of a book, and *a fortiori* all the other languages (Esquimaux', Hottentot's, New Zealander's, &c.), which have no books to impede the process, come,—as reading and writing did to Dogberry,—'by nature,' and are, in short, 'as easy as—lying!'

These preliminaries having been settled—that the traveller must proceed on foot—that he shall not have attempted to learn the various languages out of books—and that he shall have furnished himself with a knapsack and *sympathy*, as means *how to observe*, we are next to inquire *what to observe*.

'PART II.

'WHAT TO OBSERVE.

'A good many features compose the physiognomy of a nation; and scarcely any traveller is qualified to study them all.'—p. 61.

This useful suggestion as to concentrating one's curiosity is inculcated by a familiar and well-known illustration.

'I believe every portrait-painter trusts mainly to *one feature* for the fidelity of his likenesses, and bestows more study and care on that one than on any other.'—*ib.*

Every body knows that Sir Thomas Lawrence attained his high excellence by this process. Of his various beautiful portraits he never painted more than the left eye, in which he was supposed to be peculiarly happy; his right eyes, when he did attempt them, were very inferior; they were generally by Wilkins: Mr. Simpkins did the noses, necks, and chins; the legs and lips were generally divided between Mr. Tomkins and Mr. Jenkins, and the other pupils took the features in which they respectively excelled. This process produced that grace and harmony that we observe in the works of our great artist.

But, although it is best as a *general principle* to study one feature only, Miss Martineau would in practice allow some small variety of investigation, and she particularly mentions a few topics which a traveller may be allowed to notice.

'Passion-week at Rome,'—'a camp-meeting in Ohio,'—'the worship of the sun in China,'—'town-halls in England,'—'an Italian carnival,'—'Egyptian holiday,'—'opera at Milan,'—'the theatre at Paris,'—'a bull-fight at Madrid,'—'a fair at Leipzig,'—'a review at St. Petersburg,'—'fruit, stories, ale, politics, tea, coffee, dominoes, lemonade, and *Punch*,'—'cricket,'—'a Scotch burial,'—'the funeral ceremonies among the Cingalese,'—

Cingalese,'—'conclave of White Boys in Mayo,'—'a similar conclave of Swiss insurgents,'—'last revolution in Paris,'—'the Covenanters of the Scottish mountains,'—'the freedom of the Australian peasantry,'—'the etiquette of the court of Ava.'—pp. 64, 65.

These are some of the places and subjects which a pedestrian traveller—with *sympathy*, a *knapsack*, and his thoughts *fixed on one feature*—may advantageously visit and investigate.

'CHAPTER I.

'RELIGION.

'*Dieu a dit, Peuples, je vous attends.*'—DE BERANGER.

It is impossible not to observe the propriety of introducing the subject of *religion* by a quotation from a book of *licentious* and *infidel* songs. It proves Miss Martineau to be above many prejudices which still hang about inferior women, and prepares us for the general views she takes of religion.

'Of religion, in its *widest* sense (the *sense* in which the traveller must recognise it), there are three kinds; *not* in all cases *minutely distinguishable*, but bearing different general impress, viz.,

'The *Licentious*,

'The *Ascetic*, and

'The *moderate*.'—p. 68.

But the subject grows too serious. Such a classification of 'Religions'—though it be sheer nonsense—is disgusting to all good sense and right feeling, and the commentaries which follow are still more so. Here, then, we are forced to stop; and throw away, together, the mask of irony and Miss Martineau's scrap-book—the very foolishlest and most unfeminine farrago we have ever met of apocryphal anecdotes, promiscuous facts, and jumbled ideas—picked at random (or at least which might be so) out of the Penny Magazine and such like repositories. We should not have thought it worth while to take even this contemptuous notice of it, but that, wherever, throughout the volume, we have been able to detect a meaning, it is a mischievous one; and if it really be, as is said, the precursor of a course of *Martineau morality*, the sooner the public are warned against such at once stupid and impudent impostures the better.

ART. III.—1. *Art of Deer-stalking.* By William Scrope, Esq. London. 8vo. 1838.

2. *Arrian on Coursing—the Cynegeticus of the Younger Xenophon; translated from the Greek, with classical and practical Annotations.* By a Graduate of Medicine. *With Illustrations from the Antique.* London. 4to. 1831.

BOOKS on sporting subjects, especially on the chase, have long been favourites with us; not that we lay claim to remarkable proficiency in any of the arts they discuss, but for this simple reason, that they almost always proceed from persons who have the results of much personal experience and observation to communicate, and who write, whether elegantly or not, with zest and spirit—*con amore*. In these days of literary *Brummagem*, potent is the magic of anything like real hearty inspiration—welcome is the *labour of love*, on whatever materials expended. It is our firm belief that there is nothing which occupies the human being practically, which might not be so treated of in writing as to interest the public. Mr. Washington Irving was bred a merchant; and see, accordingly, how in his ‘*Astoria*’ he is able to invest a series of mercantile adventures with all the charm of a romance—‘and something more.’ It may be said that the American fur-trade opened a peculiarly favourable field for descriptive genius; but we have not the least doubt that the same pen could make the details of any Liverpool counting-house attractive. Cobbett could compel fine ladies to find as much amusement in the hoeing of turnips and the fatting of wethers, as they do in the adventures of the most sentimental scoundrel that ever twirled black mustachios. Such a pen as his, or Irving’s, it will be answered, might do anything; but, in truth, they both tried many subjects with which they had no personal familiarity; and in the absence of that genuine inspiration, even with them failure was the result. It is melancholy to think how many powerful minds have passed away, and left no permanent trace behind them, from having been compelled or tempted, by the *res angusta domi*, to work to order of the booksellers. Who can remember without a blush that Dr. Thomas Young wasted years and years upon such things as the article *Bricklaying* in the ‘*Encyclopædia Britannica*?’ What a mere fragment of Goldsmith’s laborious life was allowed for the composition of the prose and verse that have made him one of the immortals! We heartily wish Defoe had given us a *Handbook for Hosiers*, instead of his ‘*History of the Union*.’

A complete catalogue of works on the chase, ancient and modern, would occupy a very large space;—the avowedly imperfect

perfect one given by the 'Graduate of Medicine,' at the end of his learned quarto, would probably astound most Graduates of Melton Mowbray. We recommend to the Undergraduates of that famous academy, who find their cynegetical pursuits disfavoured by other authorities, this Yorkshire doctor's luculent preface, in which he has marshalled a truly imposing file of sage and grave apologists—'Aristotle, Plato, Xenophon, Polybius, and Julius Pollux—Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Seneca, Pliny, Justin, Symmachus, and others: to which phalanx of classic worthies there is no opponent authority save that of Sallust, and, in more recent days, Petrarch and Cornelius Agrippa.' We do not at present mean to follow the doctor's erudite track. Pliny says simply that he hunted 'ut animus agitatione motuque corporis excitetur.' The Graduate takes a more refined view: 'Let us,' says he, 'be the champions of *rational* recreation; spectators, in our temperate and innocent diversions, of the dog's innate faculties and proneness for the seizure of the destined animals of the chase—"to see how God in all his creatures works"—' (*Preface*, p. xxiii.): thus considering *coursing* as a course of field-lectures on Natural Theology. We are contented with adopting the judicious phrase of Simon Latham, in the epilogue to his 'Falconry,' wherein he combats (and he wrote in ticklish times, 1658) the notion of the sinfulness of rural sports; concluding that they may be 'lawfully and conscientiously used with moderation by a 'magistrate, or minister, or lawyer, or student, or any other 'seriously employed, which in any function heat their brains, 'weaken their strength, weary their spirits—that as a means (under 'blessing from God) by it their decayed strength may be restored, 'their vital and animal spirits quickened, refreshed, and revived—' 'their health preserved, and they better enabled (as a bow unbended for shooting) to the discharging of their weighty charges 'imposed on them.' Latham comforts us under the flings of Philip Stubbes, gent., in his 'Anatomic of Abuses,' though that gentleman reminds us that 'Esau was a great hunter, yet a reprobate; Ismael a great hunter, but a miscreant; Nemrode [not Apperley] a great hunter, but yet a vessell of wrath: 'nay, he even sustains us against the melancholy preachment of Jaques—

'That we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.'

At the same time we quite agree with Mr. Christopher Wase, who, after much just laudation of cynegetics in his Preface to the Translation of Gratius (1654), says:—'there is especial need to 'hold a strikt reine over our affectionnes, that that pleasure which

'is

' is allowable in its season may not entrench upon other domesticall
' affaires. We must consider that it wastes much time; and
' although it have its own praise, being an honest recreation, yet it
' is not of the noblest parts of life. There is great daunger lest
' wee bee transported with this pastime, and do ourselves growe
' wilde, haunting the woods till wee resemble the beastes which
' are citizens of them, and, by continual conversation with dogs,
' become altogether addicted to slaughter and carnage, which is
' wholly dishonourable, being a servile employment.' To which
the Yorkshire Graduate adds, that 'when field amusements
' become the *εργα*, instead of the *παρεργα* of life, they constitute,
' as *Ritterhusius* has well observed, a culpable *θηρομανια*, and
' certainly tend, by devoting the attention exclusively to inferior
' objects, to abridge the intellect of that sustenance which it should
' occasionally derive from more refined and important studies. It
' must ever be borne in mind, that the illustrious heroes of *Xeno-*
' *phon's* classic file acquired not their renown by hunting prowess
' alone, but by its union with moral and intellectual endowments:
' *ἐκ τῆς ἐπιμελείας τῆς τῶν κυνῶν καὶ κύνησεων καὶ ἐκ τῆς ἀλλῆς*
' *παιδείας πολὺ διανεγκόντες κατὰ τὴν ἀρετὴν εὐθουμοσύνησαν.* Chiron
' himself was invested with the privileges and science of the chase,
' *διὰ δικαιοσύνην*—for he was *δικαιοτάτος Κενταυρῶν*; and the nume-
' rous disciples of the craft distinguished in the annals of the
' world as practical sportsmen, from *Cephalus* and *Æsculapius* to
' *Æneas* and *Achilles*, left other claims on the notice of posterity
' than those attached to their characters as *μαθηταὶ κύνησεων*.'

The reader who is curious about the art of *coursing* will find
the results of vast reading and not slender experience brought
together in an agreeable manner by this translator and annotator
of *Arrian's* celebrated Treatise. We are at present to deal with
a still more interesting and energetic department of the chase—
that of our aboriginal red deer, as practised in the great forests of
the Scottish Highlands.

Of this noble diversion, we owe the first satisfactory description
to the pen of an English gentleman of high birth and extensive
fortune, whose many amiable and elegant personal qualities have
been commemorated in the diary of *Sir Walter Scott*. Mr.
Scrope, the representative and heir of the Lords *Scrope* of *Bolton*
—to whose peerage also, we believe, he is fully entitled*—is well
known, among other things, as an amateur painter, second only
(if second) to the late *Sir George Beaumont*. Like *Sir George*,
he has also cultivated literature throughout life with zeal and
success: in some departments, indeed, especially Italian poetry,
he has not many rivals. From youth upwards he has combined
with these pursuits such an enthusiastic perseverance in the sports

* See *Sir Harris Nicolas* in the *Scrope and Grosvenor Controversy*.

of the field, as may well entitle him to be classed with the classical prototypes of the Yorkshire Graduate. Sir Humphry Davy did not go beyond him in skill as a fisher, nor does Sir Francis Chantrey as a fowler;* but his circumstances have enabled him to carry on these amusements in a style of magnificence which neither of them ever dreamt of; and he has added consummate mastery in a more rare and difficult department. He is allowed, we understand, *nem. con.*, to be the first gentleman deer-stalker now extant.

It may give some notion of Mr. Scrope's style of proceedings to state that, some ten or twelve years ago, he was tenant at one time of three noble residences and two boxes besides, in different parts of Scotland, all for sporting purposes. Yet wherever he might be found, an ample library was sure to be found under his roof, and some splendid picture was in progress. One of these fixtures was Bruar Lodge, within the forest of Athol, and it is to his experience acquired there during ten successive seasons, that we owe the elegant work named at the head of this paper.

The red deer is, notwithstanding superficial likeness, as distinct from the fallow-deer as the horse is from the ass; as in that case, the cross breed is unproductive. In the northern forests red deer have been shot by men now alive weighing, besides offal—the deer, not the men—twenty-six stone. It is an animal of surpassing strength, swiftness, courage, and sagacity; and the extent of territory still reserved for its sole use, and their own consequent pleasure, by the great Highland proprietors, (who are known to have promoted both cattle and sheep stock on a most princely scale,) will probably surprise our English readers. The forest of Marr, now the property of Lord Fife, averages fifteen miles in length and eight in breadth, giving an area of about 60,000 acres. Before the rebellion of 1745, the Gordon family maintained entirely for deer the whole range of hill and forest between Ben Avon in Bamffshire and Ben Nevis near Fort William, a distance of seventy miles; and even now, after all the changes of near a century, we find that the Duke of Richmond has one deer forest on this estate of 30,000 square acres, and the Marquis of Huntly another still larger. The late Macdonnell of Glengarry had a 'sanctuary' in the centre of his country, where no deer were allowed to be slain except those that had retreated thither in a wounded state: this sanctuary was

* By the by, Mr. Scrope is wrong in laying the scene of Sir Francis's famous exploit, of the two woodcocks slain by the same shot, at Woburn. The feat was done at Holkham. Lord Leicester possesses the beautiful relieve executed in memory thereof by the chisel of its hero; and we understand Lord Brougham is to decide which of the fifty inscriptions tendered (English, Latin, and Greek) shall be engraved on the marble. In such a contest we should be inclined to back Mr. Justice Williams against the field.

about six miles in length and three in breadth. The present Laird of Invercauld (chief of the clan Farquarson) has a forest forty-two miles in circumference, containing about thirty-four square miles. Cluny Macpherson (chief of his clan) has one of equal extent; which was a royal forest in the days of Malcolm Canmore, and has never been encroached upon since. The Marquis of Breadalbane's forest of Corrichebach, or the Black Mount, in Glenorchy, was restored at vast cost (having been previously converted to sheep-walks) in 1820: it covers 35,000 acres. Lord Wiltoughby D'Eresby, Mackenzie of Applecross, MacNiel of Colonsay, and many other proprietors, have forests of very considerable magnitude. On the Sutherland estate there were within the last century two great and three or four smaller deer forests. One (Dirrie Chatt) stretched from Ben Leod to the Ord of Caithness, a distance of fifty miles, and its breadth varied from ten miles to thirty. Another (Dirrie More) ran from north to south, about thirty miles, and its general breadth was about twenty. The deer reserves on this principality are still vast; and we understand the Duchess-Countess is disposed rather to increase than diminish them. It is here Mr. Scrope says that the last wolves were destroyed about 1700; and it is here that the red deer now attains its highest perfection. Within the sacred territory are at least three mountains of the first class, (upwards of 3000 feet in height,) and sending their shoots over a prodigious space. Numberless lakes, rivers, and arms of the sea run into the district, and one of her Grace's agents has supplied this striking description of the general appearance of the Dirrie More:—

'All its parts are broken and disjointed in a singularly wild and abrupt manner: and so uniform is this character that any one section of the interior solitudes of the Dirrie More would afford a correct counterpart of all the other features of this wilderness of mountains. Rocky and precipitous masses, separated by narrow passes (or ballochs); deep and desolate glens, with vast masses of mountain wreck resting their bulk on the level; streams oozing through beds of moss; torrents rushing down the steep ravines; black lakes, highland tarns, and deep morasses—these are the objects that force themselves into notice throughout the extensive range of the Dirrie More.'

Mr. Scrope's own beat, however, was the forest of Athol. This huge tract of moor and mountain, from its north-east point touching Aberdeenshire, to the south-west joining Gaig forest, is forty miles in length; in breadth from the top of Skarsach to Craig Urrand, it is eighteen miles. About 30,000 imperial acres are devoted to grouse alone; 50,000 are occupied partly as grouse-ground, partly as deer-ground; and there are reserved solely

solely for deer-stalking 52,000 imperial acres—the southern point touching on the woods and cultivated grounds of the ducal castle at Blair. A single sketch from the interior may be sufficient to mark the hand of the master,—

‘We are now,’ says one of the sportsmen introduced, ‘on Ben-y-venie, which means the middle hill. That bulky, round-headed mountain to the right is Ben-y-chait, from which we are separated by Glen Dirie. The mountain tract to the left consists of Craggan-breach, Sroin-a-chro, and Cairn-marnach;—and this deep glen to the east is Glen Mark. You see, by the indistinctness of the objects, how deep it lies beneath us; the river that runs through it in beautiful curves, as if loth to leave the solitary pass, is called the Mark: listen attentively, and you will hear a faint, hollow noise coming up the glen from afar; this is the sound of its waters falling into the Tilt. Some few miles away to the south, it forces its passage through a gloomy channel between the mountain crags, then dives through groves of birchwood; after which begins its ceaseless toil,—it rushes headlong into the Tilt,—for ever doomed to struggle with still more turbulent waters. Beyond these glens and mountains, many a mile and many a hill top lie between us and the end of our cast, and the whole is terminated by large pine woods.’

Mr. Scrope does not follow any formal didactic method, but has made his book, no doubt unconsciously, a picturesque image of his life, the practical every where intermixed with the theoretical. We are introduced partly by dialogue, partly by narrative and description, to a familiar acquaintance with his faithful and attached foresters—his favourite dogs—those used for this sport being a cross between the tall northern wire-haired greyhound and the bloodhound—his sure-footed indefatigable little ponies—the natural history and habits of the deer themselves, and the majestic beauties of the wide region over which he has traced them so often ‘from dawn to dewy eve.’ His book has all the charms of an autobiography (a most modest one) combined with that of a series of excellent unaffected lectures on the Science of the Chase. Playful interludes of poachers arrested, and cockney and *Muscadin* interlopers mystified, are not wanting; but all is touched with the same light hand; everywhere the same instinctive observance of the limits of becoming mirth; the fun everywhere shot with good breeding.

He does not omit the extravagant superstition of the natives, high as well as low, as to the longevity of their deer. An old Celtic rhyme may be thus Englished:—

- ‘Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse;
- ‘Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man;
- ‘Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer;
- ‘Thrice the age of the deer is that of the eagle;
- ‘Thrice the age of the eagle is that of the oak tree.’

But

But the stories he listened to in illustration of the *cervina senectus* went often—(to say nothing of Juvenal's Commentators)—far beyond even the ample limits of this Sennachie standard:—*e.g.*

'Captain Macdonald, of Tulloch, who died in 1776, at the age of eighty-six, knew the white hind of Lochtreig for the last fifty years of his life; his father knew her an equal length of time before him, and his grandfather knew her for sixty years of his own time; and she preceded his days: these three gentlemen were all keen deer-stalkers. Many of the Lochaber and Brae Rannoch men knew her also; she was purely white, without spot or blemish,—was never seen alone, and tradition furnishes no instance of any shot having been fired at the herd with which she associated. A very large stag was known for 200 years in the Monalia, a range of mountains lying between Badenoch and Inverness. He was always seen alone, keeping the open plains, so that he was unapproachable. He was easily distinguished from all others by his immense proportions. About the year 1777, Angus Macdonald, after stalking for five hours, got within shot of Damh-mor-a-Vonalia, as he was called (that is the large stag of Monalia); he fired, and saw distinctly with his glass that the ball had entered the left shoulder-blade. He fell, but, not being severely injured, recovered, and got away. Macdonald soon made known that he had wounded the Damh-mor, but there was some scepticism on the subject. In 1807, thirty years after this occurrence, the Damh-mor was shot (by Angus Macdonald's brother John) four miles to the westward of the inn at Garviemore, at the head of Badenoch. After a minute examination, the ball of 1777 was found in the left shoulder, an inch under the skin, which still retained the mark of an old-standing perforation. The horns were by no means remarkable in point of size; but that on the left, being the side on which the deer was wounded, was ill-shaped and defective.'—*Scrope*, pp. 22-24.

He tells these things with a Livy-like gravity; but when he comes to close quarters with evidence, 'all honourable men' see with what courteous adroitness he slips in the hint of his Pyrrhonism:—

'In the year 1826, the late Glengarry, accompanied by Lord Fincastle, now Earl of Dunmore, was hunting in the Garth of Glengarry; the beaters had been sent into a wood called Tor-na-carry; a fine stag soon broke forth, and was going straight to Lord Fincastle, but owing to a slight swell, or change of the current of air, he turned towards Glengarry, who fired at, and killed him. On going up to him a mark was discovered on his left ear; the first man who arrived was asked, "What mark it was?" He replied, "That it was the mark of Ewen-mac-Jan Og." Five others gave the same answer; and after consulting together, all agreed that Ewen-mac-Jan Og had been dead 150 years, and for thirty years before his death had marked all the calves he could catch with this particular mark; so that this deer (allowing the mark to have been authentic) must have been 150 years old, and might have been 180. The horns, which are preserved by the present Glengarry, are not particularly

ticularly large, but have a very wide spread. Now this circumstance is clearly and honourably attested; it was communicated to me both by the late and present Glengarry; we must, therefore, either subscribe at once to this longevity, or we must imagine (what indeed seems to be most probable), that, as the old forester's mark was evidently known to the hillmen, *some of his successors might have imitated it without the sanction or knowledge of their chief.*—Scrope, pp. 21, 22.

He then quotes Aristotle's arguments against the longevity of deer, derived from the short period of gestation, and from the structure, growth, and decay of their horns and teeth; and adds,

‘Notwithstanding the extreme respect I bear to marvellous traditions (always, I think, better attested in proportion as they are marvellous), I judge it incumbent on me to say, that the accounts I have received from park-keepers in England, where there are red deer, entirely contradict their supposed longevity. The longest-lived deer they remember in Richmond Park was the Naphill stag, turned out there by command of his Majesty George the Third. Every care was taken of him, but he lived no longer than twenty years; and the present keeper, who communicated this information to me, asserted, at the same time, that the red deer in that park rarely exceed the age of eighteen years, and that their horns decrease in size after the age of twelve.’—Scrope, p. 26.

The great *chasse aux cerfs*, i. e., on horseback with hound and horn, was never, we presume, attempted in the Highlands; but the two methods now practised appear to have prevailed there from time immemorial—the *driving* and the *stalking*. In former days, as now, the *driving* was the favourite with all who thought only of spectacle and venison; but the real, hardy sportsman devoted himself to the solitary, or almost solitary, *stalking*; and so it has been with Mr. Scrope. His noble and generous friend, the late Duke of Athol, had every year some grand *battues*, when hundreds of Highlanders scattered themselves over the mountains, and gradually compelled vast herds of deer to betake themselves to some appointed pass, where the ducal party were stationed. Great slaughter ensued—the old Duke himself on all occasions excelling everybody in his use of the rifle. There could hardly have been a more splendid hunting-scene—it almost equalled what his Grace's ancestors, in the plenitude of patriarchal power, could produce for the entertainment of the ancient kings, their visitors. The following description of a hunt of this order, got up by the fourth Earl of Athol, in honour of Queen Mary, in 1563, is taken from Barclay's ‘Defence of Monarchical Government’:—

‘The Earl prepared for her Majesty's reception by sending out about two thousand Highlanders to gather the deer from Mar, Badenoch, Murray, and Athol, to the district he had previously appointed. It occupied the Highlanders for several weeks in driving the deer to the amount

amount of two thousand, besides roes, does, and other game. The Queen, with her numerous attendants and a great concourse of the nobility, gentry, and people, were assembled at the appointed glen, and the spectacle much delighted her Majesty, particularly as she observed that such a numerous herd of deer seemed to be directed in all their motions by one stately animal among them; they all walked, stopped, or turned as he did,—they all followed him. The Queen was delighted to see all the deer so attentive to their leader, and upon her pointing it out to the Earl of Athol, who knew the nature of the animal well, having been accustomed to it from his youth, he told her that they might all come to be frightened enough by that beautiful beast. "For," said he, "should that stag in the front, which your Majesty justly admires so much, be seized with any fit of fury or of fear, and rush down from the side of the hill, where you see him stand, to this plain, then would it be necessary for every one of us to provide for the safety of your Majesty, and for our own: all the rest of those deer would infallibly come with him as thick as possibly they could, and make their way over our bodies to the mountain which is behind us." This information occasioned the Queen some alarm, and what happened afterwards proved it not to be altogether without cause, for her Majesty having ordered a large fierce dog to be let loose on a wolf that appeared, the leading deer, as we may call him, was terrified at the sight of the dog, turned his back and began to fly thither whence they had come; all the other deer instantly followed. They were surrounded on that side by a line of Highlanders, but well did they know the power of this close phalanx of deer, and at speed; and therefore they yielded, and opposed no resistance; and the only means left of saving their lives was to fall flat on the heath in the best posture they could, and allow the deer to run over them. This method they followed, but it did not save them from being wounded; and it was announced to the Queen that two or three men had been trampled to death. In this manner the deer would have all escaped, had not the huntsmen, accustomed to such events, gone after them, and with great dexterity headed and turned a detachment in the rear; against these the Queen's stag-hounds and those of the nobility were loosed, and a successful chase ensued. Three hundred and sixty deer were killed, five wolves, and some roes; and the Queen and her party returned to Blair delighted with the sport.*—*Scrope*, pp. 34—36.*

The *stalking*, as we have said, is Mr. Scrope's chief subject, and no one, after reading his descriptions, will wonder that a man really capable of displaying the qualities required for success—immense self-denial, patience, endurance of hunger, thirst, and

* Mary's rival, Elizabeth, enjoyed stag-hunting after rather a different fashion:—When the said Queen of glorious memory visited Lord Montacute at Cowdrey in Sussex, on the Monday, August 17th, 1591, her Highness took horse and rode into the park at eight o'clock in the morning, where was a delicate bowre prepared, under which were her Highness' musicians placed; and a cross-bow, *by a nymph with a sweet song*, was delivered into her hands to shoot at the deere; about some thirty were put into a paddock, of which number she killed three or four, and the Countess of Kildare, one.—*Nicoll's Progresses*, vol. ii.

every sort of fatigue, contempt of bruises, presence of mind, rapidity of decision, keenness of eye, and firmness of hand—no one will wonder that a first-class stalker should dwell on the details of this most masculine sport with pride and enthusiasm. In Mr. Scrope's case, however, there were sources of interest and delight not open, we fear, to many of the high chiefs and stalwart dinniewassels 'native and to the manner born.' He carried with him the eye of a painter and the memory of a scholar, and while others, like Deloraine, 'recked not of the scene so fair,' he was not only feasting upon effects of light and shade with the gusto of a Turner, but recalling to his mind 'the thoughts that breathe and words that burn' suggested to poets, old or recent, by the contemplation of Nature's magnificences. We quote the beginning of a chapter in which a young friend from the South is introduced to the Forest:—

"They now turned up the hill to the south-east, and proceeded till they came to an immense block of granite which stood upon the sky line of the hill; and then the gillies sat down on the heather;—he with the dogs in the leash, a little apart from the rest. "Is this the forest? why, there is not a single tree or bush within ten miles of us!" "You are nearly right there, Harry; it is a forest only in the sense of the chase: wild as this immense tract is, however, every rock, corrie, cairn, and mountain is distinguished by some particular name, 'nullum sine nomine saxum;' and there are numerous subdivisions which indicate every precise spot, so that the men appointed to bring home the dead deer, being thus told where they lie, never fail to find them."

"And now what do you think of this wild region? Do you not almost feel as if you were wandering in a new world? Here, everything bears the original impress of nature, untouched by the hand of man since its creation. That vast moor spread out below you; this mass of huge mountains heaving up their crests around you; and those peaks in the distance, faint almost as the sky itself,—give the appearance of an extent boundless and sublime as the ocean. In such a place as this, the wild Indian might fancy himself on his own hunting-grounds. Traverse all this desolate tract, and you shall find no dwelling, nor sheep, nor cow, nor horse, nor anything that can remind you of domestic life; you shall hear no sound but the rushing of the torrent, or the notes of the wild animals, the natural inhabitants: you shall see only the moor-fowl and the plover flying before you from hillock to hillock, or the eagle soaring aloft with his eye to the sun, or his wings wet with mist. Nothing more shall you see, except the dun tenants of the waste, which we are in search of; and these I hope to fall in with long before we reach Blair. You have hitherto seen nothing but our tame deer, with their palmated branches, cooped up in ornamental parks: and such are picturesque enough; but when I show you a herd, with their pointed and wide-spreading antlers, ranging over this vast tract, free as the winds of heaven, I think you will agree with me that there does not exist a more splendid or beautiful animal; for whether he is picking

picking his scant food on the mountain-tops, or wandering in solitude through the birch-groves, or cooling himself in the streams, he gives grace, character, and unity to everything around him. How you feel I know not; but when I first trod these glorious hills, and breathed this pure air, I almost seemed to be entering upon a new state of existence. I felt an ardour and a sense of freedom that made me look back with something like contempt upon the tame and hedge-bound country of the South. In the pursuit, the stag's motions are so noble, and his reasoning so acute, that, believe me, I had rather follow one hart from morning till night with the expectation of getting a shot (in which I might be probably defeated), than have the best day's sport with moor-fowl that the hills could afford me. All your powers of body and mind are called into action, and if they are not properly exercised, the clever creature will inevitably beat you: it is quite an affair of generalship; and if you have any thoughts of the army, I would advise you to scan all our motions, that you may gain a knowledge of ground and skirmishing.* You will find that almost every step we take has a meaning in it; we shall creep along crafty paths, between clefts and recesses, and make rapid and continuous runs, according to the various motions of the quarry; so that when the deer are afoot, the interest and excitement will never flag for one single moment. See what a boundless field for action is here, and what a sense of power these rifles give you, which are fatal at such an immense distance! When you are in good training, and feel that you can command the deer, your bodily powers being equal to take every possible chance, the delight of this chase is excessive, as I trust you will ere long experience;—and here ends my eulogy.”

We must extract the pith of one day's actual operations; but we feel that the reader cannot, after all, enjoy Mr. Scrope's text in perfection, unless he has the engravings also before him. These are done from drawings, some by the author, some by Mr. Edwin Landseer, some by his brother Charles—which the best it is hard to say; and Mr. Harding's new invention of the coloured lithography gives a striking richness of effect. But to our book. *Tortoise*, he it observed, is Mr. Scrope's own *nom de chasse*—alluding, we believe, to occasional visitations of gout, against which surely no man ever struggled more gallantly:—

‘Tortoise and Peter Fraser now laid down their rifles on the heather, put their caps in their pocket, and crept forward on their hands and knees to a large granite block; then, cautiously peering over its summit, they began to examine the ground with their telescopes steadily poised upon it.—“Well, Peter, I can see nothing but those eternal hinds on the Mealowr, and not a good hart amongst them: the ground is quite bare; so jump up, and let us get round the east of the Elrich, and see if there is any thing in the Corrie.—Maclaren, what are you glowing at?”

* It is a fact that one of our most gallant and celebrated generals (why should I forbear to mention Lord Lynedoch?) declared that he got his knowledge of ground in this forest.

"Why, as sure as deid, I had a blink of a hart lying in the bog by the burn under the Mealowr. But my prospect is foul; he is lying beyond that great black place in the bog, joost in a line wi' thae hinds wha are on the scalp of the hill aboon."

"And a noble fellow he is, Maclaren; I can just see his horns and the point of his shoulders. It is a glorious chance; for, once in the burn, we can get within a hundred yards of him, and that is near enough in all conscience.—Here, Lightfoot, look at the fine fellow; pull off your cap, and rest the glass on the stone."

"Not the semblance of a deer can I see; but I'll take your word for it: I dare say he is there, since you say so. And now explain to me how you mean to get at him: communicate, my good fellow; for it seems, by all your caution, that even at this distance you dare not show a hair of your head."

"Creep back, then, behind the hill, whilst I mark the very spot in the burn which is opposite his lair.—Well, now I will tell you."

"We must go all round by the east behind yon hill, and then come up at the ditch between yon two hills, which will bring us into the bog; we can then come forward up the burn under cover of its banks, and pass from thence into the bog again by a side wind, when we may take his broadside, and thus have at him. It would be quite easy to get at the hart, if it were not for the hinds on the top of the hill; but if we start them, and they go on belling, the hart will follow them, whether he sees us or not."

"Well, Lightfoot, you have come on capitally; and have hitherto been able to walk like a man, with your face erect towards heaven. But now we are below the hill we must imitate quadrupeds, or even eels, for an hour or so. You have promised most faithfully to comply with my instructions; so pray walk and creep behind me, and carry yourself precisely as I do. Be like unto the dotterel, who, according to the worthy and veracious Camden, stretches out a wing when the fowler extends his arm, and advances his leg when the said fowler puts forth his corresponding limb. Above all, be as silent as the grave; and when you step upon stones, tread as lightly as a ghost. If your back aches insupportably, you may lie down and die; but do not raise yourself an inch to save your life, precious as it is. Now let us put our caps in our pockets. Heaven bless me! do not raise up your hair with your fingers in that manner. I assure you, my good fellow, that just at present it would be much more becoming to be bald, or to wear your hair like King Otho.—Maclaren, you will remain here, and watch the deer when I have fired. Sandy, follow you at a proper distance with the dogs; and come you along with us, Peter, and take the rifles. And now, my lads, be canny."

"The party then advanced, sometimes on their hands and knees, through the deep seams of the bog, and again right up the middle of the burn, winding their cautious course according to the inequalities of the ground. Occasionally the seams led in an adverse direction, and then they were obliged to retrace their steps. This stealthy progress continued some time, till at length they came to some green sward, where the ground was

not

not so favourable. Here was a great difficulty: it seemed barely possible to pass this small piece of ground without discovery. Fraser, aware of this, crept back, and explored the bog in a parallel direction, working his way like a mole, whilst the others remained prostrate. Returning all wet and bemired, his long serious face indicated a failure. This dangerous passage then was to be attempted, since there was no better means of approach. Tortoise, in low whispers, again entreated the strictest caution; "Raise not a foot nor a hand; let not a hair of your head be seen; everything depends upon this movement. This spot once passed successfully, we are safe from the hinds."

'He then made a signal for Sandy to lie down with the dogs; and, placing himself flat on his stomach, began to worm his way close under the low ridge of the bog; imitated most correctly and beautifully by the rest of the party. The burn now came sheer up to intercept the passage, and formed a pool under the bank, running deep and drumly. The leader then turned his head round slightly, and passed his hand along the grass as a sign for Lightfoot to wreath himself alongside of him. "Now, my good fellow, no remedy. If you do not like a ducking, stay here; but for Heaven's sake, if you do remain, lie like a flounder till the shot is fired. Have no curiosity, I pray and beseech you; and speak, as I do, in a low whisper." "Pshaw! I can follow wherever you go, and in the same position too." "Bravo!—here goes, then. But for Heaven's sake do not make a splash and noise in the water; but go in as quiet as a fish, and keep under the high bank, although it is deeper there. There is a great nicety in going in properly: that is the difficult point. I believe it must be head foremost; but we must take care to keep our heels down as we slide in, and not to wet the rifles.—Hist! Peter: here lay the rifles on the bank, and give them to me when I am in the burn."

'Tortoise then worked half his body over the bank, and, stooping low, brought his hands up on a large granite stone in the burn, with his breast to the water, and drew the rest of his body after him as straight as he possibly could. He was then half immersed, and getting close under the bank, took the rifles. The rest followed admirably. In fact the water was not so deep as it appeared to be, being scarcely over the hips. They proceeded in this manner about twenty yards, when, the ground being more favourable, they were enabled to get on dry land. "Do you think it will do?" "Hush! hush!—he has not seen us yet; and yonder is my mark. The deer lies opposite it to the south: he is almost within gunshot even now."

'A sign was given to Peter Fraser to come alongside, for they were arrived at the spot from which it was necessary to diverge into the moss. In breathless expectation they now turned to the eastward, and crept forward through the bog, to enable them to come in upon the flank of the hart, who was lying with his head up wind, and would thus present his broadside to the rifle when he started; whereas, if they had gone in straight behind him, his haunches would have been the only mark, and the shot would have been a disgraceful one. Now came the anxious moment. Every thing hitherto had succeeded; much valuable time had
been

been spent; they had gone forward in every possible position; their hands and knees buried in bogs, wreathing on their stomachs through the mire, or wading up the burns; and all this one brief moment might render futile, either by means of a single throb of the pulse in the act of firing, or a sudden rush of the deer, which would take him instantly out of sight. Tortoise raised his head slowly, slowly, but saw not the quarry. By degrees he looked an inch higher, when Peter plucked him suddenly by the arm, and pointed. The tops of his horns alone were to be seen above the hole in the bog; no more. Fraser looked anxious, for well he knew that the first spring would take the deer out of sight. A moment's pause, when the sportsman held up his rifle steadily above the position of the hart's body; then, making a slight ticking noise, up sprang the deer; as instantly the shot was fired, and crack went the ball right against his ribs, as he was making his rush. Sandy now ran forward with the dogs, but still as well concealed by the ground as he could manage. "By heavens he is off, and you have missed him; and here am I, wet, tarred, and feathered, and all for nothing; and I suppose you call this sport."

"Fraser now went on with the hounds in the leash, sinking, and recovering himself, and springing from the moss-hags, till the dogs caught sight of the hart, and they were slipped; but the fine fellow was soon out of the bog, and went over the top of the Mealowr. All went forward their best pace, plunging in and out of the black mire, till they came to the foot of the hill, and then with slackened pace went panting up its steep acclivity.—"Hark! I thought I heard the bay under the hill.—No; 'twas the eagle; it may be he is watching for his prey. Hark again: do you hear them, Peter?"—"I didna hear naething but the pleva; sure he canna win farther forrat than auld Heclan; he was sair donnered at first, but he skelped it brawly afterwards: we shall see them at the downcome."

"True enough they did; for when they passed over the hill to the south, the voice of the hounds broke full upon them, and they saw the magnificent creature standing on a narrow projecting ledge of rock within the cleft, and in the mid course of a mountain cataract; the upper fall plunged down behind him, and the water, coursing through his legs, dashed the spray and mist around him, and then at one leap went plumb down to the abyss below; the rocks closed in upon his flanks, and there he stood, bidding defiance in his own mountain hold.

"Just at the edge of the precipice, and as it seemed on the very brink of eternity, the dogs were baying him furiously; one rush of the stag would have sent them down into the chasm; and in their fury they seemed wholly unconscious of their danger. All drew in their breath, and shuddered at the fatal chance that seemed momentarily about to take place.—"For Heaven's sake, Lightfoot, stay quietly behind this knoll, whilst I creep in and finish him. A moment's delay may be fatal; I must make sure work, for if he is not killed outright, deer, dogs, and all, will inevitably roll over the horrid precipice together. Ah, my poor, gallant Derig!"—"May your hand be steady, and your aim true, for my nerves are on the rack, and yet I must own that it is
the

the most magnificent sight I ever beheld; bayed by two furious animals, and with the death-shot in his fair body, the noble—the mighty-hearted animal still bears up undaunted.”—Tortoise listened not,—waited not for these remarks, but crept round cannily, cannily, towards the fatal spot, looking with extreme agitation at every motion of the dogs and deer; still he dared not hurry, though the moments were so precious.

‘Of the two dogs that were at bay, Derig was the most fierce and persevering; the younger one had seen but little sport, and waited at first upon the motions of the older, nay, the better soldier; but his spirit being at length thoroughly roused, he fought at last fearlessly and independently. Whenever the deer turned his antlers aside to gore Tarff, Derig seized the moment to fly at his throat, but the motions of the hart were so rapid that the hound was ever compelled to draw back, which retrograde motion brought him frequently to the very verge of the precipice, and it was probable, that as he always fronted the enemy, he knew not, or, in the heat of the combat, had forgotten the danger of his situation.

‘The stag at length, being maddened with these vexatious attacks, made a desperate stab at Derig, and, in avoiding it, the poor dog at length lost his footing,—his hind legs passed over the ledge of rock, and it now seemed impossible for him to recover himself.

‘His life hung in the balance, and the fatal scale appeared to preponderate. Still his fore legs bore upon the ledge, and he scraped and strove with them to the utmost; but, as he had little or no support behind, he was in the position of a drowning man, who attempts to get into a boat, and, being also, like him, exhausted, the chances were considerably against him. In struggling with his fore legs he appeared to advance a little and then to slip back again, gasping painfully in the exertion; at length he probably found some slight bearing for the claws of his hind feet, and, to the inexpressible relief of every one, he once more recovered his footing, and sprang forward at the deer as rash and wrathful as ever.

‘Tortoise had at length gained the proper spot,—the rifle was then raised,—but when all hearts were beating high in sudden and nervous expectation of a happy issue, the dogs were unfortunately in such a position that a shot could not be fired from above without risk to one of them, and the danger was fearful as ever.

‘Three times was the aim thus taken and abandoned. At length an opening: the crack of the gun was heard faintly in the din of the waterfall;—the ball passed through the back of the deer’s head, and down he dropped on the spot, without a struggle.’—*Scrope*.

The representation of this noble stag at bay on the brink of the cataract, with one dog hanging to the rim of rock by its fore-legs, is certainly as good as anything that Landseer ever gave us. We presume he was the tyro *Lightfoot* of this day’s sport—he is a deacon of the craft now.

- ART. IV.—1. *Darlegung des Verfahrens der Preussischen Regierung gegen den Erzbischof von Köln.* (Statement of the Conduct of the Prussian Government towards the Archbishop of Cologne.) Berlin: November, 1837.
2. *Esposizione di fatto documentata su quanto ha preceduto e seguito la deportazione di Monsignor Droste, Arcivescovo di Colonia.* Roma. 1838.
3. *Affaires de Rome.* Par M. F. de la Mennais. Paris. 1838.
4. *Athanasius:* von Görres. Regensburg. 8vo. 1838.*

IN the latter part of the year 1814, two Protestant diplomatists were conversing with the prime minister of a Roman Catholic country, himself a Roman Catholic, when this distinguished individual asked one of them, then on his way to take part in the approaching congress, what was likely to be done there respecting the Jesuits? 'The Jesuits!' replied the Protestant, evidently as much astonished, as if he had been asked the question respecting the priests of the Dalai Lama. 'The Jesuits!' 'Ay, the Jesuits!'—replied the Romanist, who during a long official life had closely watched their manœuvres when they were supposed to be extinct: 'I give you full assurance, that if due measures of precaution are not taken at Vienna respecting them, within twenty years they will convulse Europe.' Within sixteen years after the utterance of this prediction—(to say nothing of what they have done in Ireland, Canada, Newfoundland)—they had by their evil counsels convulsed France, driven Charles XI. from the throne, and dismembered the kingdom of the Netherlands; and almost within the given period sown in Prussia the seeds of a rebellion, which is intended to bring on a general war for the recovery of papal ascendancy. This it is that gives so deep and general an interest to the otherwise local and insignificant affair of the Archbishop of Cologne, and so amply justifies the measures of the Prussian government. The conflict is not between a fanatical prelate on the Rhine, and a secretary of state in Berlin, but between the Pope and all the Protestant princes of Europe. The question to be decided is not whether a few children in Prussia are to be educated Romanists or Protestants; but whether Protestant Princes and Senates, or the Pope and Cardinals at Rome, are to legislate for Protestant nations; whether the free exercise of the Reformed faith, purchased with the blood of so

* We also refer our readers to the works undernamed:—
 Ueber gemischte Rhen, von Dr. J. T. Dollinger. Munich, 1838.
 Ueber Kirche und Staat, von Franz Freiherrn Droste zu Vischering. Münster. 1838.
 Die Katholische Kirche in der Rheinprovinz. Frankfurt-on-the-Main: 1838.
 Der Erzbischof von Köln in Opposition. Karlsruhe. 1838.

many martyrs, and secured by the hard struggles of a century is to be continued, or to be put down by popish intrigue and violence. The King of Prussia is not merely asserting the prerogatives of his crown, but defending the rights of every Protestant in Europe against papal aggression; and, therefore, every Protestant in the remotest corner of the world is interested in his movements, and must wish him God's blessing.

It is well known that Rome never formally renounced her ancient scheme of universal empire, nor ever whispered the slightest disapprobation of those who presumed to bestow the crown of a British sovereign on a King of the French, or to make a present of the kingdom of Ireland as a fief of Rome. Every lawyer is aware that such pretensions are still asserted, as unquestionable papal rights, in the code of canon law; * but many thought that, though shame or an affectation of consistency might prevent her from condemning any of her infallible pontiffs, she had practically and for ever abdicated every hope of recovering her lost dominion. The events of the last fifty years seemed to annihilate the possibility of popish ascendancy. The demands, however, of Pius VII. at the congress of Vienna, and his protest against its definitive arrangements, were calculated to excite more than a suspicion, that the last seven hundred years had neither enlarged nor diminished the field of papal vision;—the elevation of such men as Leo XII. and Gregory XVI. indicated that the college of cardinals had something else in view besides the promotion of religion and morality. The boldness which was manifested in the choice of characters and principles well worthy of the dark ages, betokened the existence of dark designs;—and the insult offered in the one case to remonstrating Roman Catholic princes, as well as the portentous name of Gregory assumed in the other, might well have opened the eyes of Protestant Europe. The conduct of the Vatican in this recent affair of Cologne fully develops the system of operations. The conduct of the archbishop himself might perhaps be interesting to illustrate the general truth that popery is founded on a lie, and supported by a system of lies. The connexion with Rome, the interference of the Pope, the ultimate object of the archbishop's movements, and the combination of fraud, falsehood, and treachery whereby it was to be attained, render it a most instructive lesson to all Protestant kings and nations.

* *Papa coronat Reges de novo et creant. Innocent. III. const. 5. Rex Regum. et const. 6. Licet ante.* Papa jubet Regi, et Imperatori, ut sumant arma contra inimicos Ecclesie. 23. q. 8. *cap. Hortatur. cap. Ut pridem. et c. Suppliciter.* Papa condemnat, excommunicat, et deponit Reges et Imperatores iniquos. Et hoc habet ex divina institutione. Alium jubet eligi, in locum depositi. Vide *Coordinationes Sacrorum Canonum. tom. iii. in Papa.*

The history of Clement Augustus, Baron Droste of Vischering, might be told in few words. His character, as drawn by the Cathedral Chapter of Cologne, in their letter to the Pope (November 22, 1837), is that of a morose, ignorant, and haughty tyrant*—his conduct, as appears from documentary evidence not to be gainsayed, that of an unprincipled fomenter of sedition—the catastrophe, that he was, to prevent rebellion and bloodshed, quietly removed from the scene of his labours and deprived of the power of doing harm. The arrest of a traitor would be the whole of the simple story. Neither in his life nor character is there a single trait of resemblance to the great Athanasius, to whom Görres, late an infidel demagogue, now an ultra-montane zealot, compares him. But Görres most probably did not intend a comparison, but a prophecy. Athanasius was once restored to his see by a warlike demonstration on the part of the Roman ruler. The Munich professor hopes to effect a similar humiliation of the heretic king by a similar restoration of his rebellious subject. In no other respect can there be a shadow of resemblance. Athanasius was one of the most learned men of his time. Baron Droste hates learning. Athanasius was the great champion of the Catholic faith. Clement Augustus is by his own cathedral clergy, in the above-mentioned letter, accused of heterodoxy. Athanasius was exiled for his religion. The Archbishop of Cologne has been arrested for violating his official oath, and for sedition. Religion has nothing to do with the matter. The Romanists have raised the cry of persecution, whereas the question is altogether one of civil law. If the good old Protestant Archbishop of Königsberg could have been guilty of the same offence, the proceedings would have been similar, probably more summary. The facts of the case are simply these:—

First, the Archbishop of Cologne privately, publicly, and repeatedly violated the laws of his country. It is the law of every continental state, not excepting Spain, Bavaria, or Austria, that

* 'Quæ Reverendissimus Archiepiscopus noster in leges patrias commiserit, et quibus ex causis Regis gratiâ exciderit, ea inquirere et judicare nostrum non est: id tamen dissimulare non possumus, ejus agendi rationem adhuc non in omnibus nos probare potuisse. *Paucis fere ad eum aditus patebat: plurimis ac doctioribus peritioribusque viris diffidere eorumque consilia spernere videbatur, quum ipse vel ob solam jam ætatem provecam administrandæ tam amplæ, eique minus notæ diocesi solus vix sufficere posset; plures atque imprimis presbyteros juniore morosius et minus canonicè tractabat, eosque thesibus, quæ non omnes cum doctrinis ab Ecclesiâ definitis conveniunt, subscribendis angebat: pluraque prius, ac præcipue ab antecessore piæ memoriæ ad utilitatem et gloriam Ecclesiæ catholicæ bene, legitime, et laboriose instituta turbare conabatur; ita ut ejus administrandi ratio non ædificandi studium sed quasi destruendi speciem præ se ferret.*'

This letter was signed by the provost (the Baron von Beyer), the dean, and six canons, five of whom, besides the dean, are doctors in divinity, and is given by the Pope himself on p. 113 of the *Expositione*.

no papal bull, breve, or other document, shall be published or executed without having first received the royal *Placet*. The Prussian *Landrecht* (part ii. tit. ii. §. 117, 118) says, 'No bishop is allowed to receive new ordinances in religious or ecclesiastical matters from foreign spiritual superiors, without the permission of the State. All papal bulls, breves, and all ordinances of foreign spiritual superiors must, before the publication and execution, be laid before the State for examination and approbation.' The Archbishop of Cologne acted upon a bull not known to the Prussian government, and commanded his clergy to do the same; and that without giving the slightest notice to the proper authorities. Dr. Hermes, a Roman Catholic professor of divinity at the Prussian University of Bonn,* a man known and honoured for his learning and talents, had given offence to the ultra-popish party by his method of treating the Roman theology. He had dared to prove that the Roman faith was agreeable to reason! He had also had the misfortune to incur the personal resentment of Baron Droste some years before; and, besides all this, several of the Roman Catholic professors of Bonn, and a large portion of the clergy through the country, were his pupils. Representations unfavourable to his orthodoxy were made at Rome after his death, and in 1835 the present Pope, without giving any intimation either to the Prussian minister at Rome or to the Government at Berlin, issued a bull condemnatory of the Hermesian doctrines. This was, to say the least, very uncivil on the part of his holiness, but it excused the Prussian government from publishing

* The University at Bonn was founded in 1818, and owes its existence to the munificence of the present King of Prussia, who endowed it with an annual income of 80,000 dollars. To the usual faculties a Roman Catholic theological faculty was added, and placed under the control of the Archbishop of Cologne, as appears from the Statutes according to which it is enacted:—"1. That in the Catholic theological faculty at Bonn, no one shall be appointed, or admitted to the exercise of the professorial office without previously consulting the Archiepiscopal chair, and that it shall have the right, on account of any serious doubts respecting the doctrine or life of the proposed candidate, to decline such appointment or admission. 2. If, contrary to expectation, any teacher belonging to the Catholic theological faculty in Bonn, should, in his lectures or writings, offend against the Catholic faith or moral theology, to maintain which scientifically is his calling, or, if he should in any other way, morally or religiously, cause any public scandal, the Archiepiscopal chair is authorised to give notice thereof, and the Ministry will upon such notice, interpose with decision and energy, and afford a remedy. 3. In general, the Catholic theological faculty, in so far as the Catholic Church is interested in its operations, is under the spiritual superintendence of the Archbishop; he has the right, as often as he thinks proper, of visiting it, or causing it to be visited; the half-yearly lists of lectures must be submitted to him, and the faculty is bound respectfully to accept his remarks upon purely theological subjects, and to attend to them to the utmost of their power. This superintendence extends to the individual members of the faculty in their character as Catholic clergymen, and the Archbishop is authorised, in cases of offence against this character, with the previous knowledge of the Ministry, to administer suitable reproofs."

a bull of the existence of which they had no official knowledge. The bull was, however, printed in the newspapers, and made a great noise at Bonn. The most learned, the most gifted, and the most popular Roman Catholic theologians were Hermesians; but many who were not, and several dignitaries, expressed their doubts as to the wisdom or justice of the bull. A most lively controversy ensued, and happy would it have been for the Prussian government, and for the whole Catholic Church of Germany, if they had left the theologians to fight it out with the Pope and the Roman court. Unfortunately, however, a sort of chivalrous idea, of being bound to maintain the papal authority, induced the minister for ecclesiastical affairs to interfere, and to intimate to the Roman Catholic faculty that they were to beware of contravening the bull condemnatory of Hermes. The professors submitted, and all the Hermesian books were withdrawn from the divinity course. When the winter session of 1836-7 approached, the programme of the ensuing lectures was, according to the statutes, laid before the Archbishop, of Cologne, who had in the mean time been elected and enthroned; he made no objection, and the course proceeded. But, on the 12th of January, 1837, that is, in the middle of the course, without either asking permission, or giving notice, his grace proceeded to execute the bull, which, as has been said, had never been communicated to the government, and had therefore never received the royal *Placet*. He issued the following circular to the father-confessors of the city of Bonn:—

‘Having learned that some of the father-confessors in Bonn, when asked in the confessional chair, whether it is lawful to read the writings of the late Professor Hermes, and whether it is lawful for divinity-students to attend those lectures in which the assertions contained in those writings are taught, are in doubt as to what answer they ought to give; I hereby commission your reverence, in my name, and in the manner which appears to you most convenient and most suitable to the circumstances, to inform all father-confessors there,

1st, That no one is permitted to read the writings of the late Professor Hermes, not even those which were printed after his death, nor such works as have appeared in defence of those writings, nor any manuscript notes of lectures which have been prepared in conformity with those writings.

2ndly, That no divinity-student is permitted to attend lectures, the contents of which are in conformity with the above-mentioned writings.

3rdly, With regard to the well-known papal ordinance against the writings of Hermes, they are to suggest to those who have doubts on the subject, or who, after the manner of Hermes, forsaking the straight path, endeavour to cloak their disobedience under the pretext that the aforesaid papal ordinance has not been published, and is therefore not obligatory—

‘(a) That

“(a) That the publication can only be for the purpose of making it known. The case would be widely different if the lawgiver made the publication the *conditio sine qua non* of the obligation, as was the case in the law of the Council of Trent, “*contra matrimonia clandestina*.”

“(b) But that the said papal ordinance is sufficiently known to the Hermesians appears from their writings, unless a distinction is to be made between

— known, in order to laugh at the supreme head of the Church, and
— known, in order to obey in all humility.

“(c) That, if the aforesaid pretence could really excuse, the secular power would have it entirely in her power to stop the activity of that centre of unity ordained by the Saviour, a consequence that might possibly not be disagreeable to the Hermesians, no more than to sectarians in general, whose only support is in the secular power, which can never be judge with regard to such matters, and which, therefore, as soon as she interferes, becomes a party.

CLEMENT AUGUSTUS,

Cologne, January 12, 1837.

Archbishop of Cologne.

This letter is so characteristic of the man, his principles, and his creed, that the perusal excites a devout wish, that he might write an account of the whole affair himself. It breathes the spirit of an inquisitor, and reveals the unnatural hatred which a papal vassal cherishes against his sovereign, and the thorough contempt with which he regards the law of his country. The reader will not, however, be so astonished at the violence and bitterness of the letter, as to forget the cunning which addressed it to the father-confessors, and commanded that the privacy of the confessional should serve as the hotbed for the nurture of treason. Several of the father-confessors took the hint, and, without waiting to be asked by the doubting, made use of the confessional to inculcate the archiepiscopal prohibition on the minds of their flock. This act of rebellion was, however, not intended merely to gratify the archbishop's private revenge, nor to stop the progress of Hermesianism. *The blow was mainly aimed at the existence of the university of Bonn.* To restore the Roman supremacy of the dark ages, it is necessary first to exclude every gleam of light from the minds of priests and people, and this was the object of the archbishop's endeavours. He had already made a good beginning in the palace at Cologne, for, immediately on taking possession, he turned out the library collected by his predecessor, and left as a legacy to the see. He intimated to his predecessor's relations that, if they did not speedily remove the books, he should make short work with them, and the burgomaster had some trouble in collecting a sufficient number of cases and boxes to save the books from the impending destruction. He hoped, in like manner, to clear out the lecture-rooms of the universities. — That this

was

was the real object appears from the course adopted. If he had simply wished to remove Hermesianism and Hermesian professors, he had it in his power to do so in a way agreeable to the laws of the land. The archbishop has a veto both upon the appointment and continuance of all Roman Catholic professors, as well as upon all courses of theological lectures proposed to be given at the university. At the commencement of every half year (semester), the list of lectures is presented for his approbation. A formal and substantiated charge made to the government is sufficient to prevent a course of lectures, or to remove a professor. The archbishop, however, never made, nor ever would make, any formal charge. On the presentation of the programme, he made some remarks which seemed to promise a formal complaint, but the government waited in vain for its arrival. Anxious to prevent embarrassment, and to save the archbishop from the goal towards which he was so rapidly moving, they commanded the curator of the university to request a conference with his grace. The request was made early in February. The archbishop fixed the 19th of March for the purpose. The curator then made three propositions;—

First, that his grace should permit the suspected professors to appear before him, and thus arrive at a certain conviction of their orthodoxy, or the contrary. The archbishop declared that he would have no personal intercourse with them until the affair was settled.

It was then proposed that his grace should receive a written declaration from the professors with regard to the controverted points. This was also declined.

It was then suggested that the archbishop's object might be attained by his appointing commissaries to superintend the lectures, or by prescribing a manual of instruction that could be depended upon. This was refused.

The only imaginable proposition that remained was, to request his grace to point out the objectionable points himself and present them to the above-mentioned professors. This was promised, but the promise was never kept. The government waited in vain. The agitation increased in Bonn. Another attempt was made in the way of conciliation. By order of the government the theological faculty was assembled, and all the professors required to sign a document binding them to abstain from all controversial topics. To this they readily consented, but in vain. The archbishop's order to the father-confessors maintained its secret power—the lecture-rooms were deserted, and even sixty stipendiaries, half supported by the Prussian government, relinquished their *stipendia*, and left the college rather than disobey the instructions of the confessional. The university of Bonn was threatened with
destruction—

destruction—the professors condemned of heresy, not only without a trial, but without a public accusation, and thus the rights and liberties of the subject grossly violated; at the same time that the royal munificence in founding and endowing the university was treated with scorn, and the laws of the land set at defiance. The archbishop, however, in his zeal to execute the Papal bull, did not stop here. He proceeded to another step equally illegal, by drawing up eighteen theses to be signed by every candidate for orders, for a benefice, or for the office of confessor. Of these the greater number were intended as a renunciation of the supposed Hermesian errors. Some, as appears from the letter of the chapter, were, in the opinion of six doctors of divinity, opposed to the orthodox doctrines of the Roman church. The eighteenth thesis contained an illegal oath, and was a direct attack upon the allegiance to the king. The candidate was required to make the following declaration:—‘I vow and promise to my archbishop reverence and obedience in all things relating to *doctrine and discipline*, and that without any mental reservation; and I confess that, according to the order of the Catholic hierarchy, I neither can, nor ought, to appeal from the judgment of my archbishop to any one but the Pope, the head of the whole church.’* Thus the prerogative of the sovereign to receive appeals, and to protect the rights of his subjects was solemnly renounced, and a way opened to secure the unlimited obedience of the Roman Catholic clergy, when the time should arrive for developing the ulterior designs of Rome. This oath put the archbishop in a position to place the kingdom of Prussia in a state of interdict, or to absolve the Prussian Romanists from their oath of allegiance. Both are matters ‘of doctrine and discipline,’ and if perchance one loyal priest might be found, his only appeal lay to the fountain-head of treason. The archbishop’s care in guarding against mental reservation is particularly remarkable. If a Protestant had inserted such a clause, an Ephesian outcry would have been raised by all the priests from Cologne to the antipodes. But here a Roman Catholic archbishop charges the Roman Catholic clergy of the nineteenth century with mental reservation, and insinuates that even when they swear to an ecclesiastical superior, they are not to be trusted.

The archbishop himself has given a practical proof of the slipperiness of Romanist engagements whether verbal or written. He himself violated without scruple his own covenanted

* ‘Spondeo ac promitto Archiepiscopo meo reverentiam et obedientiam in omnibus, quæ ad doctrinam et disciplinam spectant, sine omni restrictione mentali; meque ab Archiepiscopi mei judicio, secundum Hierarchiæ Catholicæ ordinem, ad neminem nisi ad Papam, totius ecclesiæ caput, provocare posse et debere confiteor.’

and written engagement with the Prussian government. While he was yet in a subordinate rank, a convention had been entered into between the government and his predecessor at Cologne (Archbishop Spiegel), on the subject of mixed marriages, and adopted by the Bishops of Paderborn, Münster, and Treves. It was the wish of the Prussian minister for ecclesiastical affairs that this convention should be preserved inviolate, and therefore when he thought of Baron Droste for the See of Cologne, he considered it necessary to have a written promise to that effect. With this intent he addressed the following letter to an ecclesiastical dignitary, known to be a personal friend of the Baron:—
'To the Rev. M. Schmülling, Counsellor of the Spiritual and School Department, and Prebendary in Münster.

'Your reverence will allow me to claim your official zeal and secrecy in the following business.

'I have frequently entertained the wish to see your suffragan-bishop, the titular Bishop of Calama, Clement Baron Droste von Vischering, placed over some episcopal diocese within the royal dominions, because he unites in his character many most estimable qualities, apparently suitable for such a position.

'The misunderstandings and quarrels with several state authorities, which occurred during his former administration, as vicegerent for the chapter at Münster, might deter from such a step, and cause, as I have had occasion to observe, in some quarters, more or less vivid apprehensions. I myself, however, from the view which I take of the origin of those misunderstandings, and their necessary connexion with the then state of things, now long past away, am more inclined not to consider them of any great moment. I willingly yield to the opinion, that a man, who, in his calling as clergyman, has so simply, so constantly, and so faithfully practised the religion of self-denial and self-devoting love, as the Bishop of Calama since his retirement from official business has, according to trustworthy reports, the reputation of doing, would not again be overcome by the temptations of a love of strife, especially as since the above-mentioned mistakes, so far as I know, an amicable relation has been restored and maintained between the parties concerned.

'Of many things, which were then the subject of strife, some have been settled, others have in the course of time lost their interest. And it is to be hoped that the judicious of both confessions have long since learned, that the welfare of all is to be found only in unity and peace.

*'I therefore entertain no serious misgivings with respect to the difficult matter of mixed marriages, inasmuch as, in conformity with a breve of Pope Pius VIII. of the 25th March, 1830, addressed to the Archbishop of Cologne and the Bishops of Treves, Paderborn, and Münster, this matter, in all its chief bearings, may be looked upon as settled by a convention entered into the 19th June last year, between the royal privy counsellor of legation and ambassador at the Roman court, M. Bunsen, as commissioner of his majesty the king, on the one side, and the late archbishop, Count Spiegel, on the other side, which convention has been
 adopted*

adopted by the Bishops of Treves, Munster, and Paderborn, and has also received the royal assent, and come into practice in the dioceses of the four prelates above mentioned. I therefore take for granted that the Bishop of Calama, in case he should be appointed as actual bishop over one of these dioceses, would not only not attack nor overturn that convention of the 19th June of last year, but, on the contrary, be anxious and ready to uphold it, and to execute it according to the spirit of conciliation which dictated it.

‘I am anxious, however, before I take any further step, to arrive at certainty with respect to the last mentioned point touching mixed marriages. For this purpose I hereby respectfully request and commission your reverence to engage in a confidential conversation with the Bishop of Calama, that he may have an opportunity of expressing himself orally to your reverence with that openness and sincerity which I attribute to that worthy prelate, with regard to my supposition respecting that particular point. Your reverence will be good enough to inform me immediately of his reply, in his own words, in the way of a confidential report.

‘Your reverence will oblige me by hastening this matter as much as possible.

‘Berlin, August 23rd, 1835.’

‘VON ALTENSTEIN.

Baron Droste was not content with having given the most satisfactory verbal assurances—he volunteered a written declaration of his determination to do all that the minister required. To deceive a Protestant king and gain a Roman archbishopric, he penned the following letter to his friend Schmülling:—

‘Reverend Prebendary,—It will, I believe, be agreeable to your reverence, if I furnish you in writing also with our conversation of to-day respecting the contents of the letter of his Excellency the Minister.

‘And, first, with respect to an amicable arrangement with those authorities concerned in the misunderstandings of former times, I take for granted that they are free from every ill-feeling towards me, and as my inmost wish is to be on good terms with all men, and friendliness towards every one is, if I mistake not, natural to me, I am at a loss to conceive how any interruption of an amicable relation should be possible.

‘As to the temptations of the spirit of strife, it is so contrary to my nature, I am so convinced that it stands in direct contradiction to the doctrines and spirit of Christianity, I am so penetrated with a desire to live in peace with all, I love peace and quietness so much, that the fear of being overcome by any such temptation, if, contrary to expectation, it should assault me, really seems to require no consideration, inasmuch as in this, as in every other respect, I hope in the help of God. Indeed, my inmost desire is, if ever I should attain to an actual bishopric, diligently to employ the last years of my life in doing good; and my firm conviction is, that this desire can be perfectly fulfilled only by the harmonious co-operation of the two authorities, according to the will of God.

‘As to mixed marriages, I had for a very long time cherished the wish

wish that some way might be found of getting rid of this exceedingly difficult matter, and I have therefore learned with joy the fulfilment of my wish; and your reverence will be so good as to assure his Excellency the Minister *that I shall beware of not upholding that convention which, in conformity with the breve of Pope Pius VIII., has been entered into, and come into execution in the four dioceses mentioned, and still more so of attacking or overturning it, if such a thing were possible, and that I shall employ it in the spirit of charity and the love of peace.*

‘In the last place, I wish your reverence to have the goodness to commend me most respectfully to his excellency, and to convey to him my most sincere thanks for having furnished me with an opportunity of making known my sentiments on the points in question with that perfect openness which to me is so agreeable. With the most distinguished respect, I remain, &c. ‘CLEMENT, BARON DROSTE OF VISCHERING,

‘Munster,

‘Suffragan Bishop.

‘Sept. 5th, 1835.’

Here, then, Baron Droste promises in the most explicit manner to maintain inviolate the convention respecting mixed marriages. The Prussian government, honest and upright itself, never thought of inserting a clause against mental reservation, believed the Suffragan Bishop's promise, elevated him to the archiepiscopal see, and found, too late, that the Romanist rule still is, to keep no faith with heretics. The promise was broken, the convention set at naught, and the archbishop's defence is, that he advisedly used words admitting a mental reservation. He says that when he promised he had never seen the convention, and therefore inserted the clause ‘in conformity with the breve of Pope Pius VIII. ;’ when he did see the convention, he found that it was not in conformity with the breve, and therefore he was not bound to keep it! But by breaking his promise he also broke the laws of his country. In the case of mixed marriages, that is, where one party is Protestant and the other Roman Catholic, the Prussian law forbids the clergy of either party to exact any promise respecting the education of the children in a particular religious confession. It ordains that the religion of the children shall be left to the determination of the parents; but, if these cannot agree, that they shall be educated in the religion of the father. This law the archbishop broke, and taught his clergy to set at defiance. After a long course of negotiations and remonstrances on the part of the government, he at last confessed to the Royal Commissioners that ‘he had instructed his clergy *never* to give the nuptial benediction—until a promise had first been given to *educate all the children as Roman Catholics.*’ The commissioners, the cabinet, and the king exhausted all their endeavours to recover the archbishop from this course of open rebellion, but in

vain. He declared his fixed determination to persevere, and the question became simply whether the majesty of the law was to give way to the archbishop, or the archbishop to be prevented from violating the law. The Prussian minister, not being dependent for his office or salary on the Popish priesthood, and unwilling to submit to the degradation of having a Popish master, or to the infamy of betraying the rights or interests of his sovereign, determined to assert the dignity of the law. It was accordingly intimated to the archbishop that, if he did not voluntarily resign, he should be removed from his office. But this intimation only served to develop further his designs. He immediately assembled the chapter of the cathedral and the parish priests of the city of Cologne, and informed them, 'that there was an intention to cast him down from the archiepiscopal throne, but that he should know how to preserve the rights of the Catholic Church against the demands of the government in the matter of mixed marriages. This was the origin of the persecution. He authorised the priests to communicate this to their fellow-citizens ;'—i. e., he appealed to the populace. Two days after, the young priests of the seminary were assembled, and a story equally false and inflammatory dictated to them, which they were commanded to write and circulate everywhere. The children of the elementary schools were employed to multiply copies ; placards were posted about the streets of Cologne, Bonn, and Coblenz, calling upon the Roman Catholic population to rise and shed their blood for their religion ; and in one church a sermon was preached to the same effect. Thus the archbishop was guilty of open and repeated breaches of the law. He executed, and instructed his clergy to execute, a papal bull which had not received the royal *placet* ; he attempted to destroy the university of Bonn and to ruin the professors ; he required candidates for orders to swear away the sovereign's right of receiving appeals, and to vow an unlimited obedience to himself and the Pope ; he commanded his clergy to break the law with respect to mixed marriages, and at last endeavoured to make use of the priests to procure an open insurrection of the people. He was treated as every other transgressor of the law would have been treated, excepting that an extraordinary measure of lenity and forbearance was dealt out to him out of respect to the sacredness and dignity of his office. The Prussian government may be blamed for allowing rebellion to proceed so far, but none can tax it with religious persecution. The archbishop was guilty of treason, and for his treason he suffers. His defence is that offered by all traitors. He says that to obey the laws of Prussia was contrary to his conscience. ' No such instrument (says South) to carry on a refined and well-woven rebellion

rebellion as a *tender conscience* and a sturdy heart. He who rebels conscientiously rebels heartily.' The plea of conscience is, however, in the archbishop's case totally invalid. If he had been a stranger, unacquainted with Prussian law—if he had been made archbishop first, and then the laws enacted contrary to his remonstrances—or if he had been made archbishop against his will, and protesting against those laws, his conscience might have served as a plea for his rebellion. But he was no stranger. He had held a high ecclesiastical dignity for years in Prussia. He knew the laws to which he now objects, all of which had been made long before he became archbishop. Knowing these laws, he was nevertheless most anxious for the archiepiscopal dignity. He not only entered into a written engagement with the minister, but, to show his liberality, wrote private letters to Protestant divines, addressing them as 'his dear brothers in Christ.' He made no objection to take the official oath—namely,

'I swear that I will be loyal, faithful, obedient and submissive to his Majesty the King; that to the utmost of my power I will advance the interests of his Majesty and avert from him all damage and injury; that I will endeavour to root deeply in the hearts of the clergy and people committed to my episcopal jurisdiction, respect for the royal majesty, love for the fatherland, AND OBEDIENCE TO THE LAWS; and that I will never suffer any one to teach or act in a contrary spirit.'

The plea of conscience, therefore, cannot now be admitted. If he felt scruples about obeying the laws, he should never have taken this oath. If his scruples arose afterwards, he should have laid down an office conferred on the express condition of obedience to the existing laws. Whether he took this oath, as he made his promise to the minister, 'with a mental reservation,' we do not undertake to decide, but of this we are certain, that he who lies is not far from perjury. 'Quid interest inter perjurerum et mendacem? Qui mentiri solet, pejerare consuevit.'

The plea of conscience could only be urged so long as the veil of darkness rested upon the archbishop's designs and practices; but these have been so fully disclosed by the publication of the documents, especially by some letters of his private secretary and chaplain, Michaelis, to another priest, that the very mention of the word conscience in connexion with the archbishop's name becomes a wanton aggravation of his guilt, and will for the future, we doubt not, be avoided by his friends. It is certain that his whole plan of action was concerted before his elevation, and that the plan was to overturn the existing state of things in Prussia. These letters were found in the house of a priest named Binterim, against whom a search-warrant had been issued for other reasons, and they have been acknowledged by the priest Michaelis

as his writing. (*Allgemeine Preussische Staatszeitung*, Berlin, May 7, 1838.)

'To his Reverence, M. Pastor Binterim, D.D., Knight of the Papal Order of the Golden Spur, Bilk, near Dusseldorf.

'Cologne, April 7, 1837.

'Reverend and Honoured Sir,—The business of Father Schulten I have attended to, and shall shortly answer your most pleasing letter. For the present two requests:—1. Could you furnish me with a short characteristic of the deans of our diocese— α , how they are disposed towards Rome; β , towards celibacy and *omnem habitum clericalem*; γ , their literary attainments, and their talents? 2. It is of the greatest moment to draw some superior men to Cologne. Mr. Laurent, it is to be hoped, will come; it is only a pity that no parish is yet vacant for him. Can you tell me of any young men promising in those three respects, particularly from Belgium? It would be a matter of great joy to us (*sed tantum inter nos*) to smuggle in some Jesuits. Do you know any who speak German fluently? From Switzerland or Rome would excite too much attention. Talk over this matter privately with Father Schulten. As soon as some are found, we must consider how the ulterior steps are to be taken. If you know Mr. Laurent, in the diocese of Liege, pray write a line to him to persuade him to accept the trifling offer which has been made to him. It is at present only a curacy, at St. Columba, which is open; the further promotion will come in good time. Pray keep this *obscure* letter secret. Commending myself to your prayers, I remain your most devoted friend,

'In haste—O. a. M. D. G.—Paid!'

'EDWARD M.

To the Same.

'Cologne, May 2, 1837.

'Reverend Sir, most honoured Friend,—Your respected letter of the 25th ult. gave me the greatest pleasure. The hour is fully come, every means must now be energetically employed. First hear how far matters have advanced. The archbishop gives his blessing to every thing; but for the present shuts his eyes to the whole affair, so that the undertaking is only a private undertaking. I shall in a little time provide for four J.* in Cologne, and then for one at Bonn. They will, doubtless, obtain here a sphere of labour. I am educating some clever boys entirely for this purpose, and in Bonn there are several of the most talented theologians, who are willing to enter into the order. With these I intend to erect a covenant of faith, and shall then bring them into connexion with the J. in this place. From Rome two J. are expected. The two Prussians at Nivelle are well known to me; *they lived in our house at Münster*. For the present, I wish that the youngest, Joseph von Hamm, should be sent hither as soon as possible; only let him be addressed to me: I will take care of the rest. For the sake of security he may bring with him a medical certificate, ordering him to take up his abode on the Rhine. In Burtscheidt and Aix-la-

* Jesuits.

Chapelle the Missionary Society is starting into existence; here the difficulty is greater, but all in good time.

‘One thing more: the archbishop wishes much, that *all* the pilgrimages* should be restored. In reply to an inquiry respecting a pilgrimage which is to last several days, the archbishop said, that he grants the ecclesiastical permission, only they should take care that the civil authority have no objection to it. Pray work and agitate, *that everything that has been abolished may be restored*. The gentlemen at Bonn have been forbidden by the ministry—1, to name the name of Hermes; 2, to use any of his works, especially the philosophical introduction; 3, to advance any of his doctrines; 4, Hilger’s lecture upon dogmatic theology has been forbidden. Whoever refused to subscribe was suspended. All have subscribed! The archbishop has interdicted Riber and Lentze from delivering any lectures.

‘With respect to the inclosed letter, I should have liked to add a full account of the state of things in Bonn, if time permitted, and I had not had a similar commission from Benkert.† Pray refer the gentlemen to the article which is to appear in this journal.—With all respect, your most devoted,

E. M.

‘O. a. M. D. G.‡—For the sake of security not paid; do you do the same.’

To the Same.

‘Cologne, June 15, 1837.

‘Reverend and honoured Sir,—The happy turn which the affair of the pilgrimages has taken affords me the most lively pleasure; how glad should I be myself to go over to Kevlar, if my business allowed! At Bonn and Cologne I hope to bring about the same thing. Do you take care, if possible, for Aix-la-Chapelle; the attempt is making, but I am afraid of their managing matters badly with the government, and then everything is lost. In the midst of all the trouble which we suffer, I often have, however, some joy. There are many priests still who do not forget their afflicted mother, and who would rather share shame and affliction with her than accept honour from her oppressors. Mr. Peters is subjected to a magisterial examination. The worthy chief pastor of Bonn is also accused. The more the better. The theses have been well received at Munich. The Bishop of Eichstadt, Count Reisach,§ has highly commended them. The affair of the meeting of the states is excellent and comes in right time. Pray request M. Gudenau to insert the article from Cologne in the Allgemeine Zeitung, Appendix, No. 164, without any alteration, in the Hildesheim and Hanover Gazette. Coming from a sure source, it may be depended upon. You have no idea what great weight is laid, in Berlin, upon newspaper

* These pilgrimages had been prohibited by the preceding archbishops, as tending only to superstition and immorality.

† Editor of the Würtzburg Journal, “The Friend of Religion and the Church, for Catholics.”

‡ We believe these cabalistical letters signify ‘Oremus ad Matrem Dei Gloriosam.’

§ A Jesuit educated at Rome, a notorious vender of indulgences.

articles. It would be well for you to undertake to supply "The Catholic" with more matter. With the Hermesian question is connected another equally important question, "concerning the relations of church and state;" and then it is necessary to show particularly prominently how every limitation and restraint of ecclesiastical authority, and relaxation of the band of obedience to the bishops and the pope, must necessarily undermine the foundations of the state: this is an argumentum ad hominem. That S——g in Berlin, under the appearance of a good Catholic, has ever been the plague with respect to our church liberty, is well known here. But he does not dare to come here.

'With respect to your curate, to whom I beg to be kindly remembered, the archbishop is most willing to give him a living, though it is most disagreeable to him to take away a good priest from the right bank of the Rhine.

'The good progress of the mission affairs rejoices me; the spread of the society throughout the Rhine-land, in Westphalia, will certainly succeed. It is also on the move in Siegen. I am every day expecting 2000 mission-papers; it will go on well here in Cologne. But of that orally.

'Oremus pro Matre nostrâ dilêctissimâ pressâ.

'Your faithful

E. M.'

These letters prove that the archbishop, so far from respecting the obligation of his oath, was at the head of the Roman conspiracy in Prussia to smuggle in the Jesuits, in itself a breach of the law; and that for the purpose of 'restoring all that had been abolished,' that is, the entire ascendancy of popery. These letters prove that he treasonably endeavoured to introduce and promote Belgian priests, the most bitter enemies of the Prussian monarchy—that he sanctioned the perversion of the youthful mind by a Jesuitic education—that he was in communication with the Jesuits in Rome, Belgium, and other places—and that this communication began whilst he resided at Münster, before his elevation to the see of Cologne—that he sent information to foreign journals and newspapers for the purpose of traducing the government of his country—and that he employed every species of deceit and artifice to accomplish his purpose. The instruction to the young Jesuit to bring a medical certificate with him that a residence on the Rhine was necessary for his health, furnishes abundant evidence of the nature of this prelate's conscience.

The whole history of the archbishop furnishes a most melancholy proof of the demoralising effects of Popery. The Prussian character is remarkable for frankness and honesty. The Westphalian nobles are distinguished for a high sense of honour. Nothing but Popery could have tainted the German episcopacy with wilful falsehood, or blotted the shield of Westphalian nobility with the blackness of perjury. This history also proves that

that Popery is everywhere the same. The Popish archbishop on the Rhine, and the Popish legislator on the banks of the Thames, entertain the same ideas of the solemnity of an oath. To attain to power, the conscience of both allows them to swear. Having attained it, the conscience of both compels them to be foresworn. In stating this fact, we do not, of course, mean to attack the personal character of all who profess Popery as their religion. Who has not observed the contrast which almost all our old English peers of this faith have of late presented to the mass of Romanists in parliament? There are amongst the laity many most honourable, loyal, and enlightened men, who believe in the Christianity of the Roman Church, but abhor the politics of popery. The multitude are poor deluded victims of a system of hypocrisy. Conscientiously believing that it is their duty to give themselves up body and soul to the guidance of a wily priest in Rome, they become the mere tools of his will. Left to themselves they would not be insensible to the beauty of good faith, nor destitute of the natural feelings of allegiance to their sovereign, or of love to their country. A foreign influence extinguishes the sense of moral vision, and reverses the course of nature. The Romanist clergy in every country act only as they receive directions from Rome. The murders in Ireland, the clamour about religious liberty in England, the revolution in Belgium, and the defiance of royal authority in Prussia, are only so many manifestations of the secret counsels of the court of Rome. A single stroke of the Pope's pen would stop the effusion of Protestant blood, and convert the Prussian archbishop into a loyal subject. The vigilance of the Prussian ambassador at Rome, and the firmness of the government at Berlin, have forced the conspiracy into the light of day, and thus conferred an overwhelming obligation on all Protestant Europe. A secret plan for the universal overthrow of Protestant thrones has been for some time in operation. The archbishop's history has compelled the Pope to lay aside the mask of hypocrisy, and appear as an open fomentor of rebellion; and thus Protestants have an opportunity of taking the necessary steps to guard against Papal treachery.

Every one who knows anything of the bondage in which the Vatican holds all bishops submitting to its supremacy, and the system of incessant correspondence which is carried on with the superiors at Rome, will readily believe that the Archbishop of Cologne did not overturn the discipline with regard to mixed marriages, introduced by his predecessor and adopted by three other bishops, nor attempt to execute a Papal bull which had received no Royal *Placet*—without special instruction. The Prussian government is in possession of some of the secret proceedings,

proceedings, and will in due time make them public. But the existence of a secret correspondence is unwittingly acknowledged in the 'Esposizione,' the official manifesto of the Roman court. On page 21, it is said that the Pope, '*per via particolare ma del tutto sicura*,' had received a copy of Baron Altenstein's last letter to the archbishop and the archbishop's reply. The recall of Monsignore Capaccini, the Papal secretary of state, proves still more clearly that the archbishop acted entirely in obedience to the Pope's instructions, and that his holiness was determined to stop nothing short of a trial of his strength. M. Capaccini had travelled from Vienna to Berlin, where he arrived early in August, 1837, to inquire fully into the matter. He was there informed by the minister, Baron Altenstein, and by the King's envoy at the Roman court, of the state of affairs. He heard from the king's own lips what would be the result, if the archbishop persevered in rebellion, a result already announced at Rome by Mr. Bunsen in May, 1837. From Berlin M. Capaccini went to Cologne, where he obtained the most exact information as to the actual position of the archbishop. He made, in consequence, a declaration in favour of the Prussian government; and on his return to Rome, whither he was suddenly recalled, resigned his office as secretary of the supreme board for foreign ecclesiastical affairs! The Pope calculated confidently on an insurrection of the Rhine provinces, and therefore did not wish to come to any amicable arrangement. The Allocutions of the 10th December, 1837, and September 13th, 1838, show still more clearly that open war on the Rhine and in Poland was the object at which the court of Rome aimed, and make the proof of a secret correspondence unnecessary. The Pope in the Congregation of Cardinals publicly approved of the archbishop's conduct, and openly declared himself the champion of rebellion against Protestant princes. He does not scruple to praise the rebel archbishop, the man who broke his word, his oath, and the laws of his country, as a person pre-eminent in all virtue, '*viro omnigena virtute præstanti*,' and to declare him worthy of the highest commendation, '*ob religionis causam ab ipso tanto cum sui discrimine invictè propugnata*.' In another Congregation, holden on the 13th of September of the present year,* he recurs to the same subject, and after a tribute of laudation to the Archbishop of Cologne, goes on to commend the Archbishop of Posen, who, advancing another step in the plan of rebellion, has issued a circular to his clergy excommunicating any priest who refuses to break the laws of Prussia respecting mixed marriages. In this

* See the *Journal des Débats* for September 29th, 1839.

circular he says, 'that, after the oracle publicly enunciated by the Holy See [on the 10th December, 1837] it is unlawful for him in anywise to depart from it, without incurring the reproach of a shameful breach of the ecclesiastical unity.' And this most daring outrage upon the laws of his country the Pope designates 'as worthy of the religion and faith of a Catholic prelate.' In both these Allocutions the Pope condemns mixed marriages as utterly unlawful, unless a promise be first given to educate all the expected children in Romanism:—that is, he makes a direct attack on the Prussian law prohibiting the exaction of any such promise, and thus officially summons all the Romish clergy to rebel against the King of Prussia. He enters into direct conflict with a Protestant prince, and contests his right to legislate for his own dominions.

If Pope Gregory XVI. had himself been a recluse ascetic, like the Archbishop of Cologne, his denunciations of mixed marriages might have been ascribed to scrupulous regard for the decisions of the canon-law. But every one, who has lived at Rome, knows that the Romans do not charge his holiness with an exaggerated scrupulosity as to the sanctity of marriage. If the Prussian law had contained some new and unheard-of principle, subversive of the religious liberty of Roman Catholics, it might have been thought that zeal for the rights of the church had called forth this opposition. But the principles on which the Prussian law is based have been long in operation. In Silesia, ever since the time of Frederick the Great, mixed marriages have received the priestly benediction without any such promise. In Baden, Nassau, Würtemberg, Hesse Darmstadt, Hanover, there are laws very similar, though not exactly the same. In several of the dioceses of Bavaria mixed marriages were celebrated by the priests without any such promise. Even in Austria the law does not permit any such exaction, but prescribes that the male children should be educated in the religion of the father, the female in that of the mother. One member of the Bavarian royal family was married to a Protestant, and it was stipulated that all the children, if any, should be Protestants. Another member of the same family entered into a similar marriage contract, providing for the education of all the children in the Greek church. No opposition was made to either, but both marriages were celebrated by Roman Catholic bishops—the latter by the Archbishop of Cologne's own brother, Baron Droste, the Bishop of Munster. Common sense tells us that, if such marriages be unlawful, they are always unlawful, and that no papal dispensation can make them anything else, unless the Pope claims—what his priests in this country so earnestly deny—the

the power of dispensing with the laws of God. The outcry that has been raised in Europe about the sin of mixed marriages is mere Roman cant. In times past there was every facility of getting a dispensation for money; and now, provided the power of the Roman court be secured by the promise to educate the children as Romanists, no objection is made to mixed marriages. It is not the fear of committing sin, but of losing dominion, by which the Roman church is influenced; and if this can be guaranteed, all the Romanists in Germany may marry Turks or Hindoos if they like it. The present Pope himself, when Cardinal Capellari, conducted the negotiations with the Prussian minister at Rome, and knew well what Prussia demanded, and was then perfectly willing to grant it, though he had the cleverness to do so in terms whereby an apparent concession really extended the papal power, and might at any time be revoked. These concessions, however, notwithstanding the obscurity of some, and the intolerance of other parts, of the *breve*, called forth the loudest protests in the Belgian and Bavarian journals. The zealots told him that this was not the time for conceding but demanding, and represented the political circumstances as peculiarly favourable. A change in the papal counsels has certainly taken place, and the Pope now feels himself strong enough, as he thinks, to aim at a triumph of the papal over the royal power; and the subject of mixed marriages presents the most favourable field that could be chosen for the achievement of the conquest.

The law of every state in Germany, of Holland, Poland, and Russia, is opposed to the papal exaction of a promise to educate all the children in Romanism;—consequently, by stirring this one topic, he shakes the civil law of a great part of Europe. If the governments yield, he gains a decided victory, and establishes the principle advocated by another of the archbishop's brothers, in his pamphlet on Church and State—namely, that wherever the municipal law comes in collision with the claims of Rome, the municipal law must give way.* This principle once established, the most extravagant claims ever put forth by an Innocent or a Boniface will follow as a matter of course. The main attack has been skilfully directed against the King of Prussia, because resistance there will enable the Pope to misrepresent the conduct of an heretic government as an attempt to extirpate the Roman Catholic faith, and thus to

* 'The Church,' says Francis Baron von Droste, 'far from having any resemblance to a state-institution, upon which rights are conferred, or from which they are taken at discretion, is, on the contrary, a self-subsistent, independent society, of which no one can be authorised to narrow its lawfully acquired rights, without its own consent and determination.'—*Ueber Kirche und Staat*, page 33. On pages 63 and 64, he explicitly denies the right of the royal *placet*.

rouse the ignorant and fanatical multitude throughout Europe. The time is equally well chosen. Ever since the peace of 1814, the Roman court has been moving heaven and earth to effect the recovery of the papal power. The first and most startling manifestation of their object was the restoration of the order of Jesuits, on the 7th of August, 1814. For what purpose could an order be restored, of which one of its own generals said, 'We have come in like lambs—we govern like wolves—we shall be driven out like dogs—but, like eagles, we shall renew our strength?' The Jesuits never existed but for one purpose, and could therefore be restored only for one object—the attainment of universal dominion. The Provincial Letters of Pascal, stamped as they have been with papal authority by Innocent XI., who cites them when condemning certain Jesuit casuists, prove, even to the Roman Catholic, that an order which allows the commission of every crime forbidden by God and man, could not do much to advance the cause of religion or morality. The testimony of the whole Roman Catholic world unanimously declares that their practice has been as ruinous as their principles are pernicious. In 1759 they were for high treason expelled from Portugal, and their property confiscated. In 1764 a decree of the King of France dissolved the order in his dominions, as an irreligious, and merely political society. In 1767 they were driven out of Spain, and soon after from Naples and Parma; and at last, in 1773, the Pope himself, after a long and careful inquiry, pronounced that the order was unworthy of longer existence, and by a bull abolished it. In his bull of suppression he denounces it as a society cherishing 'an insatiable avidity of temporal possessions'—'concerning itself about temporal matters, and those relating to political affairs, and the administration of government'—propagating doctrines 'which the Holy See has, with reason, proscribed as scandalous, and manifestly contrary to good morals.' The very fact of its restoration, therefore, demonstrates that the object of the Court of Rome and that of the Jesuits have become identical, and that the former cares as little about the means whereby it is to be attained as the latter.

The characters and principles of the men lately elevated to the papal chair throw still more light upon the Roman projects. On the death of Pius VII. the college of cardinals elected to the office of high pontiff Cardinal della Genga, a man whose life had been notorious, and who, as is well known to those who resided at Munich, when he was there as legate, had no one qualification for the papacy, except his resolution to tread in the steps of Hildebrand. In Pius VIII. they chose a pope of similar sentiments. Gregory XVI. was known as the author of a treatise on papal prerogative,

prerogative, which was no doubt his main recommendation. His pontifical piety, if the Romans speak truth, does not stand much higher than that of Leo XII. Thus the Roman court selected a suitable order to furnish agents, and suitable chiefs to direct them.

One obstacle, however, stood in the way of all their efforts, and that was the exclusively Protestant character of the English nation, and the majestic attitude of the Anglican church. The exhibition of genuine apostolic catholicity exposed the baseness of the Roman counterfeit. The gigantic power which the divine blessing had vouchsafed to the national maintenance of true Christianity made all their efforts unavailing, so long as it continued. Every engine therefore was set at work, both in Great Britain and on the continent, to obtain Popish emancipation. At length, by dint of Irish agitation and foreign political intrigue, the fatal bill was passed, contrary to the will of the people of England—and Rome was enabled to proceed. '*Ita ancipiti malo territi Britannii, et Romanis redit animus.*'

Before the passing of the bill, at the commencement of the Prussian negotiations in 1828, the Pope himself promised every thing that Prussia asked. After that event he forgot his promises, assumed a higher tone, and absolutely refused to do what had at first been agreed to. A Breve and an Instruction on the subject of mixed marriages were issued, apparently making a slight concession, but in reality altering the existing state of things for the worse. The court of Berlin remonstrated, but the Pope was immovable; and the King of Prussia, sincerely desirous of doing impartial justice to his Roman Catholic subjects, and anxious, as far as possible, to conciliate, accepted the papal terms—trusting to the good faith of the Pope, and confiding, like an honest man, in the oaths of his Roman Catholic prelates. Indeed, one of the most remarkable features in this Cologne affair is the openness, straightforwardness, and unsuspecting confidence manifested by the Prussians—the king, the government, and the ambassador at Rome. If conciliation had been possible, their conduct must have effected it; but to conciliate a Romanist, always impossible, was now doubly so. The efforts of the Jesuits had begun to open new prospects to his Holiness. The July revolution, which at first seemed so opposed to the interests of Rome, was, by her plastic policy, turned into the most propitious event that had happened for centuries. The story of Childeric and Pepin was acted over again; and the Pope, treading in the steps of a predecessor, made a friend of the strongest. The tenth Charles, the martyr of Popery, was left to his fate; and Louis Philippe, the child of the revolution, became, as Gregory XVI.

XVI. calls him in his last allocution, 'Our dear Son in Jesus Christ.' To please Russia, and to discourage the revolutionary spirit in his own territories, the Pope, in his encyclical letter, denounced revolutions and civil and religious liberty. But the Popish bishops of Ireland and Belgium, and the leading champions of Popery in France, furnished the practical commentary by openly espousing the ultra-democratic principles, making common cause with the revolutionists, and forming in France a *society for the defence of religious liberty*!

That the simultaneous movement of the Popish clergy in these various countries was no accidental coincidence, but the result of design and organisation, appears from the narrative of De la Mennais, in his 'Affaires de Rome.' He tells us, on page 51—'That the Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland, assembled in synod, determined to testify their gratitude to the editors [of the *Avenir* revolutionary newspaper, for a contribution of 80,000 francs sent to relieve the starving Irish], and in this letter of thanks they call the *Avenir* a *truly Christian journal*.' On page 52 he says—'Similar relations were formed with the Catholics of Ireland and England, and a still more intimate union was established with Belgium, where all the articles of the *Avenir* were reprinted every week, and distributed to more than 5000 subscribers.' Here it is plainly acknowledged that a bond of union and a concerted plan of combined action existed between the Popish demagogues of England, Ireland, France, and Belgium; and it is well known that priestly intrigues drove the Protestant king from Brussels, and made the daughter of Louis Philippe, 'the Pope's dear son in Christ Jesus,' Queen of the Belgians. From the letters of the chaplain, Michaelis, it appears that the Pope's intention was, by means of Belgian priests and Jesuits, to introduce the same spirit of revolution into the Rhine provinces, and that his most favoured sons, Dr. Binterim, a knight of the order of the golden spur, and Baron Droste, an archbishop, were his agents for this purpose. A semi-popish ministry in England, aided by the Dissenters, enabled the Pope to reap the full harvest resulting from these pious labours. A British fleet was sent to coerce the Protestant king of the Netherlands, and the result at least was to advance the designs of Rome. A prime minister of England bade the Protestant bishops of England to set their houses in order, and at a single blow cut off ten bishops of our Church in Ireland. The Dissenters, by a very unaccountable coincidence, adopted the audacious blasphemer De la Mennais' war-cry of *religious liberty*, and entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, against the Protestant Church. The Pope now assumed a still higher

higher tone, though he did not feel that he could openly defy the Protestant powers of Germany. He therefore contented himself with issuing a breve to the bishops of Bavaria on the subject of mixed marriages, as a manifesto of his will, and a preparation for further movements. But as soon as the honest and upright son of George III. was dead, and a company of weak and profligate men manifested their readiness to betray the rights and interests of a young and innocent princess—as soon as England had succumbed to the Popish priesthood, deserted her old allies, taken her natural and hereditary enemy into her arms, and, through an unaccountable infatuation, stripped herself of all means of defence, the Pope threw off the mask, and the Archbishop of Cologne was instructed openly to resist the Protestant King of Prussia, his master. Belgium, the adopted child of France and the foster-child of England, furnished the fulcrum for the Popish engines. The episcopal printing-office of Liege was employed in printing all sorts of seditious and inflammatory trash, for distribution on the Prussian frontier, and the journals of France assisted in raising the cry against Protestant persecution. De Potter himself, after a long silence, lifted up his voice to announce the project of a Belgic-Rhenish confederation. Of course no one believes that the son of old Egalité cares one farthing for the Pope or Popery, except in so far as papal presumption can afford a counterfeit legitimation to the throne of France or the possession of Algiers. But France hates Prussia as cordially as it does England, and would have no small pleasure in humbling an enemy, and at the same time accomplishing its ancient and favourite design of extending its boundary to the Rhine. The Pope knows this, and, reckoning unwaveringly on the help of the 'dear son in Jesus,' and the good will of his vassals, the British ministry, dares, after a lapse of centuries, once more to enter into conflict with a German sovereign.

It would be the height of madness to regard the Pope's conduct as an ebullition of monastic enthusiasm. The court of Rome may encourage fanaticism in others, but was never guilty of this folly itself. The Roman policy has ever been slow, sure, and sagacious. If, therefore, the Pope declares war, and this he has done in his two Allocutions and his *Esposizione*, it is because he has counted the cost, and made provision for the contest. And, truly, never since the Reformation, perhaps never since the days of Boniface VIII., was the position of the Pope so menacing as it is at present. The removal of the papal residence to Avignon made him almost a vassal to France. The Roman schism, and the councils of Constance and Basel, deprived him of his supremacy, and made the existence of a rival church possible.

The

The peace of Westphalia formally and practically decided against his claims as Head of Christendom, and all but reduced his dominion to that of a petty Italian prince. The French revolution stripped him of the last vestige of his former greatness. The folly, indifferentism, and confiding simplicity of Protestant princes, have restored to him the possibility of endeavouring to recover his lost power. England, Prussia, and Russia, were mainly instrumental in reinstating him in the chair of primacy. Austria could never have resisted, and would not have been inclined to resist, their combined will. If they had declared that the Pope had ceased to reign, the Papacy would have been at an end. But England cared nothing about the matter, and the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia, weary of the wars kindled by irreligion and infidelity, and believing, in their simplicity, that Popery would serve as an antidote, decreed the restoration of the Pope as a substantive power—taught the world to believe in the justice of his claim to spiritual dominion by humbly soliciting bulls and breves, and concordats, to allow them to legislate for their own dominions—and thus furnished him with the legal right to intermeddle in their domestic concerns. In this one particular, then, the right to dictate to all sovereigns, Romanist and Protestant, the Vatican stands more firm than it has done since the Avignon secession. The right has, in a certain sense, been guaranteed by a great European peace, and confirmed by the practice of even Protestant princes, for a period of twenty-three years. And well the Pope has repaid his benefactors: they restored and fostered him, that he might lay the storm of infidel democracy—and, lo! he appears as the mighty enchanter, who conjures up the boisterous spirit from the deep for his own purposes. The skill which has combined the discordant elements of fanaticism and liberalism, gives him a power which he never possessed since his palmy days. He has, on the one hand, the priesthood and the blind mass which it wields, and on the other, the widely-extended and equally fanatic movement-party, ready to execute his will. The absurd and most unwise distribution of territory decreed at Vienna has every where furnished him with a field the most favourable for his operations. One principle of the Westphalian peace was, so far as possible, to assign Protestant districts to Protestant, Roman Catholic districts to Roman Catholic sovereigns. Religion was the basis of the distribution. In the last peace it was disregarded. Popish Belgium was united to Protestant Holland—the Popish Rhine provinces to Protestant Prussia—not now to speak of Poland and other countries. Another and mischievous principle of the peace of Westphalia was observed—namely, to place all religions on an equal footing. A combination of political circumstances

cumstances and despotic power lent to this system a temporary show of working well; and one of the arguments that were wont to be used in favour of Roman Catholic 'Emancipation,' was the example of the continental states. But that delusion, like all the others of the kind, has passed away;—time has shown, what common sense (to say nothing of philosophy) ought to have taught, that the contact of two antagonist principles can produce nothing but strife and confusion, never to be terminated until one has reduced the other to subjection. As soon as the favourable moment arrived, the Pope availed himself of his advantages, and Popery soon appeared in the Netherlands and in Prussia, as in Ireland, Canada, and Newfoundland, the implacable and unrelenting enemy of Protestant governments. But besides all this, circumstances over which the Pope had no control have also contributed to the increase of his strength. Revolutionary France, the most bitter enemy of the Papacy, has, both from personal and political considerations, become his friend and the enemy of his enemies. The French troops have withdrawn from Ancona, and *a school of the Propaganda has been established at Paris*, into which many of the Polish refugees have been already received, no doubt for the purpose of forwarding the common designs of Rome and France against Prussia.

Bavaria and its poetical king have fallen totally into the hands of the Jesuits. Russia and Prussia, by the partition of Poland, have added the brave and enthusiastic Poles to the papal array against Protestantism. The former country also is too much engaged with her eastern projects to offer much opposition to the designs of Rome at present. Austria shows her good will to the cause now, by placing her treasures at the disposal of the Pope for the purposes of conversion, and by casting out some of the Tyrolese, her most loyal and valiant defenders, from her bosom. A restoration of the house of Hapsburg to the throne of the Holy Roman Empire is probably the bait held out. And last of all, that nation, that was for near 300 years the great bulwark of Protestantism and the terror of Popery—Protestant England—has become an accomplice in the Popish plot. It is impossible any longer to disguise the truth. The independence of England seems to be fast vanishing into a dream. Already, does not the Pope command Popish bishops and priests to be sent to our colonies—the money-grants for the colonial Protestant clergy to be withdrawn—the murderers and plunderers of Irish Protestants to be pardoned and set at liberty—the commemoration of a Protestant deliverance to be discontinued—the clergy of the Anglican church, from the highest dignitary to the most humble curate, to be publicly insulted; and are not his commands obeyed? Is it not a

fact, that the British Queen's ministers do not dare to ask the opinion of Protestant or English lawyers in matters that concern the maintenance of Protestant law and liberty, but are obliged to follow the advice of the Pope's vassals? Let the following statement of their recent conduct serve as an answer. A short time since, a young foreigner of distinction was about to be married to an English lady, a Protestant. When the day approached, the Roman Catholic priest, who had been applied to, required the bridegroom to sign a paper, which, he said, was a matter of no importance,—a mere formality. But, on examination, the bridegroom found that it was a promise to educate all the children in Romanism. He declined affixing his signature, and the priest refused to perform the marriage service. Recourse was had to the influence of the ambassador, but the priest, pleading the Pope's Allocution, was inexorable. A remonstrance was made to the British cabinet, and Her Majesty's ministers, in council assembled, afraid to act without knowing the will of their Popish masters, referred the case for the opinion of an eminent Roman Catholic lawyer in Ireland. He (O'Loughlin) recommended them to hush the matter up, and advised the parties to be married *first* in the English Church—adding, that then the priest, anxious to meddle in the matter, and fearful of losing all influence, would be glad to perform the service! This anecdote furnishes a curious proof of the readiness of the priests in every part of the world to do the Pope's bidding. How incredible, almost inconceivable, is it that a few words spoken by a feeble old man at Rome should pass as law in every country of Europe! But every other consideration is overwhelmed by the astounding disclosure which it makes of the extent of that subjection which British ministers already yield to Papal masters.

Such is the menacing attitude of the Papacy. Relying on this propitious conjuncture, the Pope declares war against the Protestant King of Prussia, and boasts, *by the mouth of his missionaries*, that heresy shall not long defile *the throne of England*. It is time therefore for the Protestants of Great Britain to awake from their slumbers; to dream any longer of conciliation is madness. England has now for forty years, since the repeal of the penal laws, tried conciliation; and every fresh favour has only helped forward the development of treason. Ireland, saturated with Protestant blood, which has been shed in torrents from the wholesale massacres of 1798 to the murders of the present hour, cries aloud that Popery is a monster whose ferocity can never be tamed. Prussia has pushed conciliation to its utmost limit. She found the Roman Church in the Rhine provinces in a state of deep decline, its priests almost starving, the school department

partment at the very lowest ebb. The pious Protestant king built new churches; organised new parishes; erected and endowed schools, and placed them under the superintendence of the parish priests; founded the university at Bonn; erected and endowed two episcopal seminaries, at Cologne and Treves; contributed 165,000 dollars out of his own pocket for the finishing of the Cologne Cathedral; raised the revenue of the Roman Catholic clergy from 165,566 dollars, which it had been during the French domination, to 259,332 dollars—that is, to almost double; elevated the Roman bishops far above the Protestant clergy in rank, and conferred on them the orders and decorations reserved previously for princes. But Popery is incapable of appreciating kindness, and is dead to the instinct of gratitude. Nothing short of supremacy and the power to persecute her benefactors can satisfy—ascendancy is the object of all her endeavours. The day of conciliation therefore is past, and the hour of determined resistance is come. King Frederic William III. has set us a noble example. However indulgent, almost too indulgent, he has been, he is determined to maintain the laws of the land, and to punish traitors. In consequence of the Allocution of the 10th December, 1837, the Bishop of Paderborn was pleased to declare the convention respecting mixed marriages, to which he was one of the parties, null and void. A report was made to the king—and it produced the following most dignified reply:—

'To the Ministers of State, the Barons Von Altenstein and Von Werther.

'Berlin, January 28, 1838.

'I have learned with astonishment, from your joint report of the 24th of this month, that the Bishop of Paderborn, whose sentiments have often been mentioned to me in the language of commendation, has, from the Papal Allocution of December 10th of last year, taken occasion to declare to you, the minister for spiritual affairs, that he can no longer maintain the convention of the 19th June, 1834, respecting mixed marriages; that he therefore considers it as annulled; and can no longer cause the instruction connected therewith to be executed. I should the less have expected a declaration of this kind from the aforesaid bishop, because neither he, nor the chapter of the cathedral, who are said to have co-operated in the adoption of that resolution, could have forgotten, that in Germany mixed marriages are not among the cases reserved for the papal court; but are placed under the episcopal jurisdiction; that engagements entered into by contract between two parties cannot be dissolved by one without the consent of the other; that the Allocution contains no command addressed to him: and, which is the main point, in my dominions ordonnances of the Roman See, be they called by whatever name they may, can be executed only with the knowledge and approval of the government. The rights and laws of nations would rest upon a tottering foundation, if nothing more were necessary than a

speech delivered at Rome to set them aside. In my dominions I will never suffer such principles to take root. You, therefore, the minister for spiritual affairs, are to refer the Bishop Baron von Ledebur and the Cathedral Chapter of Paderborn to the sentence of the Universal Landrecht, part ii., title xi., § 118, and to inform both, that I do not absolve the bishop or his successors from the engagements taken upon them by the convention of June 19th, 1834. Instead of presumptuously declaring the agreement annulled, his duty was to have officially communicated the points wherein its supposed contradiction to the breve of Pope Pius VIII. of the 25th March, 1830, consisted, and the mode in which the latter was for the future to be executed. It is, however, to be remarked that it is altogether a mistake to suppose, as some authorities seem to have done, that, by the cabinet order of the 17th August, 1825, the Catholic clergy of the Rhineland and Westphalia are unconditionally commanded to pronounce the nuptial benediction upon mixed marriages. On the contrary, they are only forbidden to require, either by word of mouth or by letter, a formal promise concerning the education of the children in the Catholic Religion, because such promise is irreconcilable with the laws of the land respecting the education of children proceeding from mixed marriages, and with the equality of rights pertaining to the Evangelic Religion. The Catholic pastor is not prohibited from making modest inquiries; and if he thinks that he ought not to perform the marriage rites, the decision between him and the betrothed parties, who alone have the right of making any complaint, is to be pronounced by the bishop, whose sentence fixes the matter unalterably, and no further steps can be taken before the civil magistrate. It is the concern of the bishops that they remain faithful to the spirit of the convention of the 19th July, by the mildest possible application of the breve of the 25th March, 1830. This much I expect from them, though having no intention of abridging their liberty as to the mode of understanding particular passages of the instruction, which I leave to their conscience. This you are to communicate to the western bishops, as also to the authorities concerned. You, the minister for foreign affairs, I commission to inform my embassies at foreign courts, particularly at Vienna, Munich, Rome, and Paris, of the contents of this my order, that they may be enabled to meet the erroneous reports there circulated, by stating the truth.

FREDERIC WILLIAM.'

The combination of mildness and firmness manifested in this letter proves that the king feels strong in the righteousness of his cause and the help of his God, and that he is determined to concede nothing of his royal rights either to papal intrigue or popish violence—that he is ready to give to his Roman Catholic subjects every privilege guaranteed to them by European treaties, or by his own promise, but that he is equally resolved to uphold and maintain the civil and religious liberties of the Protestant Church, and to punish Popish treason wherever it may be found. The King of Prussia feels that the hour of resistance is arrived, and

and has therefore openly declared the line of conduct which he means to pursue. The result of a struggle thus begun cannot be doubtful. Popery has never been able to withstand either the arguments or the arms of Protestants; and some, still alive, can remember how a Prussian monarch resisted and overcame the combined force of all the Popish states of Europe. He had but one ally, and that ally was England. But what part is England to take in the present contest? A widely spread and powerful Conspiracy aims at the extirpation of our religion from the world. The constitution of our country, as well as the universal rule of God's providence, has ordained that the possession or loss of the lovely pearl of eternal truth shall depend upon the free choice of the people. None ever lost the truth but those who had ceased to love it; none ever attained to the enjoyment of its blessings but those who learned to prize it above all things. Upon the will of the English people, therefore, the decision of the mighty question now depends; and every free-born son of England has a voice in that decision. The actual position of Popery in this country is the result partly of circumstances, partly of fraud, and therefore only temporary. The slightest manifestation of the national will is sufficient to terminate it. But this manifestation must be made speedily, energetically, and constitutionally. It must be made by the church, with its bishops at their head—by our nobles and representatives in their place in parliament—by the body of the people, on every occasion where they are called upon to exercise their constitutional power. The Romanist, in whatever guise he may appear, whether as the promoter of infidel education, the champion of religious liberty, or the proselyting and intolerant Papist, is the enemy against whom the war of the constitution is to be waged. It is no time for compromise or compliment, but for open, undisguised straightforward resistance. Popery has laid aside the mask; the Pope has himself thrown down the gauntlet, and the people of England must openly declare which side they espouse.

The Protestants of Germany look to their old friend and ally for help. The brave Tyrolese, whom Austria would not suffer to worship the God of their fathers within her borders, cry to us for their brethren and companions' sake, whom they have left behind in oppression. The sons of Luther ask whether they are to fight the battle alone. And let us not forget that they are our brethren in the faith. Their forefathers and ours took sweet counsel together; and, though the unhappy circumstances of the times prevented them from adopting the pure apostolic institution of the priesthood with which we are blessed, our reformers recognised them as children of the same father, and heirs of the same hope. Driven to the bitter

bitter alternative of choosing between the substance of Christianity, the first and great commandment; and a positive institution, they chose that which is eternal, immutable, and which shall never cease. To us God mercifully vouchsafed the divinely-instituted form as well as the living substance of the gospel. But shall we on that account despise our less-favoured brethren, and take to our embrace their mortal enemy and ours? Shall we prefer the claims of those who every year in the solemn season of the holy week anathematise us, our Sovereign, and our magistrates, along with Turks, pirates, and robbers? Shall we recognise perjured traitors and systematic liars as followers of the pure and holy Redeemer, and overlook the similitude of feature presented by truth, good faith, and obedience? Never. Never shall the Church of England be guilty of such infatuation. Sobriety of judgment has for three centuries been the characteristic of the Anglican portion of the Church Catholic, and is not now to be exchanged for that wild fanaticism which confounds shadow and substance, friend and foe. The danger of our German brethren shall not remain unheeded. Rome shall never reckon Anglican Catholics amongst the abettors of her perfidy, or the restorers of her usurped dominion.

But it is not the cry wafted across the German Ocean that calls loudest to the people of England for help. The colonies lift up their voice, implore protection, and ask whether it is the will of this great nation that they should be deprived of the means of religious instruction, and their faithful pastors? Whether the Protestants of England have really decided that Protestant money is to be withdrawn from the Protestant clergy and schools, and be devoted to the endowment of Popish bishoprics, colleges, and monasteries? Whether the mother-country has really determined to renounce her own flesh and blood, and give their food to an army of foreign locusts? Whether the British government intends to sever the only tie by which fair and rich and extensive domains are united to the crown of England, and to transfer them to England's enemies? If a declaration be not speedily made in favour of Protestant loyalty,—if the operations of Roman emissaries be not speedily terminated,—England will soon behold some of her fairest colonies not independent states, but French provinces. Rome is at this present moment advancing the interests of France, because France is helping forward the scheme of Popish ascendancy. It is needless to say that Canada and Newfoundland will be the first to acknowledge the new Gregory's 'dear son.' When Popish priests have completed the preparatory movements, who will be astonished if it should turn out that a blockading squadron now in that part of the world has an object more northern than it professes?

There

There is, however, a cry more near and more touching still. It is the voice of our brethren in Ireland, lamenting over the murdered and mutilated corpses of their clergy and their friends, and crying for justice. It is a cry that the mightiest empire the sun ever saw cannot long neglect with impunity. It is the cry of innocent blood, that pierces even to the throne of God. Murder is a crime that Providence never permits to go unpunished in individuals or nations. Before God and man, England stands convicted of looking on unmoved at the most fearful multiplication of foul and savage murder that ever blotted the history of nations. All civilised Europe stands aghast at the hard-hearted apathy of the British government, and the unconcern with which British journals proclaim their country's infamy. None ascribe the guilt to the ignorant and deluded barbarians who are the immediate instruments. All charge it upon those who have the power to prevent it, and yet connive at its commission. The very first and most easy duty of the most uncivilised government,—the first and most urgent claim of the governed,—is the protection of human life. The governors who cannot, or will not, prevent the effusion of human blood, have not taken the first step towards emerging from the savage state. They have not learned the elementary lesson of their art, and are totally unfit for their office. Such is the judgment which Europe now passes upon British statesmen. The boasted privileges of the British constitution are compared with the most oppressive tyranny of the sternest despot; and the latter is considered not only more tolerable, but infinitely preferable, for it at least secures life from the lawless violence of the infuriated multitude.

England is the governing power. The Protestants of Ireland, though they could and would soon put an end to such lawlessness, know too well their duty as subjects to the crown of England, to take the sword of justice into their own hands. It is against England, therefore, that the spirits of murdered loyalists, now before the throne of God, cry for vengeance. In a free country like this the responsibility rests upon the whole people; and therefore the guilt of Irish murder rests upon every individual who holds his peace; and the curse of murder threatens to enter every habitation, from the palace to the cottage. England has only to declare her will that murder shall cease, and it will be at an end. But the declaration must soon be made, or the Divine justice may perchance let loose those murderous hordes upon the fair fields of that country, which for so many centuries has not been defiled by the foot of an invader. This is what Popery intends. Whilst the Romanist partisans convulse

convulse Europe, Popish priests and French auxiliaries stir up rebellion in the colonies, Russia employs our arms in the east: to Irish Papists, assisted by French and Belgian auxiliaries, is assigned the work of restoring Popish ascendancy in England. Englishmen may smile; but let them remember that the guilt of unavenged murder paralyses the strongest arm, and benumbs the stoutest heart—that all the powers of the universe cannot stay the progress of the Divine vengeance.

ART. V.—*Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians.*

By J. G. Wilkinson, F.R.S., M.R.S.L., &c. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1837.

WE have almost exhausted our Egyptian lore in two articles of our Journal (vol. xliii. p. 112 and vol. liii. p. 105) which we have already devoted to this subject. We cannot, however, in justice to this remarkable book of Mr. Wilkinson, pass it over altogether without notice. This restoration to life, as it were, of the ancient Pharaohs, and their subjects, in the nineteenth century of our æra, is the most extraordinary event in literary or antiquarian history. The ponderous folios of Grævius, Gronovius, and Montfaucon, do not make us so distinctly or intimately acquainted with the nations of far less remote antiquity, as these three volumes with the habits and manners, the arts and culture of a race cotemporary, perhaps, with Abraham or Joseph, and older than Moses. Pompeii itself, with the Museum of Portici, illustrated as they are by all the familiar passages of the Latin writers, scarcely give us a more complete insight into Roman life. We have even turned from Mr. Lane's excellent work on the Modern Egyptians to that of Mr. Wilkinson, and, seated in our study, and comparing the two books, we think that we know scarcely more of the actual Mahometan population of Cairo and Alexandria, than of their forefathers of Thebes and Memphis.

We have before spoken in high terms of the industry and attainments of Mr. Wilkinson. The surpassing interest of his subject has not permitted him to relax in his laborious career: he has devoted himself with unwearied diligence to the acquisition of every kind of knowledge which could bring help or illustration. The result is a full and copious work on Egyptian antiquities, curiously minute in its examination of every vestige which can be discovered of history, usages, or manners—and

at the same time it deserves that praise, so rarely to be awarded to a work of antiquarian research—it is a readable book. The style is lively and unaffected:—the vast extent of information derived from his own personal researches, and a scholarship in which he has evidently been improving himself even since his last publication, is imparted without pedantry or parade. Compared with the rival work of Professor Rosellini (we speak of rivalry in its higher and more generous sense, as the contemporaneous attempt of two distinguished scholars to convey information on the same subject, each in the manner best suited to his tastes and acquirements)—compared with the Italian publication, which indeed is not yet half finished, that of Mr. Wilkinson promises to be more acceptable to the general reader, Rosellini's to the philologist. Our readers are aware that the Italian work is published, at the expense of the Tuscan government, in a more splendid and costly form; the designs were made by professed draughtsmen, employed for the purpose, by the same liberal patronage. Mr. Wilkinson has depended on his own pencil; and his researches, during a twelve years' sojourn in Egypt, have been at his own cost. But for the popular purpose of conveying information, and even in some respects of truth and beauty, the smaller woodcuts in Mr. Wilkinson's book are at least as useful, and, since splendour of execution is not so much to be desired as conscientious accuracy, as much to be admired as those in the more expensive publication. We have not, we acknowledge, compared to any extent the delineation of the same objects in the two works; but our impression in turning occasionally from one to the other, is that of their exact correspondence, and therefore favourable to the fidelity of both.

But we must not dismiss Rosellini's work without expressing our strong sense of that point, in which appears to us to consist its peculiar merit. It is the extraordinary diligence, and frequent felicity with which the author illustrates the philological part of the inquiry. No one, who has not carefully studied the volumes of Professor Rosellini, can fairly judge the claims of the phonetic system of interpretation, on the belief of the dispassionate inquirer. In the sculptures and paintings, from which the representations of Egyptian life and manners are taken, the different objects, whether animate or inanimate, whether men in their different classes or occupations, birds or beasts, utensils or instruments, are frequently accompanied with brief legends in hieroglyphical characters. There can be no doubt that these inscriptions relate to the subject of the sculpture or painting, and contain the name or title of the man, the occupation on which he is employed, and the ancient Egyptian appellation of the

the animal or other object. As in our old drawings and prints the artist charitably informed the spectator what and whom the odd buildings and figures before him were intended to represent, so for those who could read hieroglyphics, the same brief written comment or explanation was appended to the design. By this, and, we are inclined to say, by this alone, the interpreters of hieroglyphics have been able to proceed with tolerable certainty beyond the proper names of persons—or the few titles of such constant recurrence as to admit of little doubt—or those words of which the determinate sign, being a rude representation of the object, established the meaning. But it is curious, and from the collective mass of evidence which is perpetually accumulating in Rosellini's work, to us convincing, how perpetually these descriptive legends, read according to the theory of Young and Champollion, furnish words and names identical with, or closely analogous to, the Coptic appellations of the same objects. It is in tracing out these remarkable analogies that the industry, ingenuity, and erudition of Professor Rosellini are so eminently displayed. The Coptic version of the Scriptures is of singular utility in advancing these researches, as offering a large collection of words, not merely from the ordinary and current language, but those which belong in some degree to the religious vocabulary, or to usages common to all eastern nations. We do not mean to assert that much is not still arbitrary and conjectural in the interpretation of the hieroglyphic language: if the critical study of the subject should be pursued by competent scholars, many errors may hereafter be detected; from the recurrence of the same signs in different combinations, the Professor himself may modify many of his positions. Yet, on the whole, we cannot but think that the main principles of the phonetic interpretation gain new confirmation from each of his successive volumes.

This, however, which has been one of the main objects of the Italian work, occupies a very subordinate place in that of Mr. Wilkinson. It is the people, not the language, to which his inquiries are devoted. He gives the results rather than the process of his investigations. In fact, though in the details of the ancient history, the foreign wars and alliances, the names of the enemies, subjects, and captives of the Osirtasens and Remeses, Mr. Wilkinson uses the phonetic system as his key to the treasures of historic knowledge—as he reads the names of the kings, their date, and the period of their reigns, according to the system of Young and Champollion,—yet this is merely as the comment or interpretation of the more intelligible records, the sculptures on the walls and the paintings in the tombs.

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*

His

His descriptions are not made out from the mere uncertain and less vivid authority of written language, but transcribed in their actual existence from the designs, whether in colour or in marble, and explained in his laborious and accurate verbal commentary. We see the whole of Egyptian life before us, and are only informed what the rude and sometimes imperfect outline was meant by the artist to represent, from the occasional assistance of the hieroglyphic description. A very small portion therefore of the value of Mr. Wilkinson's work rests on the phonetic system: we should reduce his volumes not much in compass, and still less in interest, if we were to erase from them all which depends on the credibility or incredibility of Champollion's interpretation of hieroglyphics.

Whoever then is curious to know how these primeval inhabitants of the valley of the Nile worshipped their gods, and warred with their neighbours, and with foreign nations—how they were armed and disciplined—how they laid siege to and stormed cities—how they exercised judgment, and feasted, and buried their dead—how they danced and sang, and played on instruments of music, and wrestled and tumbled—how they ploughed, and sowed, and reaped, and gathered fruit, and cultivated the vine, and plucked the grapes, and trampled them in the wine-press—how they built, and made bricks, and drew enormous weights, and clove wood, and practised carpentry in all its branches; how they hunted and shot, and snared birds and caught fish—how they killed, and cooked, and served up their dinner, and ate, and got tipsy—how the ladies dressed their hair, and painted, and gossiped, and flirted—how they laid out their gardens and houses—how they furnished and adorned them—how they built and rigged their boats and barks, and rowed or floated on the Nile; all this and much more may be found in Mr. Wilkinson's entertaining volumes. The Egyptian was determined to make his sepulchre, his more lasting mansion, as like as possible to the more temporary scenes through which his soul had passed in its course of transmigration in this state of being. Accordingly, upon all walls,

‘ Each change of many-colour'd life he drew;’

and Mr. Wilkinson presents us here with a faithful and compendious transcript of this various picture.

The religion of Egypt, the most curious subject relating to this extraordinary people, has received less elucidation from the recent discoveries, than their history and manners. Both Mr. Wilkinson and Professor Rosellini have for the present declined this profound and mysterious investigation. They have been warned perhaps by the unsatisfactory result of Champollion's ‘*Pantheon Egyptien*,’ which is generally acknowledged to be a premature and

and inconclusive work. The Germans have just sent out a translation of our countryman Dr. Prichard's 'Egyptian Mythology'—a kind of acknowledgment that this is, as yet, the best book upon the subject. A preface has been supplied by A. W. Schlegel, chiefly relating to the comparison of the Egyptian with the old Indian religion, in which Dr. Prichard seemed to enter the peculiar domain of that distinguished Sanscrit scholar. But M. Schlegel has not confined himself to this part of the subject. This introduction contains, in a few pregnant pages, the results of his laborious researches on many of the most momentous questions of antiquity. Those researches have been so profound and extensive, as to entitle him to a respectful hearing, and we take the opportunity of noticing this short publication, because, being prefixed to the translation of an English work, it may not become generally known in this country. M. Schlegel has arrived, through his own investigations, without reference to any preconceived theory, or deference to any established authority, at the conviction, that mankind, at least civilised mankind, commenced with one language and one religion—that religion Monotheism:—

'Our history of the world, which, in comparison with the age of mankind, is very recent, shows many, and some apparently incredible, conquests and migrations, chiefly of Nomadic hordes. Yet we find most nations, especially the agricultural, at the most remote antiquity to which our knowledge reaches, settled in the same habitations, which were afterwards the scene of their activity and peculiar development. The migrations which lay beyond the period of historical tradition were forgotten; not a few races maintained that their forefathers were autochthons, sprung from the soil. But their languages display the nearer or more remote ramifications of one mother tongue throughout this collective human family, and show that in a very remote and undefinable primeval period, migrations over a vast surface of the earth had taken place from one common primitive dwelling. This is no hypothesis, but a fact, if not demonstrated, so certainly established, that it cannot but be recognised in all investigations of primitive history.'—p. vii.

With regard to the religion, M. Schlegel further observes—

'The more I investigate the ancient history of the world, the more I am convinced that the civilised nations set out from a purer worship of the Supreme Being; that the magic power of Nature over the imagination of the successive human races, first, at a later period, produced polytheism, and, finally, altogether obscured the more spiritual religious notions in the popular belief; while the wise alone preserved within the sanctuary the primeval secret. Hence mythology appears to me the last developed and most changeable part of the old religion. . . . The divergence of the various mythologies, therefore, proves nothing against the descent of the religions from a common source. The mythologies might be locally formed, according to the circumstances of climate or soil;

soil; it is impossible to mistake this with regard to the Egyptian Myths.—*Schlegel*, p. xvi.

The religion of Egypt, we have observed, does not derive much new light from the discoveries either in hieroglyphics or the paintings in the tombs. The reason is obvious. All that these can communicate is the outward form of the religion, the mythological representations, or at most some portions of the ritual, which Champollion and his disciples have deciphered in different places. But with the outward form of the religion, the names, attributes, and local worship of the various deities, we were before acquainted, from statues and relievos, from the works of the Greeks, and the various sources out of which the learned Jablonsky, during the last century, compiled his '*Pantheon Ægyptiorum*.' But it is the recondite meaning of all this ceremonial, the secret of these mysteries, the key to this curious symbolism, which is still wanting. That it was a profound Nature-worship there appears no doubt; that the '*wisdom of the Egyptians*,' in its moral and political influence upon the people, was a lofty and beneficial code, may be assumed from the reverence with which it is treated by the Greek writers; by the awe-struck Herodotus, who trembled lest he should betray the mysteries, with which he was probably by no means profoundly acquainted; by Plato himself, by Diodorus, and by Plutarch. That its groundwork was the great oriental principle of the emanation of all things from the primal Deity—and probably, the reabsorption in the Deity—seems equally beyond question. The worship of the sun, as the image, or representative, or primary emanation from the Deity, is confirmed by almost all the inscriptions, and indeed by the first principles of the hieroglyphic language. But the connexion of this sublimer and more metaphysical creed with that which, whether or not it was of purer origin, degenerated into the grossest superstition, the worship of animals, reptiles, and vegetables, remains still a sealed mystery. Heeren supposed that this was the original rude fetichism of the African tribes, upon which the Asiatic race, from whom, without doubt, sprung the higher orders of the Egyptians, engrafted their profound political religion. Dr. Prichard, on the authority of Porphyry and Plutarch, connects it with the emanative theory. Certain influences or radiations of the superhuman Power were incorporated in all living things; the useful animals were manifestations of the beneficent, the noxious of the hostile or Typhonian principle. To each were paid their appropriate honours; to the former that of gratitude, to the latter that of religious fear. This is an ingenious and plausible hypothesis; but we should be glad to receive some further confirmation from writings or monuments of higher and more undoubted antiquity: On

On one religious subject, a subject at least closely connected with religion, Professor Rosellini expands at some length, we might have written, prolixity. It is curious to see how M. Schlegel has compressed into a few sentences, observations which appear to spread spontaneously over two or three pages of 'choice Italian;' for, excepting in a few master hands, Italian prose seems to have an irresistible propensity to run out into redundant words and intricate sentences.

In a former article (vol. liii. p. 131, *et seq.*) we introduced this subject, and gave some of the various opinions of the learned—among the rest of Rosellini himself. But further consideration seems to have opened new views upon his mind, and in his recent volume we find a theory, if not absolutely original, yet a different modification of what had been before advanced, and wrought up with such ingenuity as at least to deserve serious attention.

Religion presided over, if it did not originate, the care of the Egyptians for their dead—the construction of those sumptuous and more enduring palaces, where the kings of the earth reposed—the vast rock-hewn pits or caverns for the meaner people. The whole art of embalming the body, the preparing, bandaging, anointing—in short, the whole process of forming the mummy, was a sacerdotal function. The difficulty is to ascertain the origin and the connexion of this remarkable practice, which, though it has prevailed in various forms in other countries, has never been so universal, so national an usage, as in ancient Egypt, with the religious dogmas and sentiments of the people. The origin may undoubtedly be traced to the local circumstances of the country. In Egypt, the cremation of the dead, the only practice which has prevailed to any great extent besides burial—the exposure to wild beasts and to the fowls of the air was a peculiar rite of Zoroastrianism—was impracticable. Egypt produces little timber; and of its few trees, the most part, the date palm and other fruit trees, are too valuable for common consumption. Much of their ornamental carpentry is clearly of foreign woods. The *burial* of the dead then was the only alternative. But, independent of the value of the land for agricultural purposes in the thickly-peopled state of the country, the annual inundation of the Nile would have washed up the bodies, and generated pestilence. The chains of rocky mountain on each side of the valley offered themselves as intended by nature for their sepulchres. Yet the multitudes of the dead could not safely be heaped together in a state of decomposition, even in the profoundest chambers of these rocks, without danger of breeding pestilential airs. From those fatal epidemic plagues which now so perpetually desolate the country, by all accounts ancient Egypt

was remarkably free; and it owed this, no doubt, in a great degree, to the universal practice of embalming the dead, which cut off one main source of noxious vapours. It was, in the first instance then, a wise sanitary regulation. It was subsequently taken up by the sacerdotal lawgivers, and incorporated with the civil and religious (for in Egypt they were identical) constitution of the country. Laws, in fact, more frequently grow out of usages, than inculcate new and unknown usages upon a people. But the curious point is to ascertain in what manner it was moulded up with the religious feeling; with what first principles of the faith it was associated, so as to become not merely a prudential practice, but an holy duty. We translate from Signor Rosellini—

‘The lawgivers of the people having recognised the necessity of this provision for the public health, took care to secure its universal and perpetual practice, by associating it with that one of the principal doctrines of religion, which is most profoundly rooted in the heart of man, and which is of the most vital importance to the private welfare of each individual. They either taught, or found the immortality of the soul a part of the universal creed; they added the metempsychosis, the transmigration of the soul. Every soul, when it departed from the body, had to pass through a long predestined cycle, entering successively into the bodies of various animals, until it returned in peace to its original dwelling. Whosoever that body which it had last left became subject to corruption, the course of its migrations was suspended, the termination of its long journey and its ardently desired return to the higher worlds was delayed.’

Professor Rosellini had before suggested the somewhat analogous feeling of the Greeks, who supposed that the ghosts of the unburied dead wandered along the shores of the Infernal Styx, and could not enter into Elysium till the rites of sepulture were duly performed:—

‘Hence every care was taken, as we see by so many proofs, to preserve the bodies not merely of men but of animals, and to secure them for ever from perishing through putrefaction. The greatest attention therefore was bestowed on this work, which was enforced by severe and sacred laws; certain orders of the priesthood were expressly destined for its due execution; it was solemnly performed with religious rites and processions; and the piety and the interest of each individual took part in the ceremony. It is natural to suppose, that in order to render so important an usage inviolable, it was taught that there was great merit in co-operating in its performance, while those who impeded or neglected its fulfilment were threatened with severe chastisement. We have a manifest proof of this in Herodotus, who relates that whenever a body was found, whether of an Egyptian or a stranger, either seized by a crocodile or drowned in the Nile, the city upon whose territory the body was cast was irrevocably compelled to take charge of the body, to have it embalmed and

and buried with the highest honours in the sacred sepulchres; and that it was not lawful for the relatives or friends of the dead to touch it, but that the priests of the Nile took it under their charge, treating it as something more sacred than an ordinary corpse. (Herod. ii. 90.) The scope of this law is evident, by which it was provided that the body of any person who should accidentally die at a distance from his friends, should not be left to rot, without any one taking it under his care. It is moreover natural to suppose, that the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul into the bodies of animals should be skilfully adapted to the wants and conveniences of life; so that those animals, whose bodies were not preserved, because they served for the food of man, were excluded from the cycle of these transmigrations.'—tom. iii. p. 314.

After having accomplished its revolution of 3000 years, the soul returns again (according to Herodotus) to the human body; and if it might be presumed, that it was to reanimate that same form which had been preserved with such faithful care, and had reposed in its subterranean dwelling till it should be revisited by its former occupant, these various dogmas would blend harmoniously together; and the principle on which the conservation of the body was made a religious duty would be sufficiently distinct. Our authority, however, for the Egyptian belief in the resurrection of the body, is far from satisfactory. It is distinctly asserted indeed by Saint Augustine: '*Ægyptii soli credunt resurrectionem, quia diligenter curant cadavera mortuorum; morem enim habent siccare corpora, et quasi ænea reddere.*' (Serm. cccxi. de Resurrect. Mortuor. c. xii.) This theory has been adopted by Mr. Hamilton in his *Ægyptiaca*, but, in the opinion of Professor Rosellini, has been successfully combated by Dr. Prichard. As to the authority of Saint Augustine, the Fathers were so much inclined to discover the peculiar doctrines of Christianity in the older religions, that their opinions on such points must be received with caution. Yet with the admitted fact, that the Egyptians believed in the return of the soul, after its 3000 years' cycle of metempsychosis, or rather metemstomatosis, in inferior animals, to the human body, and the manifest care taken to preserve the actual individual body, it is difficult not to suppose some close connexion between the two doctrines. The Pythagoreans, it is well known, believed in the transmigration of the soul through various human bodies; they would not, therefore, have any reason to preserve the particular tenement. The soul of Pythagoras would have been perplexed on passing back from animal to human being, whether it was to resume the body of the philosopher, or the handsome form of Euphorbus, which it occupied during the Trojan war; but it does not appear, as far as we remember, that, according to the *Egyptian* transmigration, the soul returned to any human body, till after the lapse of the 3000 years. We

are not altogether satisfied with this explanation; nor do we deny or disguise the objection as to the insufficiency of proof, that any resurrection of the body was an Egyptian tenet. Still the fixed cycle of migration might seem to imply a return not only to the same state of being, but to the identical body; the delinquencies of which having been gradually purged away in this long probation, it might then become fit to reascend in the order of being, and finally to be reabsorbed in the Deity.

Another difficulty arises in harmonising the various Egyptian doctrines—the apparent discrepancy between the solemn judgment, delivered by Osiris, the Lord of Amenti, in the infernal regions, *immediately after* the departure of the soul from the body. Its final doom might appear to be there fixed, so as to be inconsistent with the transmigration of the soul. Here, however, the monuments promise to afford us some light:—‘A painting representing this doctrine exists in the royal tombs of Biban el Moluk. Osiris is sitting *pro tribunali*; by him the souls are undergoing their judgment, and their actions are being weighed in the balance of Amenti: that of which the actual judgment is taking place, is found to merit an unfavourable destiny, and is seen cast back to the earth, into the unclean body of a swine.’ (Rosellini, iii. p. 303.) The professor is confident in his own interpretation of this painting, but proposes in a future volume, that which is to relate to religion, an examination of the different opinions advanced by the learned.

As it is necessary for us, in order to convey any notion of the fullness and particularity of Mr. Wilkinson’s illustration of Egyptian manners, to select some one of the various subjects contained in his work, we shall take their *social life*, as one of the most curious and amusing. We pass over, therefore, the first volume, which contains the historical inquiries, having already dwelt at considerable length on this part of the subject; and, in truth, not finding that we have advanced much farther towards the satisfactory solution of the more curious chronological questions. The race to which the Hyksos, the shepherd conquerors, belonged; the founders of the pyramids; the date of the entrance of Joseph into Egypt; the Pharaoh to whom he was the minister; that of the Exodus; the Asiatic and other nations against whom the military sovereigns waged war; the limits to which their dominions were extended—these still remain among those questions on which learned men may frame theories to the satisfaction of their parental affection for the children of their own ingenuity, but far from conclusive to the dispassionate reader. The discoveries of Colonel Vyse, as far as they have been communicated to the public, seem to promise some valuable information with regard to

the pyramids. According to a specimen-sheet of his costly work, a name, which, with some of that transposition which the hieroglyphic interpreters permit themselves, approaches tolerably near to that of Mycerinus, has been read on the top of a sarcophagus found in the third pyramid, and that pyramid is assigned by Herodotus to Mycerinus. But we anxiously await the details of the cartouche or legend said to have been found in the great pyramid, which is said to confirm the authority of Manetho, who assigns it to King Suphis, and will at all events settle the question of the people by whom they were constructed. That we should discover the extinct, perhaps, or dispersed nations of Asia and Africa, subdued by the Egyptian conquerors, in the appellatives on the monuments, is in itself highly improbable, considering the vicissitudes undergone by the nations themselves; the various names by which they were often known (*e. g.*, Hebrews, Jews, Israelites), and the different form which the same name might assume in another language. Mr. von Hammer, in a review of Wilkinson's work in the *Vienna Jahr-bucher*, has pointed out one or two curious analogies. The *Tokhari* are evidently a Tartar people—'quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos.' (See plate vi. p. 369.) The Byzantine writers sometimes call the Tartars Tocharoi, and there is still a Persian district called Tocharistan. *Kufa* reads like the country at the mouth of the Euphrates; and *Pount* naturally, though the productions of the country do not quite suit that colder climate, suggests Pontus, and the Colchian colony of Sesostris. In the *Sheta* we seem to recognise the Scythæ; *Lemanon* (Lebanon) and *Kanana* (Canaan) seem clearly made out. We pass, however, gladly from the dim region of conjecture to that of reality.

Egyptian society did not want that first charm, the presence of females. Eastern jealousy had not yet secluded the fair sex in the harem. They appear *unveiled*, and, though according to Mr. Wilkinson, usually seated together at one end of the apartment during the reception of guests, it was the want of gallantry among the men, rather than rigid usage, which kept them thus apart, even for that short time, from general conversation. Female influence might attain its utmost height among this wise and primitive people. No Salic law prohibited their accession to the throne; the Egyptian annals might boast their Semiramis or Elizabeth. Even the degree of seclusion imposed among modest females in Greece, or self-enacted by the severity and dignity of the Roman matron in the better ages of the republic, seems to have been disdained, or thought either inexpedient or impracticable on the shores of the Nile. Diodorus indeed asserts in plain terms, not merely the liberty, but the sovereignty, of the

the Egyptian ladies. That awkward word 'obey,' which has been so ungallantly intruded into our marriage ceremony, and enforced by male legislators on the unresisting weakness of the softer sex, was actually pronounced in Egypt by lordly man, and was even stipulated in the marriage contract. We must quote in sonorous Greek as well as in English, this long-lost charter of female supremacy—

προσπομολογούντων τῶν γαμούντων πάντα πειθαρχήσιν τῇ γαμουμένῃ.

The husband, in addition to the article in the contract of dowry that the lady should be *lord* of the husband (κυριεύειν τὴν γυναῖκα τῶνδρος) pledged himself that in *all things* (no exception or limitation was permitted, no honest man after such an oath could make any mental reservation) he would be *obedient to his wife*. Diod. Sic. i. 27. We must make the sad confession, that sometimes this freedom was abused: a memorable occasion in the Book of Genesis will occur to every one,—and to be serious, as it becomes us while making such references, it is impossible not to remark in that, as in countless other instances, the strict accordance of the sacred history with the manners and usages of particular ages and countries. In most eastern countries, especially at a later period, the scene in the chamber of the wife of Potiphar, instead of being apparently easy and without impediment, in a royal or a wealthy harem would have been difficult if not impossible.*

We regret to find from Mr. Wilkinson's book that the malignity of satire, or rather of caricature, imputed certain other failings to the Egyptian ladies. That which the voracious General Pillet asserted to be practised in private by English females, and one of our female travellers has charged upon her transatlantic sisters, is represented as the melancholy consequence, apparently, of a public banquet. We intreat our fair readers,

* We have recently seen in a certain ultra-rationalist work, on the Book of Genesis, the mention of the vine in the 40th chapter, adduced as an inaccuracy, tending to confirm the author's theory—to wit, the recent compilation of the Mosaic writings. But we must prefer the authority of the paintings, about which there can be no mistake, and which show the whole process of cultivating the vine, gathering grapes, and making wine, as a common usage, to that of Herodotus, who appears to assert, ii. 77, that there were no vines in Egypt. There may not have been in the small part of Egypt with which Herodotus was acquainted; and if so, he might hear or see nothing of the matter. Mr. Wilkinson, at least, from many not trifling errors and vulgarities, entertains a suspicion that Herodotus did not live in the best society during his stay in Egypt.—Vol. ii. p. 398.—Mr. W. S. Rose, in his 'Man of the last Century' (a curious congeries of sense and pleasantry), has a good story of his being in company at Paris with two French Abbés soon after the Restoration, when they were at daggers drawn on the question whether silver forks were or were not used in England. Mr. Rose asked, on being appealed to, how these gentlemen had spent the time of their English exile? The one had been chaplain to Lord Shrewsbury—the other Usher in a school at Highgate!

who have a proper sense of the dignity of their sex, to avert their eyes from the engraving in page 167 of Mr. Wilkinson's second volume. We trust that our admonition will have more effect than those of Blue Beard and Rousseau, of whom it is said, that his warning in the preface to the *Heloise*, that no virtuous woman ought to read that book, acted as an advertisement in his licentious age, and secured the admission of his book into every boudoir in Paris. We have inadvertently, however, come to the end of our dinner party before we have begun it. '*Bélier, mon ami, commence par le commencement.*'

'In their entertainments they appear to have omitted nothing which could promote festivity and the amusement of the guests. Music, songs, dancing, buffoonery, feats of agility, or games of chance, were generally introduced, and they welcomed them with all the luxuries which the cellar and the table could afford. The party, when invited to dinner, met about mid-day, and they arrived successively in their chariots, in palanquins borne by their servants, or on foot. Sometimes their attendants carried a sort of parasol to shade them from the sun, as represented in the accompanying wood-cut, which in the present



instance appears to have been of leather, stretched over a light frame; but those which were borne behind, and belonged exclusively to, the king, were composed of feathers, and were not very unlike the flabella carried

carried on state occasions behind the Pope, in modern Rome. The same custom prevailed in Persia, and other eastern countries; and in the sculptures of Persepolis, we have a satisfactory instance of the use of a parasol, or umbrella, which bears a greater resemblance to those of the present day, and conveys a better idea of its form, than an Egyptian artist would have given; though, from their general character, presenting so strong an analogy to those of Egypt, we may suppose many of these sculptures executed by captives taken from Thebes at the Persian conquest.—*Wilkinson*, vol. ii. pp. 207, 208.

‘As usual in all countries, some of the party arrived earlier than others; and the consequence, or affectation of fashion, in the person who now drives up in his curricule, is shown by his coming some time after the rest of the company; one of his footmen runs forward to knock at the door, others, close behind the chariot, are ready to take the reins, and to perform their accustomed duties; and the one holding his sandals in his hand, that he may run with greater ease, illustrates a custom, still common in Egypt, among the Arabs and peasants of the country; who find the power of the foot greater when freed from the incumbrance of a shoe.’—*ibid.* p. 210.



Persian sculptures.

Figs. 1, 2, 3. Attendants bearing a parasol and flylap over a Persian chief, in some sculptures of Persepolis, which have a very Egyptian character. Fig. 4. Is evidently borrowed from the winged globe.

[See wood-cut in next page.]

The guests were received either in the dining-parlour on the ground floor, or the drawing-room in the first story. These rooms were splendidly furnished with chairs of every shape and form, with ottomans, couches, stools, footstools, and carpets or mats. The theory of the late Mr. Sheridan, adopted not so much from his classical taste as from his constitutional indolence, that lying or reclining was the natural posture of man, and that we borrowed the practice of sitting from the monkey, derives no confirmation from the ancient Egyptian usage. They sate, and did not recline on couches, during their meals. Their chairs

were

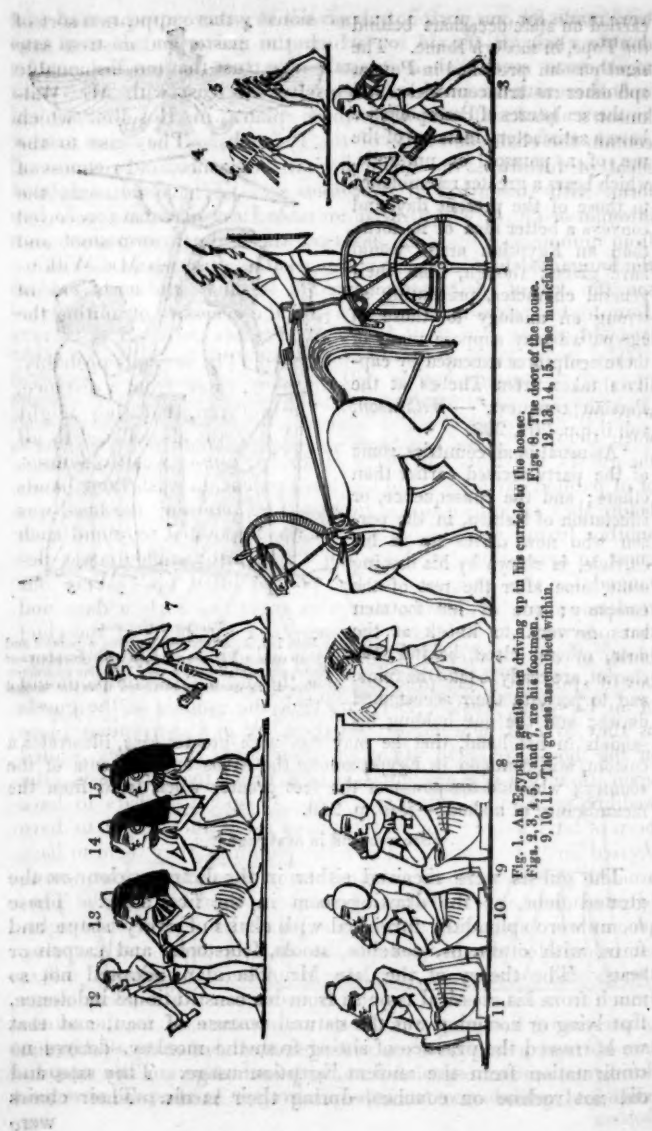


Fig. 1. An Egyptian gentleman driving up in his curriole to the house.
 Figs. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, are his footmen.
 Figs. 8, 9, 10, 11. The guests assembled within.
 Figs. 12, 13, 14, 15. The musicians.

were made for one person, but occasionally there appears a sort of double chair or throne, on which the master and mistress sate together to receive their guests. We trust that our fashionable upholsterers have provided themselves at least with Mr. Wilkinson's book, if not with those plates in Rosellini which contain the chairs and sofas of the Pharaohs. They rise to the ideal of furniture; the union of grace, elegance, and richness of form, with strength and convenience. We have not only the ottoman or divan, which the immutable East may have received from immemorial tradition, but even the folding camp-stool and the kangaroo chair! What is remarkable, observes Mr. Wilkinson, the skill of their cabinet-makers 'even in the early era of Joseph, had already done away with the necessity of uniting the legs with bars.'

Our guests are now arrived and seated. The servants probably, like those of Joseph, when any strangers came from a distance, were ordered 'to fetch water for the brethren, that they might wash their feet before they ate.' Water was also offered to all the guests, in basins and ewers of gold; in more wealthy houses, or of painted earthenware in the less opulent, to wash their hands before they sate down to the table. The anointing the head was another luxury, for which a servant was appointed to attend each guest in succession; we know not whether the coiffeure was deranged for this purpose, or the peruke lifted up—(Were our readers aware, by the way, that wigs are of so early a date, and that one exists which may have covered the head of the chief butler or chief baker of Pharaoh's household?)—The alabaster-box of spikenard very precious' was the ordinary accompaniment of an Egyptian feast. 'Servants took the sandals of the guests as they arrived, and either put them by in a convenient place in the house, or held them on their arm while they waited upon them.' The presentation of a dress to the guests (the wedding-garment alluded to in the Gospels) appears to have been of later usage; nor do the guests seem themselves to have *dressed* for the occasion. From the paintings they seem to have avoided sad and gloomy colours; but this, as far as our knowledge extends, appears to have been the general habit of the people, unless it was the taste of the painters to choose the brightest colours for the purposes of the art; the dress itself, during these visits, neither in form nor richness of ornament, differs from the ordinary attire on other occasions. The pretty usage of presenting flowers to the guests we recommend to the attention of those patriotic ladies, who open their houses to all London during the spring season, and vie with each other in the munificence and splendour of their hospitality. 'At the time of enter-

ing

ing the saloon, a lotus flower was presented to each guest, who held it in his hand during the entertainment. A garland was thrown round the neck, or wreathed round the head, or a single bud or full blown flower was gracefully disposed so as to hang over the forehead. The adoption of this practice would be a happy union of the useful and agreeable; it would be a novelty, and no doubt create 'a sensation in the fashionable world,' and promote at the same time the interests of horticulture.

'The guests being seated, and having received these tokens of welcome, wine was offered them by the servants. To the ladies it was generally brought in a small vase, which, when emptied into the drinking cup, was handed to an under servant, or slave, who followed; but to the men it was frequently presented in a one-handled goblet, without being poured into any cup, and sometimes in a large or small vase of gold, silver, or other materials. Nor does it appear to have been the custom of the Egyptians to provide each guest with his own cup, as among the ancient Greeks, though we have evidence of its having been the case in some instances, and one was kept exclusively for the use of the master of the house.'—pp. 219, 220.

'The practice of introducing wine at the commencement of an entertainment, or before dinner had been served up, was not peculiar to this people; and the Chinese, to the present day, offer it at their parties, to all the guests, as they arrive, in the same manner as the ancient Egyptians. We also find that they drank wine during the repast; perhaps, also, to the health of one another, or of an absent friend, like the Romans; and if they had no *rex convivii*, or president, to encourage hilarity, or to check excess, we may conclude that the master of the house recommended a choice wine, and pledged them to the cup. They sometimes crowned the bowl with wreaths of flowers, a custom prevalent also among the Greeks and Romans, and a vase filled with blossoms of the lotus was frequently placed on a stand before the master of the house, or presented to him by a servant.'—pp. 221, 222.

On the introduction of music into convivial entertainments Signor Rosellini and Mr. Wilkinson are rather at issue. The professor conceives that the grave and serious Egyptians entertained such lofty notions of the divine origin and the effects of music, that they would shrink from profaning its dignity by devoting it to the service of luxury or amusement.

'The monuments and the relations of the historians prove that the ancient Egyptians introduced music only in their religious worship, and in their funeral rites; and secondly, in certain civil and domestic ceremonies, which retained something of a religious character; everything in fact which was good and useful among this people being connected with religion; and certain rites of domestic religion being customarily maintained in every private dwelling.'—*Rosellini*, v. p. 78.

Mr. Wilkinson is of opinion, and some of his engravings appear to bear him out in his notion, that besides the solemn occasions

on which the sacred music and poetry were introduced, hired performers were admitted to their private and more convivial banquets. From the ancient melodies and consecrated words of the higher ritual music, it would have been esteemed sacrilege, as Plato informs us, to admit the least deviation. As statuary and painting had their established forms, settled for ever by the 'wisdom of their ancestors,' so had the choirs of sacred musicians their chants and hymns. Plato professes to admire the profound sagacity with which the Egyptians made those arts the subjects of legislation, 'whence their pictures and their statues were neither better nor worse a thousand years before than in his time.' If Plato's countrymen had adopted in this respect the wisdom of the Egyptians, and made it a matter of religion not to depart from the stiff forms, the conventional attitudes, of her earlier art, and which were probably consecrated by a kind of religious veneration, where would have been their Phidias and Praxiteles?

'It is sufficiently evident, from the sculptures of the ancient Egyptians, that their hired musicians were acquainted with the triple symphony; the harmony of instruments; of voices; and of voices and instruments. Their band was variously composed, consisting either of two harps, with the single pipe and flute; of the harp and double pipe, frequently with the addition of the guitar; of a fourteen-stringed harp, a guitar, lyre, double pipe, and tambourine; of two harps, sometimes of different sizes, one of seven, the other of four, strings; of two harps of eight chords, and a seven-stringed lyre; of the guitar, and the square or oblong tambourine; of the lyre, harp, guitar, double pipe, and a sort of harp with four strings, which was held upon the shoulder; of the harp, guitar, double pipe, lyre, and square tambourine; of the harp, two guitars, and the double pipe; of the harp, two flutes, and a guitar; of two harps and a flute; of a seventeen-stringed lyre, the double pipe, and a harp of fourteen chords; of the harp and two guitars; or of two seven-stringed harps and an instrument held in the hand, not unlike an eastern fan, to which were probably attached small bells, or pieces of metal that emitted a jingling sound when shaken, like the crescent-crowned bells of our modern bands; besides many other combinations of these various instruments; and in the Bacchic festival of Ptolemy Philadelphus, described by Athenæus, more than 600 musicians were employed in the chorus, among whom were 300 performers on the cithara. Sometimes the harp was played alone, or as an accompaniment to the voice; and a band of seven or more choristers frequently sang to it a favourite air, beating time with their hands between each stanza. They also sang to other instruments, as the lyre, guitar, or double pipe, or to several of them played together, as the flute and one or more harps, or to these last with a lyre, or a guitar. It was not unusual for one man or one woman to perform a solo; and a chorus of many persons occasionally sang at a private assembly without any instrument, two or three beating time at intervals

intervals with the hand. Sometimes the band of choristers consisted of more than twenty persons, only two of whom responded by clapping their hands; and in one instance I have seen a female represented holding what is, perhaps, a species of instrument, whose use and sound may have been similar to the one above mentioned. The custom of beating time by clapping the hands between the stanzas is still usual in Egypt, though I conceive it to be no longer done in the same manner by the modern as by the ancient Egyptians, whose notions of music, as of every other subject, must have been very different from those of their uncivilised successors. . . . At their musical *soirées*, men or women played the harp, lyre, guitar, and the single or double pipe, but the flute appears to have been confined to men; and the tambourine and darabooka drum were generally appropriated to the other sex.—pp. 232—253.

Music alone, of the fine arts of antiquity, is, and must be, irrevocably lost. We may behold the forms of their instruments; Mr. Wilkinson has represented and explained them at great length, and with the utmost copiousness of illustration. We may gaze on the sculptures and paintings of the most remote antiquity—we may read some of the invocations which inspired awe and rapture among the subjects of the Pharaohs. Wonderful power of art! to awaken sensations, and infuse sentiments, if of various degrees of intensity, still of a kindred nature, in the hearts of hundreds of generations of men!—But music breathes, and is passed away for ever. The solemn hymns of the Egyptian harpers, whom we behold on the walls of their tombs, may, according to Professor Babbage's theory, be still vibrating, and curling the waves of air on the verge of infinite space, but they can never again become perceptible to the ear of man. We are not aware that there is any decisive evidence as to the time in which music acquired its written language; at all events no system of notation has perpetuated to posterity the music even of the more cultivated nations of antiquity. There appears no sign that the Egyptian music was more than traditional—there is no playing from books or notes; yet we can scarcely suppose that the ear was less fine than the other senses of the ancient nations; and why should the Egyptian notions of grandeur and sublimity not have learned to speak in vocal or instrumental sounds as in sculpture and architecture? With a people so exquisitely organised as the Greeks, we may fairly conclude that their music, which they studied with such entire devotion, and to which they attribute such wonderful social and religious effects, was as noble and beautiful as the other inventions of their genius. It was no doubt a worthy consort of the immortal verse to which it was married; and since the Greeks speak with such respect of the Egyptian music, we may fairly conclude that this was both fine and congenial to the grave and dignified character of their religious ceremonial.

Indeed,

Indeed, if we may venture in some degree to controvert our own assertion of the necessarily perishable nature of music, may we not, after all, have inherited, through the Jews, some of the religious chants to which the Pharaohs listened? The Jews in their temple service, and from the earliest period of their deliverance from captivity, seem to have cherished music with the same religious fondness as the Egyptians—it was as essential a part of their worship. If, then, any part of their ceremonial retained its Egyptian form and character, of which there seems no doubt, they were at least as likely to borrow the style, and perhaps the traditional melodies, of their music as any other. Miriam, no doubt, had learned to touch the harp in the land of bondage, (it is curious that Mr. Wilkinson asserts that the practice was taught to slaves,) and when she took her timbrel in her hand to render thanks for the passage of the Red Sea, under all the deep inspiration of her magnificent ode, she may have struck from her instrument the familiar harmonies which she had been taught by her tyrannical masters. Nor is it a very extravagant supposition that the early Christians may have derived from the Temple (through the synagogue) some of those chants with which they accompanied 'their psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs.' Music was evidently, as appears in the Apostolical writings, from the first, a part of their religious service, (the letter of Pliny carries down the tradition,) and anterior to their total estrangement from their Jewish brethren. When the Church introduced the Psalms of the Old Testament into her service, did she likewise receive the tunes, to which they were chanted, from the same quarter?

That the Egyptian music was not always of this grave and serious character appears from the somewhat less worshipful company in which it appears—that of dancers, who likewise enlivened the private festivals of the more wealthy—even of buffoons and tumblers. There can be no doubt that the dancing as well as music was, in Egypt, as afterwards in Greece, solemn and religious; it was a part of the temple ritual; a sort of processional dumbshow of gesture and movement, like that of the King of Israel before the ark. Much confusion, in fact, arises in our ordinary conceptions from the latitude with which we use the word *dance*—we want a term which should convey precisely the sense of the Greek *chorea*. It would have spared much profane and ignorant wit about King David. In its graver form, the *chorea*, and, what perhaps may have been its prototype, the Egyptian dance, was nearer to acting than to dancing. It was sometimes the adaptation of graceful or impressive attitude and gesture to the sentiments if not to the words of the hymn or thanksgiving

giving ode; sometimes it was itself mute poetry, and awakened the same emotions, or even told the same story without words. We know how, among the Greeks, it grew into tragedy; and when the actor or actors separated themselves from the rest of the chorus, the latter accompanied the whole scene with moving gesture as well as with lyric song.

To return to common life—the higher orders of the Egyptians, according to Mr. Wilkinson, did not themselves indulge in the amusement of dancing. A ball was unknown at the court of the Pharaohs. The peasantry, however, who could not probably afford to hire performers, took the part upon themselves, and attuned their uncouth gestures to the drum or tambourine.

‘Fearing lest it should corrupt the manners of a people naturally lively and fond of gaiety, and deeming it neither a necessary part of education nor becoming a person of sober habits, the Egyptians forbade those of the higher classes to learn it as an accomplishment, or even as an amusement; and, by permitting professional persons to be introduced into their assemblies to entertain the guests, they sanctioned all the diversion of which it was supposed capable, without compromising their dignity. They dreaded the excitement resulting from such an occupation, the excess of which ruffled and discomposed the mind; and it would have been difficult, having once conceded permission to indulge in it, to prevent those excesses which it did not require the example of Asiatic nations to teach them to foresee. If those who were hired to perform, either in public or in private, transgressed the bounds of moderation, or descended to buffoonery, it might excite the contempt of those it failed to please, yet the beholders were innocent of the fault; and any word or action offending against the rules of decency might be checked by the veto of their superiors.

‘In private, in particular, they were subject to the orders and censure of the persons by whom they were employed; and, consequently, avoided any gesture or expression which they knew to be unwelcome, or likely to give offence to the spectators; and thus no improper innovations were attempted, from the caprice of a performer. They consulted the taste of the party, and adapted the style of dance and of gesture to those whose approbation they courted; it is not, therefore, surprising that excesses were confined to the inferior class of performers, at the houses of the lower orders, whose congenial taste welcomed extravagant buffoonery and gesticulation. Grace in posture and movement was the chief object of those employed at the assemblies of the rich; and the ridiculous gestures of the buffoon were permitted there so long as they did not transgress the rules of decency and moderation. Music was always indispensable, whether at the festive meetings of the rich or poor; and they danced to the sound of the harp, lyre, guitar, pipe, tambourine, and other instruments, and, in the streets, even to the drum. Many of their postures resembled those of the modern ballet; and the pirouette delighted an Egyptian party upwards of 3500 years ago.’—pp. 331-333.

We

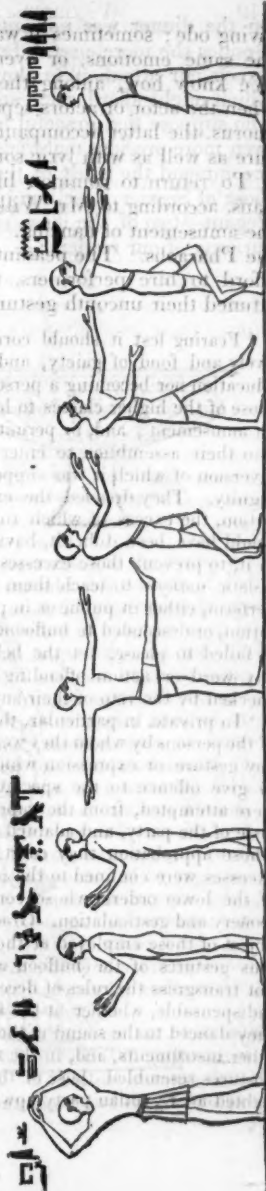
We regret to find that these Egyptian Taglionis were often as scanty in their attire as some of their modern descendants on the Opera stage. In some of the pictures, indeed, either the attempt to represent a very thin garment has failed, or the slight indications of dress have been so entirely effaced, that Mr. Wilkinson finds it necessary to appeal to the grave and decorous character of the Egyptians, in which we have no doubt that he is right, to relieve them from the imputation of permitting exhibitions which would scarcely have been tolerated in the worst ages of Roman depravity.

'Feats of agility and strength were frequently exhibited on these occasions, with or without the sound of music. Some held each other by the hand, and whirled round at arms' length, in opposite directions; some lifted each other off the ground in various difficult attitudes, and attempted every species of feat which could be performed by agility or strength.

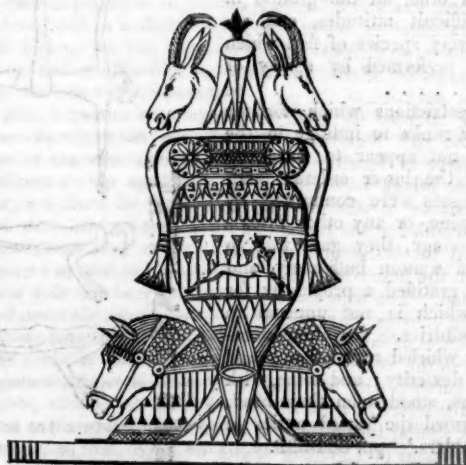
'The restrictions which forbade the higher ranks to indulge in the dance do not appear to have extended to the lower orders; and, when excesses were committed by them in wine, or any other intoxicating beverage, they gave way to license and wanton buffoonery, and frequently gratified a propensity for ribaldry, which is not unusual in eastern countries. On these occasions they whirled each other round with rude dexterity; and some, with folded arms, stood upon their head, and performed the varied antics of expert tumblers.'—pp. 334-339.

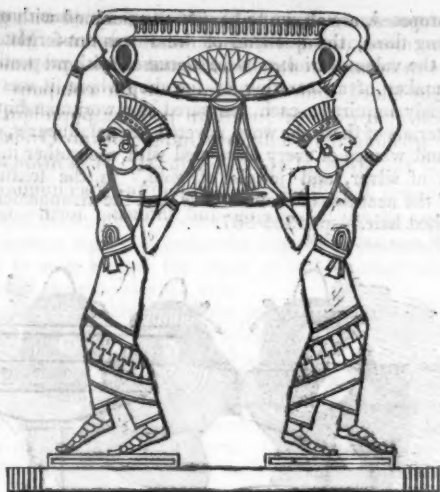
The awful interval between the arrival of the guests and serving

up



up the dinner was not entirely occupied by music and dancing. Besides the more useful furniture of the rooms, Mr. Wilkinson directs our attention to the ornamental vases and fanciful boxes, which might afford some amusement to the company. To those who suppose that graceful forms in pottery, porcelain, bronze, or even more precious materials were indigenous to Greece alone, we recommend the study of the vases in Mr. Wilkinson's plates and those of Signior Rosellini. We subjoin two specimens of the more elegant—two of the more rich and fantastic form—to excite the curiosity of our readers:—





But to proceed :—

‘While the guests were entertained with music and the dance, dinner was prepared ; but as it consisted of a considerable number of dishes, and the meat was killed for the occasion, as at the present day in eastern and tropical climates, some time elapsed before it was put upon table. During this interval conversation was not neglected ; and the chit-chat of the day, public affairs, and questions of business or amusement, occupied the attention of the men. Sometimes an accident occurring at the house afforded an additional subject for remark ; and, as at the feast of the rich Nasidienus, the fall of a dusty curtain, or some ill-secured piece of furniture, induced many to offer condolences to the host, while others indulged in the criticisms of a sarcastic *Balatro*. A circumstance of this kind is represented in a tomb at Thebes. A party, assembled at the house of a friend, are regaled with the sound of music, and the customary introduction of refreshments ; and no attention which the host could show his visitors appears to be neglected on the occasion. The wine has circulated freely, and as they are indulging in amusing converse, a young man, perhaps from inadvertence, perhaps from the effect of intemperance, reclining with his whole weight against a column in the centre of the apartment, throws it down upon the assembled guests ; who are seen, with uplifted hands, endeavouring to protect themselves, and escape from its fall.

‘Many similar instances of a talent for caricature are observable in the compositions of Egyptian artists, who executed the paintings of the tombs ; and the ladies are not spared. We are led to infer, that they were not deficient in the talent of conversation : and the numerous subjects

jects they proposed, are shown to have been examined with great animation. Among these, the question of dress was not forgotten, and the patterns or the value of trinkets were discussed with proportionate interest. The maker of an ear-ring, or the shop where it was purchased, were anxiously inquired; each compared the workmanship, the style, and the materials of those she wore, coveted her neighbour's, or preferred her own; and women of every class vied with each other in the display of "jewels of silver, and jewels of gold," in the texture of their "raiment," the neatness of their sandals, and the arrangement or beauty of their plaited hair."—pp. 365-367.



Ladies at a party, talking about their ear-rings.

Mr. Wilkinson now transports us to the kitchen, and of all the amusing scenes which he has disinterred for us, nothing is more comical than to see the whole process of killing, skinning, cooking, kneading, basting, and all the other mysteries of the culinary art, as it was practised by the Udes of Thebes and Memphis. From their love of beef (as far as a meat-diet was healthy in so warm a climate), the Egyptians were the English of antiquity; and one perpetual Michaelmas served up geese at their tables. These were their two favourite meats. Though large flocks of sheep appear in the paintings, they do not seem to have been fond of mutton. Pork they eschewed with the abhorrence of a Jew or a Mussulman. Similar as the Greeks were to the Egyptians in so many respects, in no respect are they so unlike as in eating swine's flesh. An Egyptian would have gasped with horror at applying the epithet *dios*, the divine, to a swineherd, and there is clearly Homeric authority (Il. xxi. 362) on the questionable point of 'boiled pig.' By the way Mr. Wilkinson quotes Athenæus, when he might have adduced the graver authority of Plato (de Rep. iii. p. 621) on the rare occurrence of boiled meat in Homer:—

'The first process, as previously described, was slaughtering the ox, and

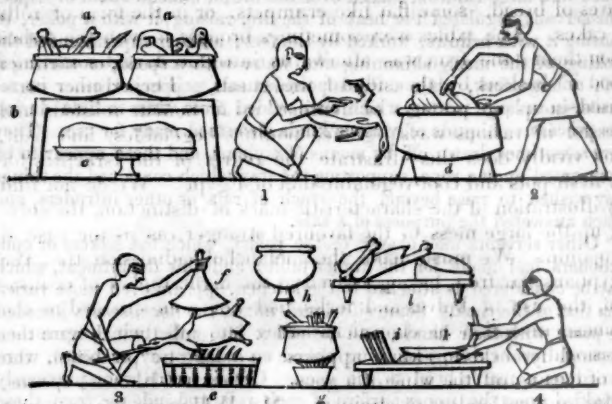
and cutting up the joints; the blood being sometimes caught in a vase, for the purpose of cookery; and joints selected for the purpose were boiled in a large caldron, placed over the fire on a metal stand or tripod. One servant regulated the heat of the fire, raising it with a poker, or blowing it with bellows, worked by the feet; another superintended the cooking of the meat, skimming the water with a spoon, or stirring it with a large fork, while a third pounded salt, pepper, or other ingredients, in a large mortar, which were added from time to time during this process. Liquids of various kinds also stood ready for use. They were sometimes drawn off by means of siphons, and these appear to be represented upon a rope, supporting the tray which contained the things they wished to raise beyond the reach of rats or other intruders, and which answered the purposes of a safe.

Other servants took charge of the pastry, which the bakers or confectioners had made for the dinner table; and this department, which may be considered as attached to the kitchen, appears even more varied than that of the cook. Some sifted and mixed the flour, others kneaded the paste with their hands, and formed it into rolls, which were then prepared for baking, and being placed on a long tray or board, were carried on a man's head to the oven. Certain seeds were previously sprinkled upon the upper surface of each roll, and judging from those still used in Egypt for the same purpose, they were chiefly the *nigella sativa*, or *kamoon aswed*, the *simsim*, and the caraway.

Sometimes they kneaded the paste with their feet, having placed it in a large wooden bowl upon the ground; it was then in a more liquid state than when mixed by the hand, and was carried in vases to the pastrycook, who formed it into a sort of macaroni, upon a flattened metal pan over the fire. Two persons were engaged in this process; one stirred it with a wooden spatula, and the other, taking it off when cooked, with two pointed sticks, arranged it in a proper place, where the rest of the pastry was kept. This last was of various kinds, apparently made up with fruit, or other ingredients, with which the dough, spread out with the hand, was sometimes mixed, and it assumed the shape of a three-cornered cake, a recumbent ox, or other form, according to the fancy of the confectioner. That his department was connected with the kitchen is again shown, by the presence of a man in the corner of the picture, engaged in cooking lentils for a soup or porridge; his companion brings a bundle of faggots for the fire, and the lentils themselves are seen standing near him in wicker baskets.

The caldrons containing the joints of boiled meat, which were often of very great size, stood over a fire upon the hearth, supported on stones, having been taken from the dresser where they were placed for the convenience of putting in the joints; some of smaller dimensions, probably containing the stewed meat, stood over a pan containing charcoal, precisely similar to the *magoor*, used in modern Egypt; and geese, or joints of meat, were roasted over a fire of a peculiar construction intended solely for this purpose; the cook passing over them a fan, which served for bellows. In heating water, or boiling meat, fagots of wood were principally employed, but for the roast meat charcoal, as in the

modern kitchens of Cairo; and the sculptures represent servants bringing this last in mats of the same form as those of the present day. They



Figs. a. a. Joints in caldrons, on the dresser b.

1. Preparing a goose for the cook (2), who puts them into the boiler d.

3. Roasting a goose over a fire (e) of peculiar construction.

4. Cutting up the meat.

g. Stewed meat over a pan of fire, or *magoor*.

c. A table.

l. Joints on a table.

sometimes used round balls for cooking, probably a composition of charcoal, and other ingredients, which a servant is represented taking out of a basket, and putting on the stove, while another blows the fire with a fan.*

At the dinner the ladies appear sometimes at separate tables, sometimes more amicably mingled with the gentlemen. 'This,' justly observes Mr. Wilkinson, 'not only argues a very great advancement in civilisation, especially in an eastern nation, but proves, like many other Egyptian customs, how far this people excelled the Greeks in the habits of social life.' Sometimes a pet animal, a monkey, a dog, or a gazelle, was tied to the leg of the fauteuil; and, we presume, in family parties—(we trust that there was no precedent for introducing all the little masters and misses after dinner in a grand entertainment)—a child may be seen playing on the ground, or on the father's knee. Female slaves served the ladies with wine,—the dinner was usually served on a *round* table—(our admiration of the social qualities of the Egyptian rises with each new incident)—though the guests are sometimes seated in rows, which may seem to imply an oblong form. Mr. Wilkinson thinks that there was some mode in which the due gradations of rank were preserved at the more convivial circular board. The round table

was

was often supported by the figure of a man, a captive in general, of stone or hard wood. The dishes were placed upon it with loaves of bread, 'some flat like crumpets,' or in the form of rolls or cakes. The tables were sometimes brought in with the dishes upon them; the fruit was afterwards introduced, and sometimes stood in baskets by the side of the guests. Their dinner comprised soup or pottage of lentils; meat boiled, roasted, and dressed in various ways; game, poultry, vegetables, and fruit. How vividly does this illustrate the regret of the Israelites for the flesh-pots and cool vegetable diet of Egypt! We do not find any illustration of the characteristic mark of distinction, the serving up the large mess to the favoured stranger, as in the case of Benjamin. We must make the melancholy admission that the Egyptians, far from having arrived at the highest mark of civilisation, the use of knives and forks, had not even attained to the Chinese invention of chopsticks—they ate with their fingers:—occasionally a carving-knife appears: we see one person in the act of cutting off the wing of a goose. They had likewise spoons, ladles, and cullenders or strainers. Mr. Wilkinson has no doubt that they washed their hands and said grace after dinner. The introduction of the human mummy into the banquets, related by Herodotus and by Plutarch, either to enforce the voluptuous adage, 'let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,' or to awaken serious thought even in the hours of pleasure, is illustrated by an engraving of Mr. Wilkinson's. Our author, we observe, quotes the apocryphal book, the Wisdom of Solomon, as an authentic work of the wise king. It is, no doubt, a late Greek composition written at Alexandria. The passage of Ecclesiastes, to which he refers in his note, should rather appear in the text. These solemn thoughts, however, do not appear to have checked either the conviviality, or the disposition to lighter amusement. After the dinner, the music and dancing began again, with all kinds of games and sports, feats of swinging, tumbling, and all sorts of strange attitudes both by men and women—juggling in all its forms—throwing up and catching balls. Some of the tumbling marvellously resembles the turning over of the clown and pantaloon in our pantomimes; the cups and balls were exactly like the Indian feats of that kind. The guests themselves might amuse themselves with various games; odd-and-even, *mora*, the same which is called in Latin, *micare digitis*, draughts, and something very like chess. King Rameses himself is represented, like one of the Mogul sultans, playing with one of his wives at this game, where certain pieces in lines are moved forward on a board, probably chequered in squares. Even dice were not unknown, though Mr. Wilkinson seems to be of opinion that they were rather of late invention. Whether they

they had their Crockfords does not appear; but Mr. Wilkinson is positive as to the antiquity of *thimble-rig*. Nor were the children without their games; there were dolls and little wooden crocodiles, which were made to open and shut their mouths to the terror and delight of the infant subjects of the Pharaohs. We have said enough, we conceive, to awaken the curiosity of the reader; and where the merit and attraction of a book consists in copious and minute detail, this is the utmost which can be done in a notice of this kind.

It is impossible to define, and still more to explain the interest we feel in tracing the manners and customs of remote ages. Why do we care to know how the Egyptians ate and drank, and ploughed, and reaped, and warred, and hunted; and slaughtered their fellow men, and amused themselves? Why are we almost equally entertained by discovering points of resemblance and points of total dissimilitude; that they sate down to dinner like ourselves, and ate with their fingers like ignorant pagans; that they traded in all kinds of articles, but had no money, properly so called—a circumstance which we fear may bring them into great contempt in certain parts of this metropolis?

We are not disposed to plunge into the metaphysics of the question, and shall content ourselves with that last refuge of baffled philosophy, the resolving it into a law of our being. Man by nature is an antiquarian animal. 'Nihil humani à me alienum puto,' is a maxim which not merely applies to our sympathies but to our curiosity. The lady in one of the Scotch novels, who could not conceive why any one wanted to know anything about the Greeks and Romans—for her part she was content to know all that her neighbours were about—is an exception rather than a precedent. Such has been, and such are the indelible propensities of human nature; such will be to the end of time. Three or four thousand years hence, some reviewer in the city of Great Kangaroo on the banks of the Monamboodjee, may be commending the work of some Australian Wilkinson, whose laudable curiosity shall have led him to spend twelve years among the heaps of brick rubbish which mark the site of London—a city formerly inhabited by the English, of which there may be some tradition that the original inhabitants of Australia descended; but whether these ancestors left that country as voluntary exiles, attracted by the delicious climate and fertility of the southern land, or fled from the tyranny of the kingly government, an antiquated form of polity, supposed by some to have prevailed among that barbarous people, will be a question which will divide the schools of Australian history. Our adventurous traveller will be perpetually baffled by the perishable nature of the ruins

ruins around him : as we do not paint any more than build for eternity, he will be able to discover but few vestiges of our manners and habits ; but if he shall dig up some of our old musket-barrels or bayonets, how gravely will he speculate as to which of the epochs these arms belong, that of William the Conqueror, or the one great modern name which may last in history for three or four thousand years, that of Wellington ! If he shall unearth some trinkets, necklaces, bracelets, or pins, such as Mr. Wilkinson produces from Thebes, which may have adorned the neck and arms of Queen Elizabeth or Queen Victoria ; if he can prove by authentic knives and forks, that we carved our meals ; if he shall find evidence that we had four-footed animals which dragged our carriages along, instead of travelling like reasonable and civilised beings with locomotive engines, and ordering our steam-curricle round to the door—with what delight and interest will his volumes be read in the libraries and boudoirs of that enlightened people ! We may even suppose him by laborious and expensive excavations to have traced the site of two great buildings, on the banks of the river, at some distance from each other, which he may conjecture to have been the cemeteries of the kings, heroes, and sages of this almost forgotten race. He will find what appear to have been monuments to their great men—some with almost effaced inscriptions written in a language, once said to have been spoken all over Europe, and in which a few old books survive, understood by one or two very learned professors in the university of Tongataboo. Such of these monuments, when uncovered, will appear so like heaps of huge figures piled at random upon each other, as to make him conclude that they have been thrown together by an earthquake—particularly as there will be things that look like cannon and ships, and all kinds of heterogeneous representations, mingled up with the human figures. Great debates will arise, as to dress, the close buttoned waistcoats, tight breeches, and flowing mantles over them, and even as to the forms which seem to represent men. It will be questioned whether any race so unlike human beings, as they appear on the marble, could ever have moved and lived upon earth. The perplexity will be much increased by the discovery of a recumbent gentleman in a vast curled marble wig, who, from some of the emblems strewed about, may be thought to have had something to do with the naval service ; but this will seem impossible, and something too barbarous even for that barbarous people ; a name something like Cloudesley Shovel may be obscurely made out under this monument—a happy subject for Australian etymologists. A number of tall, shapeless, meaningless female figures will still more embarrass our
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zealous antiquarian: some with crowns, some with trumpets, some in every possible contortion of attitude. As these cannot possibly be women, and as there is no tradition that these people were idolaters—and, indeed, bad as their general taste was, they could scarcely be suspected of worshiping such images—they will give rise to countless papers in the *Swan River Transactions of Literature*. One unhappy doctor, who has worn out his eyes in the study of recondite lore, will make out that there were certain things called Allegories, which were carved in marble, into some approximation to the female figure, to represent abstract ideas, such as Fame, Victory, Virtue, and Britannia; but this notion will be at once put down as too great an absurdity even for so rude an age. They will perhaps have the good fortune to turn up one or two figures, so admirably imitative of human nature, with so much grace, majesty, truth, and expression, as to create general amazement, that the same people who could attain or appreciate such perfection in art, should tolerate such designs and conceptions as appear in other monuments. They may perhaps trace on the pedestals of some of these the imperfect letters Fl * x * n, or Ch * * tr **, or Wes * * * * * tt—, which will give fine scope for piecing out the names of these primitive sculptors. One majestic figure will look so like a king, as to leave little doubt that he was of the royal race; but how many King Johns there were, and whether any one of them had the title or appellation of Kemble, will excite great debate. Multitudes more of odd things may come to light in other parts of the city; long boles of iron, as to which it will be doubtful whether they were water or gas-pipes, or pillars,—huge vessels, which will be supposed by many an Australian A.S.S. to have been public baths for the population of London, but will turn out to have been porter-vats. Perhaps on the shores of the river some remains of vessels may be excavated from the mud, which may support the extraordinary theory of Professor Jonathan Oldbuck, that this people stuck up great poles in their ships, to which they attached large pieces of canvass, by which inartificial means they actually ventured to cross the sea:—but there will be no end to the strange and amusing things he will discover,—the singular coincidences and discrepancies with polished manners.

The reviewer therefore will close his article, by strongly recommending the book as a most curious account of the manners and usages of an extraordinary people; a people evidently in some respects in a prematurely advanced state of civilization, in others bearing every sign of unreclaimed barbarism; whose arts and ingenuity had attained some perfection, yet who were ignorant of many of the commonest of the useful inventions; who,

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for the period at which they flourished, appear to have been a tolerably grave; and wise, and religious race, but whose taste was by no means very good nor knowledge very extensive; who in their day made some noise in the world by their victories and conquests, of which very vague rumours and traditions survive; but who are at least as much known to posterity, as could be expected for the inhabitants of an island so remote from modern civilization and from the seat of empire, arts, and letters.

ART. VI.—*History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.* By Lord Mahon. Vol. II., 1837; Vol. III., 1838. 8vo. London.

IN the prosecution of his design Lord Mahon has more than justified the hopes excited by his first volume, which we noticed shortly after its appearance. He has shown throughout excellent skill in combining, as well as contrasting, the various elements of interest which his materials afforded; he has continued to draw his historical portraits with the same firm and easy hand; and no one can lay down the book without feeling that he has been under the guidance of a singularly clear, high-principled, and humane mind; one uniting a very searching shrewdness with a pure and unaffected charity. The author has shown equal courage, judgment, and taste in availing himself of minute details, so as to give his narrative the picturesqueness of a Memoir, without sacrificing one jot of the real dignity of History. That is a phrase, indeed, that has been brought into fashion by the Wests of literature; such persons were reminded in vain that botanists might gain instruction from the foregrounds of Raphael. There is one point of Lord Mahon's management which we must object to: we mean his custom of drawing a man's character at full length, when he first introduces him. He does not follow this plan always, but in most cases, and certainly in the most important ones, he does so; and wherever he does we think the effect unfortunate. On reflection he will perhaps agree with us that it would have been better to let the idiosyncrasy of the man who flourished a hundred years ago be gradually developed, in as far as it can be so, by the events of his career, and summed up at the close. When a historian treats of his own time, and has had opportunities of observing and studying the men in his own person, the other method has not a few things to recommend it. It then seems the more straightforward and manly course—and it is that of Thucydides, Xenophon, Sallust, Tacitus, and Clarendon.

don. In such cases we have before us a witness; when our historian is only a judge, the jury like better to hear the evidence led before the charge is delivered. It certainly appears to us that, in the great case of Walpole, Lord Mahon's readers would have gained very considerably had the deeply conceived and most elegantly executed *character* been reserved for the period of his exit. We may say the same of Chesterfield; and if we could be sure that Lord Mahon will carry on his work, we should say so both of Frederick the Great and of Chatham.

We have no wish at present to enter upon any of the *vezata questiones* connected with the party history of the two first Hanoverian reigns. Lord Mahon adheres in his third volume to the view of an early chapter, in which he maintained that *Whig* and *Tory* had counterchanged their leading principles since the æra at which his narrative commences; and we must still concur with him, though not to the full extent that he carries his proposition. So long as the House of Stuart retained any considerable influence, the Whigs were, *par excellence*, the Conservatives of Great Britain: the prime interests of their party were at stake with the new dynasty, and the dynasty was the pledge and symbol of the leading principles of the constitution. The Tories, on the contrary, were half of them Jacobites at heart—the other half compelled to modify their proceedings by deference towards those who received the law of political management from such weak and foolish, or false and reckless adventurers, as successively obtained the confidence of the unhappy exiles of legitimacy—or to speak more correctly, of *Popery*. In our own time we have seen, and unfortunately we continue to see, our Church and our State equally endangered by the combination of an aristocratic party, that owes all its power and greatness to the Reformation and the Revolution of 1688, with one that hardly disguises its hatred alike of Aristocracy and of Monarchy—both acting, as was long suspected, but is now almost proved, under the secret influence of Rome, and effectually (though perhaps blindly) co-operating with the most rancorous external enemies of England in a renewed struggle against Protestantism, with which principle the safety and honour of this nation are bound up and identified.

Lord Mahon's book, however, is well calculated to temper the political judgment. It is one great lesson of modesty, forbearance, and charity. Thoroughly convinced of the justice of the Revolution which displaced James II., and acquiescing in the hard necessity that proscribed his heirs, he is not ashamed to express sympathy and respect for the great body of their *honest* adherents, and admiration for the noble self-devotion with which many upheld their cause. Hitherto the history of the exiled House has been

been in the hands of determined enemies, or bigoted friends, or (especially of late) of persons whose amiable sensibility, or poetical imagination, led them to dwell on the romantic and adventurous side of the case, losing sight too often of the solid and priceless blessings which England, and through England all Protestant Christendom had at stake. Lord Mahon has steered clear of all such errors. His free and candid delineation of the whole career of Charles Edward, enriched as it is with numberless new touches of most lively interest, derived from the Stuart Papers in her Majesty's possession, and also from other MSS. sources—this generous and touching picture forms the main feature in his third volume; and it alone would have been sufficient to establish the noble writer's reputation, at a pitch which few, very few, of his contemporaries in this department of literature, have as yet approached. Sir Walter Scott's *History of Scotland* stops, unfortunately, far short of this period; and the charming narrative of his *Grandfather's Tales* was, of course, executed in a very different manner from what he would have adopted in a work of graver pretensions. Since his death Mr. Robert Chambers, a bookseller and antiquary of Edinburgh, has put forth histories of the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, which embody a great many curious details, gleaned with exemplary diligence, and presented in a lively enough style: but these little books are totally deficient in calmness of spirit; and we must add that, in his love of minuteness, the author very frequently slips into offensive vulgarity. His Jacobitism seems that of a rampant highlander, and we doubt not, had he flourished at the proper time, he would have handled his claymore gallantly; nor are we at all surprised to hear that he enjoys considerable popularity among certain classes in Scotland; but we cannot anticipate that these historical performances will ever obtain a place in the English library. Lord Mahon has not overlooked them; and from the use he has made of their materials, Mr. Chambers, if he be desirous of improving his taste, may derive more benefit than from any elaborate dissection of his own pages.

We extract the following passage, as an excellent example of the Author's manner. The reader will, we fancy, agree with us, that it has gained considerably in ease since we first made acquaintance with it, and yet that it has gained very much in true nobleness of effect. The boldness with which the small, apparently quite trivial circumstances are thrown into immediate connexion with the expression of very serious opinions, and very energetic and even passionate sentiments—this is, we conceive, the great peculiar characteristic of Lord Mahon's historical style. Upon such an occasion, even Hume or Robertson (to say nothing of Gibbon)

Gibbon) would have had recourse to foot-notes—which are certainly a very useful as well as convenient invention of the moderns, but as certainly will never be resorted to by a complete artist, for the purpose of telling anything that belongs essentially to the business of the text.

‘Charles Edward Stuart is one of those characters that cannot be portrayed at a single sketch, but have so greatly altered, as to require a new delineation at different periods. View him in his later years, and we behold the ruins of intemperance—as wasted but not as venerable as those of time;—we find him in his anticipated age a besotted drunkard, a peevish husband, a tyrannical master,—his understanding debased, and his temper soured. But not such was the Charles Stuart of 1745. Not such was the gallant Prince full of youth, of hope, of courage, who, landing with seven men in the wilds of Moidart, could rally a kingdom round his banner, and scatter his foes before him at Preston and at Falkirk. Not such was the gay and courtly host of Holyrood. Not such was he, whose endurance of fatigue and eagerness for battle shone pre-eminent, even amongst Highland chiefs; while fairer critics proclaimed him the most winning in conversation, the most graceful in the dance! Can we think lowly of one who could acquire such unbounded popularity in so few months, and over so noble a nation as the Scots; who could so deeply stamp his image on their hearts that, even thirty or forty years after his departure, his name, as we are told, always awakened the most ardent praises from all who had known him,—the most rugged hearts were seen to melt at his remembrance,—and tears to steal down the furrowed cheeks of the veteran? Let us, then, without denying the faults of his character, or extenuating the degradation of his age, do justice to the lustre of his manhood.

‘The person of Charles—(I begin with this for the sake of female readers,)—was tall and well-formed; his limbs athletic and active. He excelled in all manly exercises, and was inured to every kind of toil, especially long marches on foot, having applied himself to field sports in Italy, and become an excellent walker. His face was strikingly handsome, of a perfect oval and a fair complexion; his eyes light blue; his features high and noble. Contrary to the custom of the time, which prescribed perukes, his own fair hair usually fell in long ringlets on his neck. This goodly person was enhanced by his graceful manners; frequently condescending to the most familiar kindness, yet always shielded by a regal dignity, he had a peculiar talent to please and to persuade, and never failed to adapt his conversation to the taste or to the station of those whom he addressed. Yet he owed nothing to his education: it had been entrusted to Sir Thomas Sheridan, an Irish Roman Catholic, who has not escaped the suspicion of being in the pay of the British Government, and at their instigation betraying his duty as a teacher. I am bound to say that I have found no corroboration of so foul a charge. Sheridan appears to me to have lived and died a man of honour; but history can only acquit him of base perfidy by accusing him of gross neglect. He had certainly left his pupil uninstructed in the

the most common elements of knowledge. Charles's letters, which I have seen amongst the Stuart Papers, are written in a large, rude, rambling hand like a school-boy's. In spelling they are still more deficient: With him, "humour," for example, becomes *umra*; the weapon he knew so well how to wield, is a *sord*; and, even his own father's name appears under the alias of *gems*. Nor are these errors confined to a single language: who—to give another instance from his French—would recognise a hunting-knife in *cooto de chas*? I can, therefore, readily believe that, as Dr. King assures us, he knew very little of the History or Constitution of England. But the letters of Charles, while they prove his want of education, no less clearly display his natural powers, great energy of character, and great warmth of heart. Writing confidentially, just before he sailed for Scotland, he says, "I made my devotions on Pentecost Day, recommending myself particularly to the Almighty on this occasion to guide and direct me, and to continue to me always the same sentiments, which are, rather to suffer any thing than fail in any of my duties." His young brother, Henry of York, is mentioned with the utmost tenderness; and, though on his return from Scotland he conceived that he had reason to complain of Henry's coldness and reserve, the fault is lightly touched upon, and Charles observes that, whatever may be his brother's want of kindness, it shall never diminish his own. To his father, his tone is both affectionate and dutiful: he frequently acknowledges his goodness; and, when at the outset of his great enterprise of 1745, he entreats a blessing from the Pope, surely, the sternest Romanist might forgive him for adding, that he shall think a blessing from his parent more precious and more holy still. As to his friends and partisans, Prince Charles has been often accused of not being sufficiently moved by their sufferings, or grateful for their services. Bred up amidst monks and bigots, who seemed far less afraid of his remaining excluded from power, than that on gaining he should use it liberally, he had been taught the highest notions of prerogative and hereditary right. From thence he might infer, that those who served him in Scotland did no more than their duty—were merely fulfilling a plain social obligation, and were not, therefore, entitled to any very especial praise and admiration. Yet, on the other hand, we must remember how prone are all exiles to exaggerate their own desert, to think no rewards sufficient for it, and to complain of neglect, even where none really exists; and moreover that, in point of fact, many passages from Charles's most familiar correspondence might be adduced to show a watchful and affectionate care for his adherents. As a very young man, he determined that he would sooner submit to personal privation than embarrass his friends by contracting debts. On returning from Scotland he told the French minister, d'Argenson, that he would never ask any thing for himself, but was ready to go down on his knees to obtain favours for his brother exiles. Once, after lamenting some divisions and misconduct amongst his servants, he declares that, nevertheless, an honest man is so highly to be prized that, "unless your Majesty orders me, I should part with them with a sore heart." Nay, more, as it appears to me, this warm feeling of Charles

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for his unfortunate friends survived almost alone, when, in his decline of life, nearly every other noble quality had been dimmed and defaced from his mind. In 1783 Mr. Greathed, a personal friend of Mr. Fox, succeeded in obtaining an interview with him at Rome. Being alone with him for some time, the English traveller studiously led the conversation to his enterprise in Scotland. The Prince showed some reluctance to enter upon the subject, and seemed to suffer much pain at the remembrance; but Mr. Greathed, with more of curiosity than of discretion, still persevered. At length, then, the Prince appeared to shake off the load which oppressed him; his eye brightened, his face assumed unwonted animation; and he began the narrative of his Scottish campaigns with a vehement energy of manner, recounting his marches, his battles, his victories, and his defeat, his hair-breadth escapes, and the inviolable and devoted attachment of his Highland followers, and at length proceeding to the dreadful penalties which so many of them had subsequently undergone. But the recital of their sufferings appeared to wound him far more deeply than his own; then, and not till then, his fortitude forsook him, his voice faltered, his eye became fixed, and he fell to the floor in convulsions. At the noise, in rushed the Duchess of Albany, his illegitimate daughter, who happened to be in the next apartment. "Sir," she exclaimed to Mr. Greathed, "what is this? you must have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders? No one dares to mention these subjects in his presence."

‘Once more, however, let me turn from the last gleams of the expiring flame to the hours of its meridian brightness.—In estimating the abilities of Prince Charles, I may first observe that they stood in most direct contrast to his father's. Each excelled in what the other wanted. No man could express himself with more clearness and elegance than James: it has been said of him that he wrote better than any of those whom he employed; but, on the other hand, his conduct was always deficient in energy and enterprise. Charles, as we have seen, was no penman; while in action—in doing what deserves to be written, and not in merely writing what deserves to be read—he stood far superior. He had some little experience of war, (having, when very young, joined the Spanish army at the siege of Gaeta, and distinguished himself on that occasion,) and he loved it as the birthright both of a Sobieski and a Stuart. His quick intelligence, his promptness of decision, and his contempt of danger are recorded on unquestionable testimony. His talents as a leader probably never rose above the common level; yet, in some cases in Scotland, where he and his more practised officers differed in opinion, it will I think appear that they were wrong and he was right. No knight of the olden time could have a loftier sense of honour; indeed he pushed it to such wild extremes, that it often led him into error and misfortune. Thus, he lost the battle of Culloden in a great measure because he disdained to take advantage of the ground, and deemed it more chivalrous to meet the enemy on equal terms. Thus, also, his wilful and froward conduct at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle proceeded from a false point of honour, which he thought involved in it. At other times, again, this generous spirit may deserve unmingled praise: he

he could never be persuaded or provoked into adopting any harsh measures of retaliation; his extreme lenity to his prisoners, even to such as had attempted his life, was, it seems, a common matter of complaint among his troops; and, even when encouragement had been given to his assassination, and a price put upon his head, he continued most earnestly to urge that in no possible case should "the Elector," as he called his rival, suffer any personal injury or insult. This anxiety was always present in his mind. Mr. Forsyth, a gentleman whose description of Italy is far the best that has appeared, and whose scrupulous accuracy and superior means of information will be acknowledged by all travellers, relates how, only a few years after the Scottish expedition, Charles, relying on the faith of a single adherent, set out for London in an humble disguise, and under the name of Smith. On arriving there, he was introduced at midnight into a room full of conspirators whom he had never previously seen. "Here," said his conductor, "is the person you want," and left him locked up in the mysterious assembly. These were men who imagined themselves equal, at that time, to treat with him for the throne of England. "Dispose of me, gentlemen, as you please," said Charles; "my life is in your power, and I therefore can stipulate for nothing. Yet give me, I entreat, one solemn promise that if your design should succeed, the present family shall be sent safely and honourably home."

'Another quality of Charles's mind was great firmness of resolution, which pride and sorrow afterwards hardened into sullen obstinacy. He was likewise, at all times, prone to gusts and sallies of anger, when his language became the more peremptory from a haughty consciousness of his adversities. I have found among his papers a note without direction, but no doubt intended for some tardy officer: it contained only these words: "I order you to execute my orders, or else never to come back." Such harshness might, probably, turn a wavering adherent to the latter alternative. Thus, also, his public expressions of resentment against the Court of France, at different periods, were certainly far more just than politic. There seemed always swelling at his heart a proud determination that no man should dare to use him the worse for his evil fortune, and that he should sacrifice anything or everything sooner than his dignity.'

We shall not, though strongly tempted, enter upon Lord Mahon's brilliant narrative of this ill-fated Prince's famous expedition. His lordship concludes it with expressing the opinion that, if the Highlanders had not halted at Derby, they might very probably have obtained a victory over the small force which George II. was prepared to head, and seized London. It appears, we must say, from the evidence here accumulated as to the ramification of Jacobite intrigues in England—the utterly contemptible imbecility of the then ministers—and the general coldness of the people—(who, in Walpole's language, 'were very ready to say *fight dog! fight bear!* if not worse')—that, once in London, the Chevalier could hardly have failed to obtain possession of the government.

government. James III. would have been proclaimed King of England—he would have been king! But we also can have no hesitation in agreeing with Lord Mahon that the Stuarts, had they reached their object, could not have long retained it:—

‘On the 6th of December [1745] the insurgents began their retreat. As they marched in the gray of the morning, the inferior officers and common men believed that they were going forward to fight the Duke of Cumberland, at which they displayed the utmost joy. But when the daybreak allowed them to discern the surrounding objects, and to discover that they were retracing their steps, nothing was to be heard throughout the army but expressions of rage and indignation. “If we had been beaten,” says one of their officers, “the grief could not have been greater.”’*

‘Thus ended the renowned advance to Derby—ended against the wishes both of the Prince and of the soldiers. It certainly appears to me, on the best judgment I can form, that they were right in their reluctance, and that, had they pursued their progress, they would, in all probability, have succeeded in their object. A loyal writer, who was in London at the time, declares that “when the Highlanders, by a most incredible march, got between the Duke’s army and the metropolis, they struck a terror into it, scarce to be credited.”† An immediate rush was made upon the Bank of England, which it is said only escaped bankruptcy by paying in sixpences, to gain time. The shops in general were shut, public business for the most part was suspended, and the restoration of the Stuarts, desired by some, but disliked by many more, was yet expected by all as no improbable or distant occurrence. The Duke of Newcastle, at his scanty wits’ soon-reached end, stood trembling and amazed, and knew not what course to advise or to pursue; it has even been alleged (a rumour well agreeing with his usual character, but recorded on no good authority‡) that he shut himself up for one whole day in his apartments, considering whether he had not better declare betimes for the Pretender. Nay, I find it asserted that King George himself ordered some of his most precious effects to be embarked on board his yachts, and these to remain at the Tower quay, ready to sail at a moment’s warning. Certain it is, that this day of universal consternation—the day on which the rebels’ approach to Derby was made known—was long remembered under the name of *Black Friday*.§ Had, then, the Highlanders continued to push forward, must not the increasing terror have palsied all power of resistance? Would not the little army at Finchley, with so convenient a place for dispersing as the capital behind it, have melted away at their approach? Or had they engaged the duke’s army, who can doubt the issue, if the victory of

* ‘Chevalier Johnstone’s Memoirs, p. 73. 8vo. ed.’

† ‘Fielding, in the True Patriot.’

‡ ‘Chevalier Johnstone’s Memoirs, p. 77. 8vo. ed.’

§ ‘See a note to H. Walpole’s letters to Mann, vol. ii. p. 98. The day was the 6th of December. I may observe that the Jacobite party was very strong in London, and had at its head one of the City members, Alderman Heathcote, as appears from the Stuart Papers.’

Falkirk had been gained on English ground? It is probable also, from the prevalence of Jacobite principles amongst the gentry at this period, that many officers in the Royal army were deeply tainted with them, and might have avowed them at the decisive moment. It is certain, at least, that many would have been suspected, and that the mere suspicion would have produced nearly the same effects as the reality—bewilderment, distrust, and vacillation in the chiefs. Even the high personal valour of the king and of the duke could hardly have borne them safe amidst these growing doubts and dangers.

‘It appears, moreover, that the coasts of Kent and Essex were but feebly guarded by the British cruisers, and that the French ministers were now in the very crisis of decision as to their projected expedition. The preparations for it were completed at Dunkirk; and had Charles, by any forward movement, seemed to show that he scarcely needed it, it would undoubtedly (such policy is but too common with allies!) have been ordered to sail. Nor were the Jacobites in England altogether as supine as was supposed; they had already, it seems, taken measures for a rising. A letter of the young Pretender, many months afterwards, mentions incidentally, in referring to Mr. Barry, that he “arrived at Derby two days after I parted. He had been sent by Sir Watkin Wynn and Lord Barrymore to assure me, in the name of my friends, that they were ready to join me in what manner I pleased, either in the capital, or every one to rise in his own country.”

‘I believe, then, that had Charles marched onward from Derby he would have gained the British throne; but I am far from thinking that he would long have held it. Bred up in arbitrary principles, and professing the Romanist religion, he might soon have been tempted to assail—at the very least he would have alarmed—a people jealous of their freedom, and a Church tenacious of her rights. His own violent though generous temper, and his deficiency in liberal knowledge, would have widened the breach; some rivalries between his Court and his father’s might probably have rent his own party asunder; and the honours and rewards well earned by his faithful followers might have nevertheless disgusted the rest of the nation. In short, the English would have been led to expect a much better government than King George’s, and they would have had a much worse. Their new yoke could neither have been borne without suffering nor yet cast off without convulsion; and it therefore deserves to be esteemed among the most signal mercies of Providence, that this long train of dissensions and disasters, this necessity for a new revolution, should have been happily averted by the determination to retreat from Derby.’

In all likelihood we shall soon hear of a less interesting Charles obtaining possession of the throne of Spain. Already, it is said, Queen Christina has followed the example of George II. in sending off her *valuables*; however lowly we may think of the English ministers of 1745, they were Peels and Cannings in comparison with the present tricksters and jobbers of Madrid; and assuredly the Spanish nation is far more equally divided now, than

than ours was then. We have very little doubt that in the course of a few months the government will be in the hands of Charles V.; but we have as little that he (or rather the priests his masters) cannot hold it.

Lord Mahon, after analyzing with his usual shrewdness the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, at which point he had from the beginning resolved to pause, recurs to the fortunes of Charles Edward; and, as we find we must confine ourselves to this one episode, we shall at least indulge ourselves with quoting its graceful conclusion.

'The definitive treaty being thus concluded, it became necessary for France to fulfil its engagement with regard to the expulsion of the young Pretender.—On his return from Scotland, Charles had been favourably received by Louis; a burst of applause had signalised his first appearance at the opera; and he found that both by King and people his exploits were admired, and his sufferings deplored. For some of his most faithful followers, as Lochiel and Lord Ogilvie, he had obtained commissions in the French service, and a pension of 40,000 livres yearly had been granted him for the relief of the rest; but when he applied for military succours—urging that a new expedition should be fitted out and placed at his disposal—he found the Court of Versailles turn a deaf ear to his demands. Once, indeed, it was hinted to him by Cardinal Tencin, that the ministers might not be disinclined to meet his views, provided, in case of his success, the kingdom of Ireland should be yielded as a province to the Crown of France. But the high spirit of Charles could ill brook this degrading offer. Scarcely had Tencin concluded, when the Prince, starting from his seat and passionately pacing the room, cried out, *NON MONSIEUR LE CARDINAL! TOUT OU RIEN! POINT DE PARTAGE!* The Cardinal, alarmed at his demeanour, hastened to assure him that the idea was entirely his own, conceived from his great affection to the Exiled Family, and not at all proceeding from, or known to, King Louis.

'The applications of Charles were not confined to France; early in 1747 he undertook an adventurous journey to Madrid, and obtained an audience of the King and Queen, but found them so much in awe of the British Court, as to allow him only a few hours' stay. He next turned his hopes towards Frederick of Prussia. In April 1748 he despatched Sir John Graham to Berlin with instructions, "To propose, in a modest manner, a marriage with one of them. To declare that I never intend to marry but a Protestant; and, if the King refuses an alliance with him, to ask advice whom to take, as he is known to be the wisest Prince in Europe." This scheme, however, though promising success for a short time, ended like the rest in failure.

'Ere long, moreover, domestic discord arose to embitter the coldness or hostility of strangers. Charles's brother having secretly quitted Paris without any previous notice to him, had returned to Rome and resolved to enter holy orders. With the concurrence of the old Pretender, and by a negotiation with the Pope, he was suddenly named a cardinal, on the 3d of July 1747, the design being concealed from

Charles

Charles until a few days before, so as to guard against his expected opposition. It is difficult to describe with how much consternation the tidings struck the exiled Jacobites; several did not hesitate to declare it of much worse consequence to them than even the battle of Culloden. Charles himself, as he was the most injured, appeared the most angry; he broke off all correspondence whatever with his brother, and his letters to his father from this time forward became brief, cold, and constrained.

'At the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, the French Court, though willing to relinquish Charles's cause, and to stipulate his exclusion from their territories, were not wholly unmindful of his interests nor of their promises. They proposed to establish him in Friburg in Switzerland, with the title of Prince of Wales, a company of guards, and a sufficient pension. In Charles's circumstances there was certainly no better course to take than to accept these terms. But the lower he sank in fortunes the higher he thought himself bound to rise in spirit. He placed a romantic point of honour in braving the "orders from Hanover," as he called them, and positively refused to depart from Paris. Threats, entreaties, arguments were tried on him in vain. He withstood even a letter, obtained from his father at Rome, and commanding his departure. He still, perhaps, nourished some secret expectation that King Louis would not venture to use force against a kinsman; but he found himself deceived. As he went to the opera on the evening of the 11th of December, his coach was stopped by a party of French guards, himself seized, bound hand and foot, and conveyed, with a single attendant, to the state prison of Vincennes, where he was thrust into a dungeon seven feet wide and eight long. After this public insult, and a few days' confinement, he was carried to Pont de Beauvoisin on the frontier of Savoy, and there restored to his wandering and desolate freedom.

'The first place to which Charles repaired upon his liberation was the Papal city of Avignon. But in a very few weeks he again set forth, attended only by Colonel Goring, and bearing a fictitious name. From this time forward his proceedings, during several years, are wrapped in mystery; all his correspondence passed through the hands of Mr. Waters, his banker at Paris: even his warmest partisans were seldom made acquainted with his place of abode; and though he still continued to write to his father at intervals, his letters were never dated. Neither friends nor enemies at that time could obtain any certain information of his movements or designs. Now, however, it is known that he visited Venice and Germany, that he resided secretly for some time at Paris, that he undertook a mysterious journey to England in 1750, and perhaps another in 1752 or 1753; but his principal residence was in the territory of his friend the Duke de Bouillon, where, surrounded by the wide and lonely forest of Ardennes, his active spirit sought, in the dangerous chase of boars and wolves, an image of the warlike enterprise which was denied him. It was not till the death of his father in 1766 that he returned to Rome, and became reconciled to his brother. But his character had darkened with his fortunes. A long train of disappointments and humiliations, working on a fiery mind, spurred it almost into frenzy, and degraded it. The habit of drinking, which for

some years he indulged without restraint, seems to have been first formed during his Highland adventures and escapes; when a dram of whiskey might sometimes supply the want of food and of rest. Thus was the habit acquired, and, once acquired, it continued after the cause of it had ceased, and even grew amidst the encouragement of his exiled friends. The earliest hint I have found of this vice in Charles, is in a letter of April, 1747, addressed to Lord Dunbar, but only signed by the initial of the writer. It alleges that an Irish Cordelier, named Kelly, "has of late been much in the prince's society and confidence; that Kelly loves good wine with all the fervour of a monk; and that by this means his royal highness's character, in point of sobriety, has been a little blemished." A century before, Lord Clarendon reproaches the banished loyalists with intemperance, at all times the fatal resource of poverty and sorrow; but the prince, who could not relieve them by his bounty, should at least have forborne from degrading them by his example.

'Still worse, perhaps, was his conduct with regard to Miss Walkinshaw. This lady, it is said, first became known to him in Scotland; he sent for her some years after his return from that country, and soon allowed her such dominion over him that she became acquainted with all his schemes, and trusted with his most secret correspondence. As soon as this was known in England, his principal adherents took alarm, believing that she was in the pay of the English ministers, and observing that her sister was housekeeper of the dowager Princess of Wales. So much did they think their own safety endangered, that they despatched Mr. MacNamara, one of their most trusty agents, with instructions to lay their apprehensions before the prince, and to insist that the lady should, for some time at least, be confined to a convent. In answer Charles declared that he had no violent passion for Miss Walkinshaw, and could see her removed from him without concern, but that he would not receive directions in respect to his private conduct from any man alive. In vain did Mr. MacNamara try every method of persuasion, and frequent renewals of his argument. Charles thought it a point of honour that none should presume on his adversity to treat him with disrespect, and determined to brave even the ruin of his interest (for such was the alternative held out to him) rather than bate one iota of his dignity. MacNamara at length took leave of him with much resentment, saying, as he passed out, "What can your family have done, Sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it through so many ages?" Upon his report, most of the remaining Jacobite leaders, irritated at their prince's pride, and, soon afterwards won over by the splendid successes of Lord Chatham, seized the opportunity to break off all connexion with the exiles, and to rally in good earnest round the reigning family.

'In a former chapter I have described the person and manner of Charles as he appeared in youth; let me now add a portrait of him in his later years. An English lady, who was at Rome in 1770, observes, "The pretender is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively; he appears bloated and red in the face; his countenance heavy and

and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given into excess of drinking ; but, when a young man, he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light brown, and the contour of his face a long oval ; he is by no means thin, has a noble person, and a graceful manner. His dress was scarlet, laced with broad gold lace ; he wears the blue riband outside of his coat, from which depends a cameo, antiqué, as large as the palm of my hand ; and he wears the same garter and motto as those of the noble order of St. George in England. Upon the whole, he has a melancholy, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen constantly attend him ; they are of Irish extraction, and Roman Catholics you may be sure. . . . At Princess Palestrina's he asked me if I understood the game of *Tarrochi*, which they were about to play at. I answered in the negative : upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he desired to know if I had ever seen such odd cards ? I replied, that they were very odd indeed. He then displaying them said, Here is everything in the world to be found in these cards—the sun, moon, the stars ; and here, says he (throwing me a card), is the pope ; here is the devil, and, added he, there is but one of the trio wanting, and you know who that should be ! I was so amazed, so astonished, though he spoke this last in a laughing, good-humoured manner, that I did not know which way to look ; and as to a reply, I made none.”

‘ In his youth Charles, as we have seen, had formed the resolution of marrying only a Protestant princess : however, he remained single during the greater part of his career, and when, in 1754, he was urged by his father to take a wife, he replied, “The unworthy behaviour of certain ministers, the 10th of December 1748, has put it out of my power to settle anywhere without honour or interest being at stake ; and were it even possible for me to find a place of abode, I think our family have had sufferings enough, which will always hinder me to marry, so long as in misfortune, for that would only conduce to increase misery, or subject any of the family that should have the spirit of their father to be tied neck and heel, rather than yield to a vile ministry.” Nevertheless, in 1772, at the age of fifty-two, Charles espoused a Roman Catholic, and a girl of twenty, Princess Louisa of Stolberg.* This union proved as unhappy as it was ill assorted. Charles treated his young wife with very little kindness. He appears, in fact, to have contracted a disparaging opinion of her sex in general ; and I have found, in a paper of his writing about that period, “As for men, I have studied them closely ; and were I to live till fourcore, I could scarcely know them better than now ; but as for women, I have thought it useless, they being so much more wicked and impenetrable.”† Ungenerous and ungrateful words ! Surely, as he wrote them, the image of Flora MacDonald should have risen in his heart and restrained his pen !

* Her mother, Princess Stolberg, survived till 1826. I was once introduced to her at Frankfort, and found her in extreme old age, still lively and agreeable. It is singular that a man, born eighty-five years after the Chevalier, should have seen his mother-in-law.

† ‘Stuart Papers, Orig. in French. See Appendix.’

The Count and Countess of Albany (such was the title they bore) lived together during several years at Florence, a harsh husband and an intriguing wife; until at length, weary of constraint, she eloped with her lover Alfieri. Thus left alone in his old age, Charles called to his house his daughter by Miss Walkinshaw, and created her Duchess of Albany, through the last exercise of an expiring prerogative. She was born about 1753, and survived her father only one year. Another consolation of his dotage was a silly regard, and a frequent reference, to the prophecies of Nostradamus, several of which I have found among his papers. Charles afterwards returned to Rome with his daughter. His health had long been declining, and his life more than once despaired of; but in January 1788 he was seized with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of one half of the body, and he expired on the 30th of the same month. His funeral rites were performed by his brother the Cardinal, at Frascati. In the vault of that church lie mouldering the remains of what was once a brave and gallant heart; and beneath St. Peter's dome, a stately monument, from the chisel of Canova, has since arisen to the Memory of JAMES THE THIRD, CHARLES THE THIRD, AND HENRY THE NINTH, KINGS OF ENGLAND—names which an Englishman can scarcely read without a smile or a sigh!

Thus ended a party, often respectable for generous motives, seldom for enlarged views or skilful designs. In their principles the Jacobites were certainly mistaken. They were wrong in shutting their eyes to the justice, necessity, and usefulness of the Revolution of 1688. They were wrong in struggling against the beneficent sway of the House of Hanover. They were wrong in seeking to impose a Roman Catholic head upon the Protestant Church of England. But we, on our part, should do well to remember that the Revolution of 1688 was not sought but forced upon us—that its merit consists partly in the reluctance with which it was embraced—that it was only an exception, though fully justified by the emergency, from the best safeguard of liberty and order, the principle of HEREDITARY RIGHT. Can there be a greater proof of the value of that principle, than the firmness with which so many hundred thousands, under the name of Jacobites, continued to cling to it for so many years after its infraction? And what wise statesman would willingly neglect or forego an instrument of government so easily acquired, so cheaply retained, and so powerfully felt?

How soon, on the decay of the Stuart cause, other discontents and cabals arose, the eloquent Letters of Junius—embalming the petty insects—are alone sufficient to attest. In these no great principles were involved; but, ere long, the battle of parties came to be fought on American ground; and, under the second Pitt, the efforts of the Jacobites were succeeded by the fiercer and more deadly struggle of the Jacobins. Indeed, in the whole period since the Revolution to the present hour, there has not been a single epoch pure from most angry partisanship, unless it be the short administration of Chatham. This unceasing din and turmoil of factions—this eternal war that may often tempt a gentler spirit, like Lord Falkland's, to sigh forth "Peace, peace, peace!" has also provoked attacks from the most opposite quarters against

against our admirable system of tempered freedom. The favourer of despotism points to the quiet and tranquillity which are sometimes enjoyed under unlimited kings. "Endeavour," cries the Republican, "to allay the popular restlessness by conceding a larger measure of popular control." Between these two extremes there lies a more excellent way. May we never, on the plea that conflagrations often rage amongst us, consent to part with that noble flame of liberty which warms and cherishes the nations, while—a still higher blessing—it enlightens them! Let us, on the other hand, not be unmindful of the fact, that the wider the sphere of popular dominion, the louder does the cry of faction inevitably grow; and that the unreasonableness of the demands rises in the same proportion as the power to arrest them fails. The truth is, that so long as ignorance is not allowed to trample down education and intellect—that is, so long as order and property are in any degree preserved, so long it is still possible to make complaints against "the privileged few." Any thing short of anarchy may be railed at as aristocracy.

For ourselves who, turning awhile from the strife and contention of the hour, seek to contemplate the deeds of the mighty dead, let us always endeavour to approach them reverentially and calmly, as judges, not as partisans. I know not indeed that it is useful, or even desirable—not at least for men engaged in active life—to divest themselves of all their feelings for the present, while reviewing the transactions of the past. He who does not feel strongly, has no right to act strongly in state affairs; and why should he who feels strongly, and who wishes to speak sincerely, suppress and glide over in his writings those principles which guide and direct him in his life? But with equal sincerity that those principles are avowed and professed whenever reference happens to occur to them—with the same spirit as that in which the venerable Head of our Law may revert from a debate in the Lords to a trial in the Court of Chancery—let us, when commenting on bygone days—when the public welfare can no longer call, as we conceive, for vehement expressions, or be served by decisive measures—earnestly resolve and strive to give every person and every party their due, and no more than their due. Thus alone can we attain the noble aim of History, "Philosophy teaching by examples;"—thus alone can we hope to inform the minds of others, and to chasten and exalt our own;—thus alone, after party plaudits are stilled in death, may we yet aspire to the meed of honourable fame!

We sincerely hope that Lord Mahon may revise his resolution as to finally suspending his narrative at the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. We are sure the reception of his labours ought to encourage him to proceed with them; and we can hardly doubt that, nobly as he has drawn the character of Chatham, we shall yet have to thank him for its proof and justification in another series of these masterly chapters.

ART. VII.—*Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land.* By Lord Lindsay. London, 2 vols. 8vo., 1838.

OUR lot is cast in very wonderful times. We have reached, as it were, Mount Pisgah in our march; and we may discern from its summit the dim though certain outlines of coming events. The tide of action seems to be rolling back from the west to the east; a spirit, akin to that of Moses, when he beheld the Land of Promise in faith and joy, is rising up among the nations;—whatever concerns the Holy Land is heard and read with lively interest; its scenery, its antiquities, its past history and future glories engage alike the traveller and the divine—hundreds of strangers now tread the sacred soil for one that visited it in former days; Jerusalem is once more a centre of attraction; the curious and the devout flock annually thither from all parts of America and Europe, accomplishing in their laudable pursuit the promise of God to the beloved City; ‘whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, the joy of many generations.’*

It would indeed be surprising if the wide diffusion of knowledge among all classes of the civilized world did not create a wider diffusion of interest for the history and localities of Palestine. All that can delight the eye, and feed the imagination is lavished over its surface; the lovers of scenery can find there every form and variety of landscape: the snowy heights of Lebanon with its cedars, the valley of the Jordan, the mountains of Carmel, Tabor, and Hermon, and the waters of Galilee, are as beautiful as in the days when David sang their praise, and far more interesting by the accumulation of reminiscences. The land, unbroken by the toils of the husbandman, yet ‘enjoys her sabbaths;’ but Eshcol, Bashan, Sharon, and Gilead are still there, and await but the appointed hour (so we may gather from every narrative) to sustain their millions; to flow, as of old, with milk and honey; to become once more ‘a land of brooks of waters, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills: a land of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig-trees and pomegranates, and of oil-olive;’† and to reassume their ancient and rightful titles, ‘the garden of the Lord,’ and ‘the glory of all lands.’ What numberless recollections are crowded upon every footstep of the sacred soil! Since the battle of the five kings against four, recorded in the 14th chapter of Genesis, nearly two thousand years before the time of our Saviour, until the wars of

* Isaiah ix.

† Deut. viii. 7.

Napoleon, eighteen hundred years after it, this narrow but wonderful region has never ceased to be the stage of remarkable events. If, for the sake of brevity, we omit the enumeration of spots signalised by the exploits of the children of Israel, to which, however, a traveller may be guided by Holy Writ with all the minuteness and accuracy of a road-book, we shall yet be engaged by the scenes of many brilliant and romantic achievements of the ancient and modern world:—Take the plain of Esdraelon alone, the ancient valley of Jezreel, a scanty spot of twenty-five miles long, and varying from six to fourteen in its breadth: yet more recollections are called up here than suffice for the annals of many nations. Here by the banks of ‘that ancient river, the river Kishon,’ ‘the stars in their courses fought against Sisera,’ the object of the immortal song of Deborah and Barak; and here too is Megiddo signalised by the death of the ‘good Josiah.’ Each year, in a long succession of time, brought fresh events; the armies of Antiochus and of Rome, Egyptians, Persians, Turks, and Arabs, the fury of the Saracens, and the mistaken piety of the crusaders, have found, in their turn, the land ‘as the garden of Eden before them, and have left it a desolate wilderness.’ Nor did it escape the ferocious gripe of the revolutionary war: the arch-destroyer of mankind sent his armies thither under the command of General Kleber, and in 1799 gave the last memorial of blood to these devoted plains.

But how small and transitory are all such reminiscences to those which must rivet the attention and feelings of the pious believer! If Johnson could regard that man as little to be envied who could stand unmoved on Iona, or Marathon, or any spot dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue, what must we say of one who cared not to tread Mount Zion or Calvary, or could behold, with unmoistened eye,

‘those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk’d those blessed feet,
Which *eighteen* hundred years ago were nail’d
For our advantage, on the bitter cross?’*

We have heard, indeed, that few persons can contemplate the Holy City for the first time without emotion: not long ago it was brought to our knowledge that two young men (and they not especially serious), on arriving within sight of its walls and mountains, struck by the *religio loci*, ‘How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven,’† slipped involuntarily from their camels, and fell into an attitude of adoration. Tasso has well seized this characteristic

* First Part of King Henry IV.

† Gen. xxviii. 17.

sentiment,

sentiment, and in all the truth of nature, has vividly described the feelings of the crusaders, when their armies came in view of the long-desired Jerusalem:

Swiftly they march'd, yet were not tired thereby,
For willing minds make heaviest burdens light.
But when the gliding sun was mounted high,
Jerusalem (behold) appear'd in sight;
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy,
Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,
With joyful shouts, and acclamations sweet.
To that delight which their first sight did breed,
That pleased so the summit of their thought,
A deep repentance did forthwith succeed,
That reverend fear, and trembling with it brought.
Scantly they durst their feeble eyes dispread
Upon that town, where Christ was sold and bought,
Where for our sins he faultless suffer'd pain,
There where he died, and where he lived again.
Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,
Following th' ensample of their zealous guide,
Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes, and feathers gay,
They quickly doft, and willing laid aside.
Their moulten hearts their wonted pride allay;
Along their watery cheeks warm tears down slide.*

Among the many travellers of modern days, who have contributed to our knowledge of the interesting regions dignified by events recorded in Holy Writ, a prominent place must be assigned to the young nobleman, whose work is mentioned at the head of this article. Lord Lindsay's abilities and accomplishments are of a high order: a spirit of inquiry, and a glowing enthusiasm have been aided by various knowledge, and refined by a sincere piety. He exhibits a considerable store both of ancient and modern learning; but his draughts of Helicon have been abundantly tempered by

'Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the Oracle of God;'
having gone out in the perseverance and devotion of a pilgrim, he has felt and recorded what he saw, with the wisdom of a philosopher, and the faith of an enlightened Christian.

But we are not prepared to recommend the book as faultless, either in composition or reasoning. It does not, in fact, lay claim to any originality in views or discovery. Whenever the noble Lord, following in the track of preceding writers, draws inferences from their collections, he is mostly correct; but deserting the beaten path of received opinion, and entering upon those

* Fairfax's Tasso, Canto iii. 3. 6. 7.

points of antiquity, which hold out an advantage to the speculatist, (inasmuch as where nothing can be proved or disproved, an audacious theorist can only be contradicted,) he meets with the fate of the mechanician in *Rasselas*, whose wings, though of no use in the air, sustained him in the water; so Lord Lindsay's learning, though insufficient to waft him through these obscure and inaccessible heights, saves him from the charge of ignorance, or wanton speculation.

The familiarity and ease of domestic correspondence preclude many of the graces and accuracies of composition; and we should be sorry to criticise severely the thoughts and expressions of private life; but we cannot repress a gentle hint that he is vastly too fond of an attitude in his writing: frequently when the time is come for a sentiment, he throws himself, like a dancing master, into the first position, and pours forth a passage, excellent indeed in its spirit and observations, but florid and verbose enough for an Irish reporter. There are 'and oh's' in sufficient number to supply a six months' correspondence to a whole boarding school of young ladies. We hope that in all the ensuing editions which this work very richly deserves, the noble author will take care that his manly and vigorous thoughts be not attenuated and disgraced by the expressions of a sickly novelist.

The first letter is dated from Gibraltar, in November, 1836: his lordship then proceeded to Egypt, sailed up the Nile, and surveyed everything that is offered to the notice of the traveller in that land of artificial wonders. He passed afterwards into Arabia, followed the journeying of the children of Israel, ascended Mount Sinai, and traced them through that great and terrible wilderness; visited the gulf of Akaba, and arrived by safe and easy journeys at Mount Seir and the instructive ruins of Petra. His course then lay through Hebron to Jerusalem, successively through every place of note in the Holy Land and the adjacent parts—Palmyra, Baalbec, Lebanon, and Damascus; whence he dates his last letter, in July, 1837, perhaps one of the longest letters upon record, comprising, as it does, all the intermediate pages of an octavo volume, from 60 to 235!

At Alexandria he visited the catacombs: 'over the door-way,' he says, 'we found traces of the orb, or globe, with wings, that Dr. Clarke mentions,'—(vol. i. p. 30.) This reminded him, he adds, of the address of Isaiah to Ethiopia, 'Woe to the land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia.'* It is not impossible that the character of the emblem, and the language of the prophet, may be in some manner related; the

* Isaiah xviii. 1.

quotation, at least, is aptly applied. This prophecy is confessedly most difficult and obscure, and engaged the vigorous intellect of Bishop Horsley, whose interpretation of it is peculiarly interesting in the present position of eastern politics. The stores of Egypt, however, are not yet exhausted for the illustration and evidence of Holy Writ. Though the work of Mr. Wilkinson has opened a mine of wisdom to every student of the Sacred Volume, much undoubtedly still remains in darkness; and it is most pleasing and consolatory to believe, in these times of increasing scepticism, that an additional testimony to the truth of His own Book, from the excavations of Egypt, Syria, and Palestine—yea, even from the very Mount on which the temple itself once stood, may have been reserved, by a merciful and considerate Providence, against ‘a day of trouble, of rebuke, and of blasphemy.’

At Cairo he was presented to that cross of tiger and fox, Mohammed Ali; of whom so much has been already said and written that we need not detain our readers by any extracts from Lord Lindsay's description of him; we cannot withhold, however, an extract from the remarks of his companion Mr. Ramsay, a young gentleman evidently of great promise, whose premature death by cholera, at Damascus, Lord Lindsay has recorded with graceful and tender affection:—

‘He has,’ says Mr. Ramsay, ‘drained the country of all the working men. He presses them as sailors, soldiers, workmen, &c., and nobody can be sure of his own security for a day.* His system appears to be infamous, and the change which has taken place in the general appearance of the country, within a few years, is said to be extraordinary. Everywhere the land is falling out of cultivation, villages are deserted, houses falling to ruin, and the people disappearing. He taxes all the means of industry and of its improvement, and then taxes the product. Irrigation is the great means of cultivation and fertility; he, therefore, charges fifteen dollars' tax upon every Persian wheel; and as the people can find a way of avoiding it by manual labour, raising the water in a very curious way by the pole and bucket, he lays a tax of seven dollars and a half even on that simple contrivance. He then, in the character of universal land proprietor in his dominions, orders what crop shall be sown, herein consulting his own interest solely, in direct opposition to that of his people. He settles the price of the crop, at which the cultivator is obliged to sell it to him, for he can sell it to no one else; and, if he wishes to keep any himself, he is obliged to buy it back from

* We have now before us an extract from a letter just received, and dated Alexandria. ‘The Pasha,’ says the writer, ‘has completely drained the population to raise an army, which he is unable to pay—it is a very rare thing to see here an *able-bodied man*. The public works are carried on by *little boys and girls*. Self-mutilation has been so resorted to that the Pasha has levied a regiment of one-eyed soldiers.’

government at the new rate which the Pasha has fixed for its sale, of course many per cent. dearer than when he bought it. Numberless are his little tricks for saving money; *e. g.*, when he has to receive money it has always to be paid in advance; taxes, particularly, he collects always just before the plague breaks out, so that, though the people die, he has their money; in paying the troops and others, it is *vice versa*—he pays after date and gains also upon deaths.

‘We have heard much at home of the reforming, enlightened spirit of Mohammed Ali, but what is it founded on? it looks more like a great and sudden blaze before the whole is extinguished and falls into total darkness; and whether this is to happen at his death or before, seems the only question: it seems not to be far distant.’—vol. i. p. 43.

‘Query,’ says Dr. Wolfe, in his last published journal, ‘is not Mohammed Ali, after all, the cruel lord mentioned in Isaiah as the predicted ruler over Egypt?’* If he be not so, woe to the unhappy country; for well may we say to him, like the impoverished servants of Pharaoh, ‘Knowest thou not yet that the land of Egypt is destroyed?’† But Mohammed Ali, and his ferocious son-in-law Ibrahim Pasha, though terrible to their own, are mild as sucking doves towards independent Europeans; their savage violence has opened Egypt and Syria to the traveller from distant lands, and rendered his journey easy and secure. How long this state of things may last no one can foresee; but their rule, which has, up to the present time, evidently fulfilled an order of Providence, by unfolding to our view all the scenes and localities of Holy Writ, may, perhaps, be in a course to prepare those regions of the East for other yet wider and more important changes.

We are next introduced to *the magician*—first made known by the oral reports of Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix.—‘He succeeded,’ says his lordship, ‘in the first person we called for, but failed egregiously in all the others.’—(p. 64.) ‘It is but fair to state,’ he adds, ‘that our Arab Glendower attributed the failure to its being Ramadan.’ Daniel Lambert was summoned, and appeared a thin man, and Miss Biffin rejoiced in arms and legs. It may be very fair to state the alleged reason of his failure; but we cannot quite discern the force of it; unless it be that the magician, conceiving the Ramadan to be universal, believed also that so rigorous a fast would reduce any mussulman of conscience from the largest to the smallest dimensions. This subject, however, has been so often handled, and by ourselves also—(see the fifty-ninth volume of this journal)—in the review we took of Mr. Lane’s work on Modern Egypt, that we shall not dwell upon it here. These unholy practitioners have deceived

* Isaiah xix. 4.

† Exodus x. 7.

many not silly men, and beguiled them into a notion of the exercise of supernatural power; but now that inquiry is afloat, their secret will speedily be discovered, and sink from the 'bad eminence' of devilry to the bathos of a conjurer's trick.

Lord Lindsay's acquaintance with *the magician* was a very fit preparation for his acquaintance with Caviglia—both are students of the black art; but this singular man, whose services in antiquarian discovery are fully recorded in our 19th volume, has added to the pursuit of what we *may* not know, a very zealous pursuit of what we *cannot* know;—he discerns in the sphinx an emblem of the doctrine of man's regeneration, as explained by our Saviour to Nicodemus in the third chapter of St. John; and on the doctrines of Christianity—

'As a foundation, he has reared a pyramid of the most extraordinary mysticism—astrology, magnetism, magic (his familiar studies), its corner stones; while on each face of the airy vision he sees inscribed in letters of light, invisible to all but himself, elucidatory texts of Scripture, which he read off to us, with undoubting confidence, in support of his positions.'—p. 84.

Of this singular compound of contradictory principles, his Lordship observes, that,—

'Living as he has done, so solitary, I should rather say, in such society as that of the old Pharaohs of Egypt, their pyramids his home, and that strange enigma of a sphinx his fellow-watcher at their feet, he has become, to use his own expression, "*tout à fait pyramidale*" in dress, feature, manner, thought, and language. We are told that in Ceylon there are insects that take the shape and colour of the branch or leaf they feed upon—Caviglia seems to partake of their nature, he is really assimilating to a pyramid. His history is very curious; "As a young man," he told us this evening, "*je lisais Voltaire, Jean Jacques, Diderot—et je me croyais philosophe*"—he came to Egypt—the Pyramids, Moses, and the Holy Scriptures converted him, "*et maintenant,*" said he, "*je suis tout Biblique.*"—p. 82.

And Mr. Ramsay adds,—

'Caviglia told me that he had pushed his studies in magic, animal magnetism, &c., to an extent which had nearly killed him—to the very verge, he said, of what is forbidden to man to know; and it was only the purity of his intentions which saved him. He told me he could have the power of performing all the magical rites formerly practised.'—p. 85.

We cannot repress our surprise that the noble Lord should have ascribed the virtues of humility and religious veneration to a *savant* who had disclosed such a picture of himself:—

'I have seldom,' he says, 'met with a man so thoroughly imbued with the Bible; the saving truths of the gospel . . . he seems to cling to them, and to love our blessed Saviour with the simplicity of a child.'—p. 84.

‘Je suis tout Biblique’ indeed!—Lord Lindsay might truly have appropriated that character; but with what eyes can the sorcerer read the awful words of Moses, ‘the *secret things* belong unto the Lord our God: but those things which are *revealed* belong unto us and to our children?’ (Deut. xxix. 29)—Dr. Wolff, we think, has classed him more correctly in his last journal:—

‘It is remarkable that Egypt has been, in several ages, the seat of mystical philosophy: once that of the Essenes, then Philo the Jew, Pythagoras, and now Caviglia.’—p. 4.

This study of mysticism may make some mad, some infidel, and many foolish, but wisdom it will confer upon no one.

The account of Lord Lindsay’s journey to Upper Egypt, and of his visits to all those ancient cities of the Nile, is highly entertaining; the letters are lively and instructive, enriched by notes and copious extracts from various authors, which he has done well to throw into the form of an appendix so as to preserve the narrative in an unbroken tissue. But our time will not allow us to tarry longer in these parts; we must hasten, like the Israelites, to traverse the Red Sea, and share those feelings of enthusiasm which Lord Lindsay thus admirably describes:—

‘We crossed in about half an hour. I read the sublime description of the passage of the Israelites, the song of Moses, and the seventy-seventh Psalm, with the scene before my eyes; for it was a little to the south of Suez that they crossed the Gulf. It was a strange and thrilling pleasure to look down on those waters, now so placid, and remember their division—to look up at that azure and spotless sky, and figure to one’s-self the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, that guided the chosen race to the Land of Promise.’—p. 306.

Along the whole route these ancient events are attested by names which mark the places of the several transactions; the hill near the spot where the Israelites entered the sea, is ‘still traditionally remembered in the Arabic name Ataka, or Deliverance;’ on the other side a part of the country is called El Tih, ‘the desert of the wandering;’ and the bitter well of Howara, the water of which Lord Lindsay found to be ‘excessively nauseous,’ he is convinced, must be the Marah of Scripture sweetened by Moses. His guide assured him that ‘there was no other well on the coast, absolutely undrinkable.’

Having arrived at the point where the roads to Mount Sinai diverge, our travellers took the line by Wady Mokatteb, as having been the route of the Israelites—they entered Wady Taibi, and having passed through a forest of tarfa and wild date-trees, came at once on a noble prospect which Lord Lindsay has set before us in a pleasing passage:—

‘The bright sea suddenly burst on us, a sail in the distance, and the

the blue mountains of Africa beyond it—a lovely vista. But when we had fairly issued into the plain on the sea-shore, beautiful indeed, most beautiful was the view—the whole African coast, from Gebel Ataka to Gebel Krarreb, lay before us, washed by the Red Sea—a vast amphitheatre of mountains, except the space where the waters were lost in distance between the Asiatic and Libyan promontories. It was the stillest hour of day; the sun shone brightly, descending to “his palace in the occident”—the tide was coming in with its peaceful pensive murmurs, wave after wave. It was in this plain, broad and perfectly smooth from the mountains to the sea, that the Children of Israel encamped after leaving Elim. What a glorious scene it must then have presented! and how nobly those rocks, now so silent, must have echoed the song of Moses and its ever-returning chorus—“Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea!”—p. 315.

Though the noble lord has examined, with learning and acuteness, the *verata questio* of the locality of the Israelitish encampment, and of the ‘real’ Sinai (pp. 344-359), we had rather acquiesce ourselves (for the present at least), and advise our readers to do the same, in long-established tradition. We do not undervalue a geographical accuracy, wherever it can be obtained; but here, if it be possible, it is not necessary, for Lord Lindsay has well observed—

‘What after all avails the inquiry, if we think merely of the stage and not of the action performed on it? This is the wilderness of Sinai—there can be no doubt of that; and whichever the individual mount was, every hill around heard the thunder, and quaked at the sound of the trumpet, waxing louder and louder as God descended in the cloud.’

The second volume is devoted entirely to an account of his wanderings in the Holy Land and the countries adjacent, inclusive of Petra. Although there may be little that is absolutely new, it is extremely entertaining—and superior, we think, to the first volume, as far more simple and easy. We are not carried away by that Pegasus of speculation and eloquence which here and there is too strong for his amiable master—‘We creep along by the earth,’ as is most fitting where the ‘place whereon we are standing is holy ground.’

After a visit to Edom, and some of the Bedouin Arabs, which he has very graphically related, his lordship arrived in Judea.]

‘We were now fairly,’ says he, ‘in the Land of Promise, described by the spies (who must have entered it nearly by the same road as ourselves) as a land flowing with milk and honey;—we had cows’ milk that night to our tea.’

A very pleasing illustration, we think, of the bathos (though perhaps more so in the expression than in the fact), but which is amply redeemed by his picture of the Holy City:—

‘Of

'Of Jerusalem,' he writes, 'I have but little to say; we took no cicerones. There is no mistaking the principal features of the scenery: Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, down which the brook Kedron still flows during the rainy season, and the Mount of Olives, are recognised at once. The Arab village Jilsan represents Siloam, and the waters of Siloa still flow fast by the oracle of God. A grove of eight magnificent and very ancient olive-trees at the foot of the mount, and near the bridge over the Kedron, is pointed out as the Garden of Gethsemane—occupying the very spot one's eyes would turn to, looking up from the page of Scripture. It was the only monkish legend I listened to. Throughout the Holy Land we tried every spot pointed out as the scene of scriptural events by the words of the Bible, the only safe guide-book in this land of ignorance and superstition, where a locality has been assigned to every incident recorded in it—to the spot where the cock crew at St. Peter's denial of our Saviour—nay, to the house of Dives in the parable. Yet, while I question the truth, I would not impugn the poetry of some of these traditions, or deny that they add a peculiar and most thrilling interest to the scenes to which they are attached—*loca sancta*, indeed, when we think of them as shrines hallowed by the pilgrimages and the prayers of ages.

'There is no spot (you will not now wonder at my saying so) at or near Jerusalem, half so interesting as the Mount of Olives; and, on the other hand, from no other point is Jerusalem seen to such advantage. Oh! what a relief it was to quit its narrow, filthy, ill-paved streets for that lovely hill, climbing it by the same rocky path our Saviour and his faithful few so often trod, and resting on its brow, as they did, when their Divine Instructor, looking down on Jerusalem in her glory, uttered those memorable prophecies of her fall—of his second advent, and of the final judgment, which we should ever brood over in our hearts as a warning voice, bidding us watch and be ready for his coming. Viewed from the Mount of Olives, like Cairo from the hills on the edge of the eastern desert, Jerusalem is still a lovely—a majestic object; but her beauty is external only, and, like the bitter apples of Sodom, she is found full of rottenness within,—

In earth's dark circlet once the precious gem

Of Living Light—Oh fallen Jerusalem!

But her King, in his own good time, will raise her from the dust.'—vol. ii, p. 63.

Jerusalem is despatched in this brief passage, much to our regret, as we should have rejoiced to read an ample account of it from the pen of such a traveller; but he hastens in quest of other places signalised in the history of Israel, which, by their present situations, may confirm or illustrate the truth of prophecy.

'We were in the neighbourhood of Bethel; I anxiously inquired for it of the Arabs, but in vain. I did not then remember the prophecy, "Seek not Bethel—Bethel shall come to nought" (Amos, v. 5). In fact,' he adds, 'not a trace, not even a tradition, remains of its existence.'—p. 73.

We shall not, however, make any further extracts from a work, the whole of which is well worthy of diligent perusal by any one who feels an interest in the by-gone glories, and future destiny of the Holy Land. It is no more than just praise to say of Lord Lindsay, that he has given us a book which combines instruction and amusement in a very singular degree—exhibiting, notwithstanding the youth of its author, a justness of thought and feeling which would become the experience of maturer years. We infer, from a passage in his first volume (p. 237), that he has already contemplated a journey to the oriental possessions of the British crown. Although we shall be most happy to receive such a narrative from the pen of the noble writer—*'nihil quod tetigit, non ornavit,'*—we sincerely hope that he will reserve some portion of his time for the service of his country at home. Great Britain in these days has not 'three hundred as good as he;' she will experience no scarcity of intelligent travellers.

Appended to the second volume is a letter from Mr. Farren, late British Consul General at Damascus. The services of this gentleman we believe to have been exceedingly valuable; most certainly this document bespeaks a high degree of judgment and information. But the contents of it give rise to serious reflection: Syria is wasted by the blundering and ferocious tyranny of Mahommed Ali; the land that once maintained whole nations like the dust of the earth for multitude, is almost emptied of her people; and her soil, already in a state of miserable neglect (unless his violence be checked), will soon be entirely desolate, without hands to till it. Two great rivals, the Sultan and his rebellious Pasha, are striving for the permanent possession of a country, which misgovernment is rendering utterly worthless. Which of the twain may triumph, if left to themselves, no one can pronounce; and the powers of Europe seem uncertain on which side to bestow their interposition. Mr. Farren points out the importance of the conflict, and inclines the balance in favour of the Sultan: but meanwhile a third claimant is, constantly though silently, fostering his pretensions to the enjoyment and rule of this ancient land, founding them on a prescription that transcends all history, and clothing them with a sanction, to which the world itself must ultimately do homage.

We have alluded, in the commencement of this article, to the growing interest manifested in behalf of the Holy Land. This interest is not confined to the Christians—it is shared and avowed by the whole body of the Jews, who no longer conceal their hope and their belief that the time is not far distant, when

'the Lord shall set his hand again the second time to recover the remnant of his people which shall be left, from Assyria, and from Egypt, and from Pathros, and from Cush, and from Elam, and from Shinar, and from Hamath, and from the islands of the sea; and shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and shall gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth.'—Isaiah xi. 11.

Doubtless, this is no new sentiment among the children of the dispersion. The novelty of the present day does not lie in the indulgence of such a hope by that most venerable people—but in their fearless confession of the hope; and in the approximation of spirit between Christians and Hebrews, to entertain the same belief of the future glories of Israel, to offer up the same prayer, and look forward to the same consummation. In most former periods a development of religious feeling has been followed by a persecution of the ancient people of God; from the days of Constantine to Leo XII.,* the disciples of Christ have been stimulated to the oppression of the children of Israel; and Heaven alone can know what myriads of that suffering race fell beneath the *piety* of the crusaders, as they marched to recover the sepulchre of their Saviour from the hands of the infidels. But a mighty change has come over the hearts of the Gentiles; they seek now the temporal and eternal peace of the Hebrew people; societies are established in England and Germany to diffuse among them the light of the Gospel; and the increasing accessions to the parent Institution in London attest the public estimation of its principles and services.†

Encouraged by these proofs of a bettered condition, and the sympathy of the Gentiles who so lately despised them, the children of Israel have become far more open to Christian intercourse and reciprocal inquiry. Both from themselves and their converted brethren we learn much of their doings, much of their hopes and fears, that a few years ago would have remained in secret. One of them, who lately, in the true spirit of Moses, went a journey into Poland 'unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens' (Exod. ii. 11), informs us that 'several thousand Jews of that country and of Russia have recently bound themselves by an oath, that, as soon as the way is open for them to go up to Jerusalem, they will

* 'By an edict of Leo XII., they were closely confined, to the number of 1500 to 1800, within a certain quarter of the town, called the Ghetto. This place they were not allowed to leave, even for a single day, without a special license; even though furnished with such a license, they were forbidden to dwell, or even converse familiarly, with Christians.'—*Hirschfeld's Strictures*, p. 64.

† The Callenberg Institution, which began in 1728 at Halle, in Prussian Saxony, had great success, when we consider the limited extent of its means; it came to an end about the time of the French Revolution.

immediately go thither, and there spend their time in fasting and praying unto the Lord, until he shall send the Messiah.* Although it was,' he continues, 'comparatively, a short time since I had intercourse with my brethren according to the flesh, I found a mighty change in their minds and feelings in regard to the nearness of their deliverance. Some assigned one reason, and some another, for the opinion they entertained; but all agreed in thinking that the time is at hand.† Large bodies, moreover, have acted on this impulse; we state, on the authority of another gentleman, himself a Jewish Christian, that the number of Jews in Palestine has been multiplied twenty-fold; that, though within the last forty years, scarcely two thousand of that people were to be found there, they amount now to upwards of forty thousand: and we can confirm his statement from other sources, that they are increasing in multitude by large annual additions. A very recent English traveller encountered many Jews on their road to Jerusalem, who invariably replied to his queries, that they were going thither 'to die in the land of their fathers.' For many years past this desire had prevailed among the Hebrews; old Sandys has recorded it in his account of Palestine;—but it has been reserved for the present day to see the wish so amply gratified. A variety of motives stimulates the desire; the devout seek to be interred in the soil that they love; the superstitious, to avoid the disagreeable alternative of being rolled under the earth's surface until they arrive in that land on the great morning of the resurrection. But, whatever be the motives of a people now blinded by ignorance, who does not see, in the fact, a dark similitude of the faith which animated the death-beds of the patriarchs; of Jacob, and of Joseph (Gen. xlix. 29), who, 'when he died, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel, and gave commandment concerning his bones?' (Heb. xi. 22.) In all parts of the earth this extraordinary people, whose name and sufferings are in every nation under heaven, think and feel as one man on the great issue of their restoration—the utmost east and the utmost west, the north and the south, both small and large congregations, those who have frequent intercourse with their brethren, and those who have none,

* Herschel's Brief Sketch (1837), p. 39.

† Mr. Davenport, in his report from Inowracław, mentions that, 'in reference to the changes taking place in the Jewish mind, a Jewish schoolmaster remarked to him, "There is a struggle going on of which you can have no idea: we do not know ourselves what we want, or what will be the end of it." He afterwards adds, "In reply to some remark which assumed that he believed his religious creed to be right, he said, "Oh, do not suppose that I am certain; I think I am right, but I am in doubt. You will never find a Jew who will certainly say he is right,"'—*Jewish Records*, September, 1838.

entertain alike the same hopes and fears. Dr. Wolff (*Journal*, 1833) heard these sentiments from their lips in the remotest countries of Asia; and Buchanan asserts that wherever he went among the Jews of India, he found memorials of their expulsion from Judæa, and of their belief of a return thither. At Jerusalem they purchase (as it were) one day in the year of their Mussulman rulers; and being assembled in the valley of Jehoshaphat, bewail the overthrow of their city and temple, and pray for a revival of its glory. Their prayer is now assuming a more penitential garb; 'Already'—says Mr. McNeill, in his excellent lectures on Jewish prophecy (p. 136)—

'as we have heard from an eye-witness of the interesting scene, some of them assemble themselves on the eve of their Sabbath, under the walls of Jerusalem, where the abomination of desolation still standeth, and chant in mournful melody the lamentations of their Jeremiah, or sing with something like a dawn of hope,

"Lord, build—Lord, build—
Build Thy house speedily.
In haste! in haste! Even in our days,
Build Thy house speedily.
Lord, build—Lord, build—
Build Thy house speedily.
In haste! in haste! Even in our days,
Build Thy house speedily.
In haste! in haste! Even in our days,
Build Thy house speedily."

In Poland,* the great focus of the Hebrew people, the sentiment is most rife that the time is near at hand for the turning of their captivity: oftentimes they meet together in their synagogues for humiliation and fasting; and falling on their knees, like Daniel (vi. 10), with their faces toward Jerusalem, offer these beautiful and touching petitions:—

'We are more sinful than any other people; we ought to be ashamed more than any nation; the joy of the Lord is gone from us, our hearts are wounded. Why?—because we have sinned against the Lord. The temple is destroyed: there is no Shechinah abiding among us; we are despised and trodden down by all people. The words of the prophets are fulfilled, that Israel is burned on every side, yet he layeth it not to heart. But now, Lord, look down from heaven, Thy holy habitation, and cause the Messiah, son of David, speedily to appear. And, accord-

* By far the largest concentration of Jews is found in the Russian dominions; their numbers are variously stated, but the calculation lately furnished to us, on which we most rely, estimates them at one million seven hundred thousand souls. Of the geographical distribution of this people we have said but little, as the subject had already been very copiously handled in the 38th volume of our *Journal*; but since that time the number of Jews in England has increased to about thirty thousand.

ing to thine own promise, sprinkle clean water upon us, and cleanse us from all our filthiness and from all our idols.*

What a marvellous thing, that this despised and degraded people, in their suffering and baseness, should yet be minutely observant of the royal supplication which fell from the lips of Solomon in the palmy days of Jerusalem!—

‘If Thy people bethink themselves in the land whither they are carried captive, and turn and pray unto Thee in the land of their captivity, saying, we have sinned, we have done amiss, we have dealt wickedly; . . . and pray toward the land which Thou gavest unto their fathers, and toward the city which Thou hast chosen, and toward the house which I have built for Thy name; then hear Thou from the heavens, even from Thy dwelling-place, their prayer and supplications, and maintain their cause, and forgive thy people which have sinned against Thee.’ (2nd Chron. vi. 37 *et seq.*)

Though they have seen the Temple twice, and the City six times destroyed, their confidence is not abated, nor their faith gone: for 1800 years the belief has sustained them, without a king, a prophet, or a priest, through insult, poverty, torture, and death; and now in the nineteenth century, in the midst of ‘the march of intellect,’—what is better, in the far greater diffusion of the written word of God both among Jews and Christians, we hear from all an harmonious assent to the prayer that concludes every Hebrew festival, ‘The year that approaches, Oh bring us to Jerusalem!’ This belief has not been begotten and sustained by rabbinical bigotry; for although a fraction of the reformed Jews have excluded from their liturgy every petition for restoration, and even for the coming of the Messiah, yet it prevails more strongly, if possible, among the converts to Christianity. We have now before us a letter from a Hebrew proselyte, dated but a few weeks ago at Jerusalem, which the writer was visiting for the first time: his heart overflows with patriotism, and the remembrance of his ancestry; he beheld the land of his fathers, to be hereafter his; ‘their’s not by unholy war, nor by stratagem or treachery, but as the gift of Him who is yet to be the glory of his people Israel.’

The reforms, as they are termed, of modern days, have arranged the Hebrews under the two classes, according to their own designation, of old-fashioned and new-fashioned Jews. The new-fashioned are the ‘liberals’ of Judaism, the old-fashioned are governed by the opposite principle. These reforms, which have so favourably exhibited their intellectual powers, have proved fatal to their sentiments of religion:—disregarding or denying the truths on which even the Talmud rested as a basis, they have

* ‘This is not one continued prayer,’ says Mr. Herschel, ‘but the substance of several petitions scattered throughout the Jewish Liturgy,’ p. 33.

scorned to purge away its dross; and, having broken from the trammels of Rabbinism, strut about in the false freedom of rationalism and infidelity. The leprosy has not yet spread itself over a large portion of the people; the chief seat of the disease lies, of course, in Germany; but many individuals have caught the contagion in Lemberg, Brody, Warsaw, and other towns of Poland. In Germany they are engaged in the formation of a literature of their own, and wield a portion of the daily and periodical press; new modes of worship are introduced; and the national expectation of a Messiah, being frittered away in figurative applications, is debased, and yet satisfied, by their share in the revolutionary changes of the European states. In France, a kindred sentiment prevails; they desire even to abandon the name of Jews, and assume the appellation of *Frenchmen-Israelites*, or 'adherents of the Mosaical religion': having been emancipated, in the change of policy that followed the revolution in that country, from many burdensome and injurious restrictions, they hail in this ameliorated condition the advent of the Messiah. These principles are asserted in a journal entitled 'The Regeneration, destined to the improvement, moral and religious, of the Israelitish People,' and conducted by some of the most able and learned Jews of Paris, Brussels, and Frankfort.

It is only within the last few years that the Jews, as a body, have been known beyond the circle of curious and abstruse readers. Their pursuits and capacities, it was supposed, were limited to stock-jobbing, money-lending, and orange-stalls; but few believed them to be a people of vigorous intellect, of unrivalled diligence in study, with a long list of ancient and modern writers, whose works—though oftentimes mixed with matter, much of which is useless, and much pernicious, and calculated far more to sharpen than to enrich the understanding—bespeak most singular perseverance and ability. The emancipation of genius, which began under Moses Mendelsohn about the year 1754, brought them unlooked for fame on the stage of profane literature;—the German, which had hitherto been regarded as an unholy language, became the favourite study of the liberalized Hebrews; thence they passed to the pursuit of the various sciences, and of every language, whether living or dead; their commentators and critics, philosophers and historians, condescended to a race with the secular Gentiles, and gave, in their success, an earnest of the fruit that their native powers could reap from a wider field of mental exertion. But the new lights, which shone so brightly on the chiefs of the secession, have done but little to illuminate the body of their followers; popular education, in the strict sense of the term, is still confined

confined to the Rabbinical Jews, who constitute the vast majority of the nation. This class of the Rabbimists, notwithstanding the exclusiveness of their studies, must be considered as an educated people, perhaps more so than any other upon earth; they can, almost universally, read the sacred language, and partially understand it; the zeal of individuals, even the poorest, prompts them to undertake the office of teachers; and so content are they with small remuneration, that nearly a dozen Melammedims might be maintained by the salary required for one English schoolmaster. Parents and relations will endure the greatest privations to save a sufficient sum for the education of their children; and oftentimes, where the income of a single family is inadequate, five or six will make a common purse to provide the salary of a tutor. The evil is, that an excellent system and an admirable zeal are neutralized and perverted by rabbinism and superstition. 'If asked to give,' says Dr. McCaul,* 'a concise, yet adequate, idea of this system, I should say it is Jewish popery; just as popery may be defined to be Gentile rabbinism.' Talmudical learning, and the power of the Rabbis, the depositories of it, are the ultimate object of Jewish discipline; to increase the one, and dignify the other, their writers have spared neither legend nor falsehood, in which blasphemy and absurdity strive for the pre-eminence: meanwhile, the doctrine inculcated is bitter in its precepts, unscriptural in its views, and hostile to mankind; and, though amongst themselves they both teach and practise many social virtues, their state must be considered as exhibiting an awful picture of moral and religious destitution.

That the Jews should be thus degraded and despised is a part of their chastisement, and the fulfilment of prophecy; but, low and abhorred as they still are, we now hail for them the dawn of a better day, a day of regeneration and deliverance, which, raising them alike from neology and rabbinism, shall set them at large in the glorious liberty of the Gospel. This desirable consummation, though still remote, has approached us more rapidly within the last few years. The Societies at Basle, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Berlin, Posen, and Breslau, for promoting Christianity among the Jews, have been eminently prosperous; but the London Society, the first in date, is likewise the first in its magnitude and successes. This admirable association, long buffeted by the gales of adverse fortune, seems now fairly harboured in public opinion; 'the entire contributions,' says their Report of March, 1838, 'received during the past year,

* 'Sketches of Judaism,' a work of singular ability, which, together with 'Old Paths,' by the same author, must be read by every one who wishes to attain any knowledge of the existing state of the Jews,

have amounted to the sum of 19,054*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*, being an increase of 4523*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.* upon the receipts of the preceding year.' Doubtless their future exertions will be commensurate with their means, and Providence will bless with a larger harvest their increased expenditure and toil. But they have been 'faithful over a few things,' and wrought great effects in the infancy of their fortunes. They have circulated in the last year, besides tracts, Pentateuchs, and other works in great number, nearly 4000 copies of the Old Testament in Hebrew; they have twenty-three stations in Europe and the East; forty-nine missionaries and agents, twenty-four of whom are Jewish converts; and ten schools, two in London, and eight in the duchy of Posen. Although the amount of conversions, relatively to the actual numbers of Israel, has not been large, the spies have brought back a good account of the land; the sample of its fruit may rival the grapes of Eshcol, and stimulate the Church of England to rise and take possession. In almost every considerable town of Germany there are to be found some baptized Jews; we learn, by official accounts from Silesia, that, between 1820 and 1834, 455 persons were added to the church; in East and West Prussia 234 in the same time; and from 1830 to 1837, in Berlin alone, no less than 326. In Poland, the average amount of baptisms during the last ten years has been about fifteen annually—exclusive of the great number baptized by the Romanists, to whom the proselytes are attracted by the hope and assurance of temporal support in the event of their conversion. At the Hebrew Episcopal Chapel in London, seven adult converts, and three children, were baptized last year, making a total thereby of 246 baptisms from the commencement, eighty-five of whom were adults; and among the converts in this country may be reckoned four synagogue-readers, of whom two have lately received orders in the Church of England; and six others, who have taken part in its apostolical ministry.* This is no sudden or uncertain progress; it is no reproduction of the same Jew, like the annual proselyte of Rome at the feast of St. Peter, who is kept, as the dog at the Grotto del Cane, to be victimised for the edification of the curious; a new spur has been given to the advance and establishment of the faith among them, and conversions are greatly on the increase. 'There is rarely an instance,' says our experienced informant, 'of a return to Judaism; and though some fall into sin, and misbehave themselves, their profession of Christianity is lasting, and, I believe, sincere.'

* Very many Jews have been baptized elsewhere, even in London, but we have no means of ascertaining the number. Mr. Joseph, himself a convert, has in the course of a few years baptized twenty individuals at Liverpool; baptisms have also occurred in Plymouth, Exeter, Bristol, Cheltenham, York, Hull, &c.

It is a very important feature in the generality of these conversions, that they have taken place among persons of cultivated understandings and literary attainments. We are not to be told that those excellent societies have operated with success on ignorance and poverty, purchasing the one, and persuading the other, where either necessity or incapacity lay passive before them. These Jewish converts, like their prototype St. Paul, brought up at the feet of their Gamaliels in all the learning and wisdom of the Hebrews, now 'preach the faith which once they destroyed.' We have already mentioned that several have become ministers of the Church of England; on the Continent we find many among the Lutheran and Reformed clergy; they have also their physicians, lawyers, head and assistant masters of the German Gymnasias; there are three professors and two lecturers, formerly Jews, in the University of Breslau; five professors in Halle; in Petersburg a professor of medicine; in Warsaw Dr. Leo, a convert, is one of the most celebrated physicians; in Erlangen we find Dr. Stahl; and in Berlin Dr. Neander, the celebrated church historian, fully proves that poverty of intellect is not an indispensable preliminary to Jewish conversion.

But even where the parties have not been fully brought to the belief and profession of the Gospel, a mighty good has resulted from the missionary exertions. Ancient antipathies are abated, and prejudices subdued; the name of Christian is less odious to the ears of a Jew; and many of the nation, adhering still to the faith of their forefathers, have ceased to uphold the Talmudical doctrine, that the Gentiles are beasts created for the purpose of administering to the necessities of Israel. They have conceived a respect for our persons, and a still greater for our intellects; an ardent desire is now manifested by the Jews to hold conversation with the missionaries; along the north coast of Africa, in Palestine, and in Poland, they have visited them in crowds; and many, doubtless, have borne away with them the seed which a study of the Scriptures will ripen into conviction.

As a consequence of this more friendly intercourse between Jew and Gentile, we must mention the kinder feelings entertained by the Hebrews toward a converted brother. We have heard, indeed, from the lips of a proselyte, that he had, even within the last four or five years, observed an improvement in this respect among his own relations; and the same fact is most amply attested by the opinion and experience of Mr. Herschel.

We wish we could say that this sentiment was universal; but, alas, we know many and lamentable exceptions. There are Jews in all parts of Europe who dare not avow their Christianity, so great is the fear of public reproach or domestic tyranny. In Constantinople,

Constantinople, Tunis, and Turkey generally, where the Jews have a police, and authority over their own body, conversion is as dangerous as in Ireland itself. Whenever an Hebrew is suspected of wavering in his rabbinical allegiance, he is imprisoned and bastinadoed; and no later than January of this year, a young man in Tunis, who had discovered an inclination to the hated faith, was assaulted so violently by his relations, that 'he fainted on the spot,' says the missionary, 'and lingered a few days, when he died.' Nevertheless, conversions even there, as in Ireland, are constantly on the increase; it being still the good pleasure of God that the blood of the martyrs should be the seed of the Church.

A desire, corresponding to this change of sentiment, is manifested to obtain possession of the word of God; and they eagerly demand copies of the Society's editions of the Old Testament in Hebrew. In the last two years 5400 copies have been sold by Mr. Stockfeldt, in the Rhenish provinces; several thousands on the coast of Africa, by Mr. Ewald; and in Königsberg Mr. Berghfeldt sells copies to the amount of about one hundred pounds annually. In Poland and Jerusalem the missionaries can dispose of all that are sent; and the last report of the Society informs us that a less additional number than twenty thousand copies would be utterly inadequate to the demands of the Israelites in all parts of the world. It is also very observable that the translation in their vernacular dialect has excited the liveliest interest among the long-neglected females of the Hebrew nation. All this indicates a prodigious change; hitherto they have cared little but for the legends of the Talmud and rabbinical preachments; they now betake themselves to the study of Scripture, and will accept the Pentateuch printed and presented by the hands of Christians! This abundant diffusion of the Hebrew Bible has, more than any other cause, contributed to abate prejudice and conciliate affection. Mr. J. D. Marc, in a letter from the Society's station at Offenbach, affirms that 'the conviction the Jews now have, that the Christians offer them the genuine word of God, and even to the poor gratis, makes an unspeakable impression on them, and begins visibly to melt their hearts.' And even in Poland, the very treasure-house of rabbinism, a missionary can find easy access, and a patient audience for the truths of the Gospel, provided he be well supplied with the word of God in its original tongue. Such efforts are felt and estimated far beyond the sphere of their first action; a kindly sympathy is propagated through all the distant limbs of the Jewish body; and traces of the zeal and growing favour of the Gentiles are discernible even in the remotest countries of the

East.

East. According to Dr. Wolff, in his several journals, Bibles and Testaments in Hebrew were found at Ispahan and Cashan, which he himself had given from his own store at Jerusalem; he heard of them also in Balk, Bokhara, and Affghanistaun. In the Himalaya mountains, far beyond the limit of the British dominion, he discovered even a Brahmin, surrounded by crowds of his disciples, reading the Gospel of St. Luke in the Nagree character;* this last fact, though not immediately bearing upon the Jews, well illustrates the efficacy and success of associations combined for the distribution of the Scriptures.

Efforts like these cannot fail to attain the most important results; for the blindness of Israel is still caused, as it was in the days of our Saviour, by their ignorance of the word of God; 'ye do err not knowing the Scriptures.'† A deeper acquaintance with their own holy books is an indispensable preliminary to general conversion; and we must bestir ourselves to multiply facilities by the widest possible circulation of them. The wiser and more Scriptural method of argument now pursued by the missionaries will advance the work; laying aside their reasoning from the Talmud and the Mishna, and perceiving that, with the Jewish people, a right intelligence and belief of the Old Testament is the only foundation for the belief of the New, they have at last adopted toward their Hebrew disputants the method of the inspired apostle; for 'Paul, as his manner was, went in unto them, and three sabbath days reasoned with them *out of the Scriptures*; openly alleging that Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead; and this Jesus, whom I preach unto you, is Christ.'‡

But a more important undertaking has already been begun by the zeal and piety of those who entertain an interest for the Jewish nation. They have designed the establishment of a church at Jerusalem, if possible on Mount Zion itself, where the order of our Service, and the prayers of our Liturgy shall daily be set before the faithful in the Hebrew language. A considerable sum has been collected for this purpose; the missionaries are already resident on the spot; and nothing is wanting but to complete the purchase of the ground on which to erect the sacred edifice. Mr. Nicolayson, having received ordination at the hands of the Bishop of London, has been appointed to the charge; and Mr. Pieritz, a Hebrew convert, is associated in the duty. The Service meanwhile proceeds, though 'the ark of God is under curtains;' and a small but faithful congregation of proselytes hear daily the Evangelical verities of our Church on the mount of the Holy City itself, in the language of the prophets, and in the spirit of the apostles. To

* Journ. 1832.

† Matth. xxii. 29.

‡ Acts xvii. 2, 3.

any one who reflects on this event, it must appear one of the most striking that have occurred in modern days, perhaps in any days since the corruptions began in the Church of Christ. It is well known that for centuries the Greek, the Romanist, the Armenian, and the Turk, have had their places of worship in the city of Jerusalem, and the latitudinarianism of Ibrahim Pasha had lately accorded that privilege to the Jews. The pure doctrines of the Reformation, as embodied and professed in the Church of England, have alone been unrepresented amidst all these corruptions; and Christianity has been contemplated both by Mussulman and Jew, as a system most hateful to the creed of each, a compound of mummery and image-worship.

It is surely of vital importance to the cause of our religion, that we should exhibit it in its pure and apostolical form to the children of Israel. We have already mentioned that they are returning in crowds to their ancient land; we must provide for the converts an orthodox and spiritual service, and set before the rest, whether residents or pilgrims, a worship as enjoined by our Saviour himself, 'a worship in spirit and in truth,'*—its faith will then be spoken of through the whole world. A great benefit of this nature has resulted from the Hebrew services of the London Episcopal Chapel; it has not only afforded instruction and opportunity of worship to the converted Israelite, but has formed a point of attraction to foreign Jews on a visit to this country, and has been largely and eagerly commented on in many of the Hebrew journals published in Germany. In the purity of our worship they confess our freedom from idolatry; and in the sound of the language of Moses and the prophets, they forget that we are Gentiles. But if this be so in London, what will it be in the Holy City? They will hear the Psalms of David in the very words that fell from his inspired lips, once more chanted on the Holy Hill of Zion; they will see the whole book of the Law and the Prophets laid before them, and hear it read at the morning and evening oblation; they will admire the Church of England, with all its comprehensive fulness of doctrine, truth, and love, like a pious and humble daughter, doing filial homage to that Church first planted at Jerusalem, which is the mother of us all. Our soul-stirring and soul-satisfying Liturgy—in Hebrew—its deep and tender devotion—the evangelical simplicity of its ritual—will form, in the mind of the Jew, an inviting contrast to the idolatry and superstition of the Latin and Eastern Churches; its enlarged charity will affect his heart, and its Scriptural character demand his homage. It is surely a high privilege reserved to our Church and nation to plant the true cross on the Holy Hill of Zion; to

* John iv. 24.

carry back the faith we thence received by the apostles; and uniting, as it were, the history, the labours, and the blood of the primitive and Protestant martyrs, 'light such a candle in Jerusalem, as by God's blessing shall never be put out.'

But this privilege will not be unaccompanied by practical benefits to the character and position of our own establishment. Whatever promotes the study and reverence of the Hebrew Scriptures, promotes, in a similar degree, the honour and stability of the Church of England. Her appointed orders, her liturgical services, her decent splendour, her national endowments, are 'according to the pattern that God shewed us in the Mount.' The principle of an establishment then received the august sanction of the Divine Wisdom; and whether we look back to the earliest periods of Jewish history, or forwards to the day of their future glory, as displayed in the concluding chapters of Ezekiel, we shall find that a national and established Church is ever a main portion of the polity of the people of God. The arch-assailants of our Zion are well aware of this truth, and seek, therefore, to disparage the Old Testament by a contemptuously exclusive preference of the New!—irreverently excluding from their 'Christian' catalogue, 'the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms,' they ascribe to the Gospels and Epistles *alone* the title of the *Christian Scriptures*! And they are wise in their generation,—perceiving, as they do, that the co-ordinate authority and mutual dependence of all parts of the written Word would manifest that the Saviour of Mankind, no less in the temporal than in the spiritual necessities of his church, 'came not to destroy, but to fulfil.'

The growing interest manifested for these regions, the larger investment of British capital, and the confluence of British travellers and strangers from all parts of the world, have recently induced the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to station there a representative of our Sovereign, in the person of a Vice-Consul. This gentleman set sail for Alexandria at the end of last September—his residence will be fixed at Jerusalem, but his jurisdiction will extend to the whole country within the ancient limits of the Holy Land; he is thus accredited, as it were, to the former kingdom of David and the Twelve Tribes. The soil and climate of Palestine are singularly adapted to the growth of produce required for the exigencies of Great Britain; the finest cotton may be obtained in almost unlimited abundance; silk and madder are the staple of the country, and oil-olive is now, as it ever was, the very fatness of the land. Capital and skill are alone required: the presence of a British officer, and the increased security of property which his presence will confer, may invite them

them from these islands to the cultivation of Palestine; and the Jews, who will betake themselves to agriculture in no other land,* having found, in the English Consul, a mediator between their people and the Pasha, will probably return in yet greater numbers, and become once more the husbandmen of Judæa and Galilee.

This appointment has been conceived and executed in the spirit of true wisdom. Though we cannot often commend the noble Lord's official proceedings, we must not withhold our meed of gratitude for the act, nor of praise for the zeal with which he applied himself to great preliminary difficulties, and the ability with which he overcame them. It is truly a national service: at all times it would have been expedient, but now it is necessary. To pass over commercial advantages—which the country will best perceive in the experience of them—we may discern a manifest benefit to our political position. We have done a deed which the Jews will regard as an honour to their nation; and have thereby conciliated a body of well-wishers in every people under heaven. Throughout the East they nearly monopolize the concerns of traffic and finance, and maintain a secret but uninterrupted intercourse with their brethren in the West. Thousands visit Jerusalem in every year from all parts of the globe, and carry back to their respective bodies, that intelligence which guides their conduct, and influences their sympathies. So rapid and accurate is their mutual communication, that Frederick the Great confessed the earlier and superior intelligence obtained through the Jews of all affairs of moment. Napoleon knew well the value of an Hebrew alliance; and endeavoured to reproduce, in the capital of France, the spectacle of the ancient Sanhedrim, which, basking in the sunshine of imperial favour, might give laws to the whole body of the Jews throughout the habitable world, and aid him, no doubt, in his audacious plans against Poland and the East. His scheme, it is true, proved abortive; for the mass of the Israelites were by no means inclined to merge their hopes in the destinies of the Empire—exchange Zion for Montmartre, and Jerusalem for Paris. The few liberal unbelievers whom he attracted to his views ruined his projects with the people by their impious flattery; and averted the whole body of the nation by

* Dr. Henderson says of the Polish Jews;—'Comparatively few of the Jews learn any trade, and most of those attempts which have been made to accustom them to agricultural habits have proved abortive. Some of those who are in circumstances of affluence possess houses and other immoveable property; but the great mass of the people seem destined to sit loose from every local tie, and are waiting, with anxious expectation for the arrival of the period when, in pursuance of the Divine promise, they shall be restored to, what they still consider, *their own land*. Their attachment indeed to Palestine is unconquerable.'—*Biblical Researches and Travels in Russia*, 1826

blending, on the 15th of August, the cipher of Napoleon and Josephine with the unutterable name of Jehovah, and elevating the imperial eagle above the representation of the Ark of the Covenant. A misconception, in fact, of the character of the people has vitiated all the attempts of various Sovereigns to better their condition; they have sought to amalgamate them with the body of their subjects, not knowing, or not regarding the temper of the Hebrews, and the plain language of Scripture, that 'the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations.*

That which Napoleon designed in his violence and ambition, thinking 'to destroy nations not a few,' we may wisely and legitimately undertake for the maintenance of our Empire. The affairs of the East are lowering on Great Britain—but it is singular and providential that we should, at this moment, have executed a measure, which will almost assure us the co-operation of the Eastern Jews, and kindle, in our behalf, the sympathies of nearly two millions in the heart of the Russian dominions.† These hopes rest on no airy foundation; but pleasing as they are, we cannot disguise our far greater satisfaction that, in the step just taken, in the appointment just made, England has attained the praise of being the first of the Gentile nations that has ceased 'to tread down Jerusalem!' This is, indeed, no more than justice, since she was the first to set the evil and cruel example of banishing the whole people in a body from her inhospitable bosom. France next, and then Spain, aped our unchristian and foolish precedent. Spain may have exceeded us in barbarity; but we invented the oppression, and preceded her in the infliction of it.

It is matter for very serious reflection that the Christians themselves have cast innumerable stumbling-blocks in the way of Hebrew conversion. To pass over the weak and ignorant methods that men have adopted to persuade the Jews—let us ask whether the Christians have ever afforded to this people an opportunity of testing the divine counsel, 'by their fruits ye shall know them?' What is the record of the Christian periods of the second dispersion?—A history of insolence, plunder, and blood, that fills even now the heart of every thinking man with

* Numbers xxiii. 9.

† Look to their present state of suffering in Poland and Russia, where they are driven from place to place, and not permitted to live in the same street where the so-called Christians reside! It not unfrequently happens, that when one or more wealthy Jews have built commodious houses in any part of a town, not hitherto prohibited, this affords a reason for proscribing them; it is immediately enacted that no Jew must live in that part of the city, and they are forthwith driven from their houses, without any compensation for their loss being given them'. 'they are oppressed on every side, yet dare not complain; robbed and defrauded, yet obtain no redress'. 'in the walk of social life, insult, and contempt, meet them at every turning.'—*Herschel's Sketch*, p. 7.

indignation and shame! Was this the religion of the true Messiah? Could this be in their eyes the fulfilment of those glorious prophecies that promised security and joy in his happy days; when his 'officers should be peace and his exactors righteousness?' What, too, have they witnessed in the worship and doctrine of Christian states? The idolatry of the Greek and Latin Churches, under which the Hebrews have almost universally lived, the mummeries of their ritual, and the hypocrisy of their precepts, have shocked and averted the Jewish mind. We oftentimes express our surprise at the stubborn resistance they oppose to the reception of Christianity; but Christianity in their view is synonymous with image-worship, and its doctrines with persecution; they believe that, in embracing the dominant faith, they must violate the two first commandments of the Decalogue, and abandon that witness, which they have nobly maintained for 1800 years, to the unity of the God of Israel.

It well imports us to have a care that we no longer persecute or mislead this once-loved nation; they are a people chastened, but not utterly cast off; 'in all their affliction He was afflicted.* For the oppression of this people there is no warranty in Scripture; nay, the reverse; their oppressors are menaced with stern judgments; 'I am jealous for Jerusalem and for Sion with a great jealousy, and I am very sore displeased with the heathen that are at ease; for I was but a little displeased, and they helped forward the affliction.'† This is the language of the prophet Zechariah; and we may trace, in the pages of history, the vestiges of this never-slumbering Providence. No sooner had England given shelter to the Jews, under Cromwell and Charles, than she started forward in a commercial career of unrivalled and uninterrupted prosperity; Holland, embracing the principles of the Reformation, threw off the yoke of Philip, opened her cities to the Hebrew people, and obtained an importance far beyond her natural advantages; while Spain, in her furious and bloody expulsion of the race, sealed her own condemnation. 'How deep a wound,' says Mr. Milman, 'was inflicted on the national prosperity by this act of the "most Christian Sovereign," cannot easily be calculated, but it may be reckoned among the most effective causes of the decline of Spanish greatness.'‡

We cordially rejoice that we possess the favourable testimony of the Children of Israel to the justice, respect, and kindness they enjoy in this land;§ but our efforts should the more be directed to promote their temporal and eternal welfare. They

* Isaiah lxiii. 9.

† Zechariah i. 15. Vide also xiv. 12.

‡ Hist. Jews, vol. iii. 368.

§ Vide Herschel's Sketch, and Rabbi Crool in his 'Restoration of Israel.'

forget,' says the good Archbishop Leighton, 'a main point of the Church's glory, who pray not daily for the conversion of the Jews.* We must learn to behold this nation with the eyes of reverence and affection; we must honour in them the remnant of a people which produced poets like Isaiah and Joel; kings like David and Josiah; and ministers like Joseph, Daniel, and Nehemiah; but above all, as that chosen race of men, of whom the Saviour of the world came according to the flesh. Though a people deep† in their sentiments of hatred, they are accessible, even when beguiled by neological delusions, to those who address them on their national glory; and many persons living can attest the gratitude of the Hebrews, as of old,‡ to those who seek the welfare of their nation. They are not less concerned than ourselves to observe the present religious aspect of Europe, and the awful advances of Popery. Doubtless the great and good prince, alike Christian and Protestant, who now sits on the throne of Prussia, will find that his affection and shelter to the Israelitish people will procure him, in the hour of conflict, no insignificant or insincere allies, knowing as they do, that Protestantism, which delivered its followers from error, has delivered also the Hebrews from insolence and oppression. Nor are our interests in less fearful jeopardy; both as a Church and as a nation, we have much to hope for in the welfare of the people of Israel; and—since prosperity is to be the portion of those who pray for the peace of the Holy City§—Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.'||

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Comedian.* By Mrs. Mathews. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1838.

THE stage, it is obvious, has lost, in these latter days, no small part of the interest which it formerly possessed as a source of amusement and a subject of taste. The lateness of the hours now kept in families of almost all classes—the multiplication of light books that furnish entertainment at the fireside—the extended education which brings this kind of amusement within the reach of daily increasing numbers—and the political turn of modern times, which the O. P. riots first brought to bear

* Sermon on Isaiah, ix. 1.

† We have now before us the Jewish Almanac for the present year, in which the era of the expulsion from this kingdom is very significantly marked.

‡ 'For he loveth our nation, and hath built us a Synagogue.' Luke vii. 2.

§ Psalm cxxii. 6. Numbers xxiv. 9.

|| Isaiah lxii. 7.

upon the theatres,—have probably been the principal causes of this decline. The exclusiveness of the private boxes, too, has done much to desolate the rest of the house, where ordinary people will no longer vouchsafe to be seen, now that Lords and Ladies have left off play-going in public. So aristocratical a personage is plain John Bull.

But the work before us has an interest, apart from a mere taste for the drama. It exhibits a valuable picture of a highly gifted and kind-hearted man, struggling with the difficulties of a narrow fortune, the discouragements of a weak constitution, and the temptations of a very dangerous profession,—and rising maturely to prosperity and reputation, without a spot upon the honesty or the honour of his straitened youth. He has left a manuscript containing his own history up to the commencement of his public career; and the memoirs of his after life are furnished by his widow, from his letters to herself and others, from fragments in his hand-writing, and from her own vivid recollections. She has brought the narrative, however, in the two volumes now published, only to the year 1818.

Charles Mathews appears, from the authentic record inscribed by his father on the fly-leaf of a huge family Bible, to have been born on the 28th of June, 1776, at a quarter before three in the morning; the seventh son of a seventh son. His forefathers were Glamorganshire people, whose name was Mathew; but the grandfather changed it to Mathews, for an estate of about 200*l.* a-year, which was wrested from his issue by a Chancery suit. The father was a bookseller, carrying on his business in the Strand, on the spot which was then No. 18, but which has now been pulled down, to open a view of Hungerford Market. Although a sectarian of the most 'serious' order, and even minister of Lady Huntingdon's chapel at Whetstone, near Barnet, where he had a country house, he remained, according to the testimony of his son, 'a liberal Christian amongst wretched fanatics,—moderate in a crowd of raving enthusiasts,—the mildest of preachers, the kindest of advisers; himself an example to the wholesale dealers in brimstone'—who abused his easiness and charity by spunging upon him at all points. His virtues, however, appear to have been appreciated by better persons. Miss Hannah More visited his shop, and on one occasion she brought thither Mr. Garrick, to whom she introduced her respectable publisher. Little Charles, then under three years of age, was present; and Garrick, taking him in his arms, burst into a fit of laughter, and said, 'Why his face laughs all over,—but certainly on the wrong side of his mouth!'

The schooling of the child began at St. Martin's Free School.

Shaw, the under-master, was a thin, shambling, squinting Scotchman, whom the boys were fond of mystifying. Charles used to carry a bit of broken glass to catch the rays of the sun and reflect them in Shaw's face. But he did it, as the school phrase is, once too often; for, being caught in the fact, he was horsed and flogged—the head master roaring out this facetious moral, ‘*That will teach you, Sir, I hope, not to cast reflections on the heads of the school!*’

There was a short muscular fellow, who daily walked the Strand, crying eels with a guttural voice—threepence a-pound, e-e-e-e-e-e-ls—e-elongating the word, as Mathews tells us, from Craven to Hungerford Street, till people used to say, What a long eel! Charles, having mimicked him to the great satisfaction of many auditors, including even his own serious papa, was ambitious enough to court the approval of the original himself, whom accordingly he one day awaited and saluted with the imitation. But the itinerant had no taste for mimicry, and, placing his basket deliberately on the ground, he hunted the boy into the father's shop, and felled him with a gigantic blow. ‘Next time,’ said the monster, ‘as you twists your little wry mouth about, and cuts your mugs at a respectable tradesman, I'll skin you like an e-e!’—and snatching up his basket, finished the monosyllable about nine doors off. Charles felt the effects of this punishment for months. But not the less did he practise his art in echoing the voices of the Methodist preachers; and, elated by the laughter of his mother, who was no sectarian, and of other friends, he was shortly tempted to make a more serious effort—the getting up of Pope's ‘Vital spark of heav'nly flame,’ as a vocal and instrumental performance at his father's chapel, by way of opposition to the organ of the established church; and the great success of this piece at the chapel seems to have fixed his passion for public applause. But the Steeple-ites (for so the congregation of the establishment were nicknamed by the Methodists) resolved on revenge, and laid a plan for showing up the young Dissenter. One Lawson, a shop-keeper of Whetstone, proposed to treat him to Enfield Races, and drive him thither and back. His mother's slow consent was gained; and ‘I do remember,’ says he, that—

‘these “terrible, terrible, high-bred cattle,” being the first racing-blood I had ever seen, had such an inspiring effect, that I was then and there inoculated with a mania that has prevailed until this hour. Yes! lame and worn as I am, I admit no difficulty, I allow of no impediment, I am indifferent as to distance, but to the races I must go, whether Doncaster or Epsom, Leger or Derby. I have left Glasgow with the penalty attached of two nights' travelling, in order to be at Newmarket on Easter Monday, and have witnessed twenty-five contests for Derby and Oaks

Oaks since 1803. I have frequently ridden on horseback from London to the neighbourhood of Epsom at night after my performance to sup with friends, rather than encounter the dust of the roads on the "great day," as it is called. This will show that my enthusiasm is not abated.—The races were over, and my anxiety for return was immediate. I apprehended darkness, robbery, upsettings—my mother's alarm if I should not be at home by the promised hour. I urged all this to my companions, but in vain. They had not studied to amuse me only, but themselves also.—It was agreed they must dine there, and go home afterwards. A booth was chosen, and dinner was succeeded by punch. It was no difficult task to intoxicate a boy of my age. I was hardly aware of the probable consequences of the tempting but treacherous beverage. They had resolved upon making me dead drunk, and I hiccuped out "No more! no more!" till I was nearly no more myself. All I remember from the time the bacchanalians ordered in a fresh bowl was their noisy chorus of "Drunk, drunk, drunk." My lifeless body was taken out of the gig and carried in triumph on their shoulders through the village, some of them singing, in ridicule of the music in which I had so distinguished myself, 'Vital spark,' &c. In this way I was chaired round the place like a successful member—like him receiving additional shouts when we passed the houses of obnoxious politicians,—till, wearied with their midnight orgies, and their carrying me like Guy Fawkes about the streets, they shot me out of my triumphal car at my father's cottage door.—vol. i. pp. 29, 30, 31.

He was now about ten years old, and his father removed him from St. Martin's to Merchant Tailors' School; where he pursued his studies during five days and a half of each week, passing his time with his family in the country from Saturday afternoon to Monday, for the nine months which his father spent yearly at Whetstone.

'This escape from all descriptions of fagging and from confinement—this freedom of body and soul from the fetters of scholastic discipline—the contrast between the narrow dirty lane where the school was situated and the pure air I breathed in my beloved little village, was such a joyous emancipation, that the impression has dwelt in my memory to the present hour; and I feel the same impulse to escape from London with all its attractions, and revel in country pleasures, that I did when I was a schoolboy. During my first engagement in Drury-lane Theatre I lived at Colney Hatch, and in all weathers returned home after the play about eight miles, and over Finchley Common, in an open carriage: this was from pure love of the country. Four years I lived at Fulham, and paid the same midnight visits, frequently on horseback, to my house; and fourteen years at Kentish Town (commonly called Highgate by my visitors, and not unfrequently Hampstead).—vol. i. p. 36.

Charles, and William who was by seven years his senior, were, of seven sons, the only survivors. Of seven daughters but one was reared. William was sent to Cambridge, and thus, says

Charles, did my father strike a fatal blow at his own peace. He created

'a mortifying distinction between the rank in society of his two sons,—the eldest a gentleman, the youngest a tradesman. Having made up his mind to "cramp my genius" behind a counter, he was imprudent in sending me to a public school.'—vol. i. p. 35.

William passed his vacations at home, and Charles was now of an age to profit by his conversation. This intercourse, and the opinions of their mother, produced a salutary effect on the mind of the boy, and opened his understanding to a perception of the ignorance and impudence of the hypocrites who beset and plundered the worthy bookseller. His abode in the Strand had been made a sort of house of call for the sanctified,—the authors and readers of such works as 'Nine Points to tie up a Believer's Small-Clothes,' Collins's 'Spouse under the Apple-Tree,' 'Hooks-and-Eyes for Believers' Breeches,' 'A High-heeled Shoe for a Limping Christian,' and so forth. 'Such people,' says the autobiographer, 'met at my father's house, and wrestled most vigorously. They brawled, as if the best use to be made of religion was to quarrel about it.' Among these militants was Huntington, the canting coalheaver, who added S. S. to his name, to denote *Sinner Saved*; 'but,' says Mr. Mathews,—

'as even my father's waggery extended to another interpretation, I may venture upon it. He one night came home from a "Religious Experience and Christians' Confessing Benefit Club," and found Huntington making love to his cook in the kitchen—"basting her with the hoyle of salivation," as he said. My father, in great indignation, literally pushed him out of the house. I believe he gave him a kick; and as he sleeked his coal-black hair, with his dusty paws and their ebony terminations, about to excuse himself, my father exclaimed, "William Huntington, S. S., *Sad Scoundrel!*"'—vol. i. p. 42.

'I had, however, the opportunity of hearing, amongst other eminent men and writers on theology, John Wesley, Romaine, De Coetlogon, Dr. Madan, Toplady, Rowland Hill, Cecil, Cadogan, &c. &c.; and they were among the first *gentlemen* I had seen. The clearly-drawn line of demarcation between these and the vulgar herd that embittered my life, and eventually drove me from my family fireside, added to my mother's example and high bearing towards them, and her sincere attachment to the Church of England, may account for my vacillations, and my ultimately settling down as a true and, I hope, sincere member of the established religion.'—vol. i. p. 40, 41.

During the later years of his education at Merchant Tailors', four of his evenings in each week were employed at a French school, kept by a Madame Cotterel, in the first floor of a pastry-cook's shop, near Bedford Street, Strand. Among the scholars of this lady the mania for private theatricals was raging hotly, and

and the leader of the frenzy was no less a personage than the afterwards celebrated Robert William Elliston. With the proceptr's permission they got up the 'Distressed Mother,' in which Elliston was Pyrrhus and Mathews Phoenix. In the year following, they produced the 'Orphan,' and a farce called 'A Quarter of an Hour before Dinner,' in which Mathews played Lovel; but, he says, he has reason to believe, without the slightest approbation. No wonder, for, up to that time, he had never been within the walls of a regular theatre. His first taste of that gratification was in the autumn of 1790, when, one Saturday evening, in the absence of his father, who had gone to Whetstone to be ready for the Sunday's duty, young Charles, then aged little more than fourteen years, sallied forth with his friend Litchfield, of the Council Office, and saw a *real play*. 'The very curtain,' says he,—

'filled me with anticipations of delight; the scenery, the dresses, the feathers, the russet boots, the very smell of the theatre, that mixture of orange-peel and oil, the applause in which I joined so heartily as to bring all eyes and many remarks upon me to the great scandal of my cicerone, filled my senses with delight. From that night my mind was in a state of splendid irritation.'—vol. i. p. 56.

His thirst for dramatic fame was thus excited to more fervency than ever; and he made his appearance with Elliston over a stable, in Short's Gardens, Drury Lane, at what was called a private theatre, one of those places to which idleness, debauchery, and immorality of every description are largely indebted for their sway in this rank metropolis. Mathews's great effect was in the farce, 'The Prize,' in which he enacted Lenitive, and gave imitations of the then favourite actors;—Suett and Munden were pronounced to be near perfection.

At this epoch his pursuits took a literary, as well as a dramatic turn; and 'The Princess of Cleves, by C. M.,' was published, by monthly instalments, in the 'Ladies' Magazine. This was, in fact, but a translation. He slyly says,—

'I thought the eyes of all Europe were upon me, and that the ladies who took in the work would unite in calling on the Editor to insist on the author declaring himself. I erected my crest and craned my neck, as many a modern dramatist has done, when taking to himself the compliments upon his new play, properly due to the Messrs. Scribe and Co.'—vol. i. p. 58.

His brother, who was engaged in various literary labours, and Mr. Litchfield, who was a contributor to the 'Oracle' and the 'World,' introduced him to the acquaintance of Major Topham, Mr. Este, and other periodical writers of the day; and he was yet but in his teens when he became editor of a magazine, called the 'Thespian,'

'Thespian,' at the modest salary of one guinea per month. This publication appears to have had a short life, and not a very merry one. He says no other reason needs be given for its failure than that it was entirely devoted to the drama; but he supplies a stronger, we suspect, when he adds,—

'I was blockhead enough, after having seen only about a dozen plays, to imagine myself qualified to write upon the subject, and censure those who had devoted their minds and lives to the study of their art.'—vol. i. p. 60.

It seems to be strangely forgotten, by people who criticise theatrical performances, that not only the composition, but the representation, of the drama, is an art, and a very complicated one, requiring, for the due comprehension and appreciation of it, a combination of faculties and experience, certainly not less, perhaps considerably greater, than are needed for a just estimate of the efforts of an artist in any other department. Whatever of taste and of cultivation is requisite to form an opinion upon painting, sculpture, architecture, decoration, is requisite to judge accurately of the scenic art, which combines all these, and combines with them those two other subtle and evanescent elements,—motion and speech. The picture on canvas will wait for examination, re-examination, reflection. The critic who doubts (we speak not of coxcombs who never doubt at all) may pause, and return, and decide after deliberation. But the picture on the stage—the passion expressed in countenance, voice, and gesture—this deep and rapid tide of feeling wait for no observer's leisure. So it is also with the lighter representations, with the graces, and with the manners, that flit along the scene. Unless the critic can catch them living as they rise, and in the one moment of their rising,—unless he have principles of judgment ready stored in his mind to which each swiftly succeeding impression can be referred as it passes—he is not a skilful guide, nor a competent reporter. Thus it happens that persons possessing naturally fine faculties, but unaccustomed to the theatre, are often far less accurate judges of scenic talent than people of much inferior capacities, who, by long connexion with the stage, and by a careful observation of nature with a view to stage expression, have acquired a general acquaintance with dramatic effects, and fixed a certain standard of them in their minds. The criticism of the stage, then, requires not only a familiarity with the general principles of art, an eye for form and grace and colour, and a correct and susceptible ear, but a considerable knowledge of the world, and a long attention to the working of the passions in the vast variety of gesture, tone, and countenance, by which different men betray, or subdue, or dissemble them. This
variety

variety in the expression of passion is complicated also by accidental circumstances—all of which demand a certain knowledge and a certain calculation of their effects. The same passion, in two persons of the same natural character, presents a totally different aspect, according to the society and sphere of life in which those two persons have respectively lived. We remember to have heard Mr. Kemble say, when somebody was referring to the common story, that Garrick had collected the beauties of his *Lear* from a visit to Bedlam: 'The excellence of Garrick's *Lear*, as I apprehend, was not that it represented ordinary madness, but that it represented the madness of a dethroned king. It might have been a most accurate copy of the general distortions of the patients in Bedlam, without bearing any resemblance to the royal and poetical lunatic of Shakspeare.' Such considerations as these, we admit, have been disregarded by actors who have yet had great reputations, and who, provided they could produce what they called effects of nature, cared little whether their nature was truly that of the character in hand. In fact, the more ordinary, coarse, and unrefined, were the nature they portrayed, the more likely was it to be recognised by, and come home to, the large majority of their audience. There is a wide range of passionate sounds and abrupt motions, pluckings of the hair, galvanizings of the fingers, rubbings of the breast, growlings, gaspings, and gurglings in the throat, which, under strong emotion, would break forth from men of almost all kinds in the ruder states of society and manners. The higher ranks of every civilized community have banished these unseemly expressions from their circles and habits, which now therefore, in all the refined and heroic characters, have ceased to be appropriate or true;—but they are always to be seen among the lower orders of people when excitement runs high; and, as this is the exhibition of passion which the greatest number of every audience have seen in real life, it is the sort of passion which the greatest number think most natural on the stage—without considering that what is a natural expression of feeling in an alehouse brawl, becomes grossly unnatural in a dispute of honour between educated men.—When the allied sovereigns, during their visit to England, were entertained at the Mansion House, a little statue of Napoleon, beautifully executed in confectionary, was handed round among the principal guests. The emperors looked at it calmly, and said some passing word of Bonaparte's fallen fortunes; but the Cossack Platoff, clenched his teeth, and growled at the model of his vanquished enemy, as a terrier would at a caged rat. The modern fashion has been too much to reduce all characters, however elevated, and even heroic, to the
Platoff

Platoff of terrier level; and, unquestionably, if this principle be once admitted as the true one, and the higher distinctions of character swept away, to let in a low universal average of nature, instead of preserving the wonderful and beautiful varieties of degree and modification which exist in actual life, from its lowest note to the top of its compass, acting becomes a much easier art, and criticism a much more ordinary science. Nor is it merely with respect to the actor's conception that inexperienced critics are in danger of misleading themselves and their followers: they are as liable to error about the execution as about the design; for it is not only possible that an actor may represent a higher personage with too low a tone of habits and feelings, but probable, also, that he may overdo even a character of lower life, as by copying too minutely, even though quite accurately, some physical coarseness of vulgar passion. Such excesses are not within the proper design of dramatic poetry, whose province is to select and combine, for scenic representation, the beauties of natural emotion, and not to draw into observation what is intrinsically disgusting, however natural it may be. Then, what the author should aim at, the actor should second, and not strive to get a separate and illegitimate attention for himself, by outrunning and overflowing the character intrusted to him. The favourite maxim of Mrs. Siddons, who studied her art as an artist, and could give a reason for her expression of every clause and passage of every part she played, was that particular instruction of Hamlet to the players, wherein he tells them, 'In the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind, of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness.'—All this, and much more, a dramatic critic should know and keep ever present to his mind; and we only forbear to press the subject further, from the fear that our readers, remembering Rasselas's interruption of Imlac in the enumeration of the requisites for a poet, should jump to the conviction that no man can ever be a theatrical critic.

27 The sanguine temperament of very youthful ambition is whimsically illustrated by the fact, that Mathews, while yet under fifteen years of age, applied to the proprietors of Covent Garden for the vacancy in low comedy, occasioned by the then recent death of Edwin. Mr. Harris, possessing the services both of Munden and of Fawcett, had of course no desire to negotiate with an untried beardless aspirant.

Meanwhile, for the sum of fifteen guineas, the manager of the Richmond company permitted Charles and his friend Lichfield to act in his theatre for one night. Charles, who played the Earl of Richmond, being an adroit fencer, resolved to show his skill at large, and would not allow the tyrant to die without a prolonga-
tion

tion of the contest, which threw the audience into fits of laughter. In vain did Lichfield whisper 'Enough,' and in vain did the spectators shout. Charles still lunged on, till at length a matter-of-fact fellow in the gallery, quite rapt in the scene, vociferated 'Down him, why does not he shoot him?' The late king, then Duke of Clarence, had come from Bushy, and was present in a private box with Mrs. Jordan. They were both in convulsions of laughter; and some years afterwards, when Mathews was relating this incident in the green-room of Drury Lane, Mrs. Jordan started up, clasping her hands, and in her fervent, soul-stirring, warm-hearted tones, exclaiming, "Was that you?" and she screamed with laughter at the recollection. The afterpiece was the *Son-in-Law*, in which Mathews sang and danced Bowkitt. The same pair of brothers made another attempt, early in 1794, at Canterbury. Again the play was *Richard*, and again the fight was protracted; but here the audience, instead of laughing at its length, sympathized in its earnestness. In the farce of *Who's the Dupe*, Mathews enacted Old Doiley; after which 'the two stars lighted each other' to their inn, in hopes of liberal applause from their landlord, whom they had gratified with a ticket. But though thus treated, and invited too to take a pipe and a glass with the two performers after supper, he was provokingly silent on the great subject; till at length, finding every circuitous approach ineffectual, they attacked him with the direct question, "Pray tell us really what you thought of our acting?" This was not to be evaded. "I do not know what to say," said he.

The landlord looked perplexed, his eyes still fixed upon the ground: he took at length the tube slowly from his mouth, raised his glass, and drank off the remnant of his brandy and water; went to the fireplace, and deliberately knocked out the ashes from his pipe; then, looking at the expectants for a minute, exclaimed in a deep though hasty tone of voice,—"D—d good fight!" and left the room.—vol. i. p. 73.

Once more the same couple essayed their strength together at Sadler's Wells, on what is called a bye-night, when Mathews played Sir David Dunder, in *Ways and Means*. During the holidays of Merchant Tailors' the lad had occasionally served in his father's shop; and, on quitting the school, he was apprenticed to that good parent, who intended him for the bookselling business. But he was annoyed by its duties, and particularly by that of carrying books to customers who would not alight from their carriages. One of these, a vulgar purse-proud man, having sent him two or three times backwards and forwards in the rain, the irritability of the youth began to rise. "This is the second edition; I want the first." The boy returned to the shop, "This is bound in Russia; calf-gilt will do for me: the boy's

boy's a fool.' Upon which last words, Master Charles threw the book in the offender's face.

'Destiny now began,' says he, 'to develop her plans. Early in the year 1794 I made up my mind to make the stage my profession, and began to ponder upon the when, the where, and the how, when chance threw in my way Hitchcock, who wrote the History of the Irish Stage. All authors upon such subjects were welcome to me; and, after an introduction, I heard with great delight that he was a sort of Serjeant Kite to the Dublin corps of Thespians, and was now in London beating up for recruits: in short, I enlisted. He did not give me a shilling, and I believe never would if he could with decency have avoided it. Why he engaged me at all was a puzzle to me when I had leisure for repentance in Dublin. My salary was to depend on my success. Could I doubt that it would be liberal? It was agreed that I should join the corps in Dublin at the latter end of May 1794.'—vol. i. pp. 74, 75.

His father, of course, opposed his design; but, finding him resolute, gave way at last, with these words: 'That little vagabond, Garrick, bit you when he took you in his arms.' He furnished the lad, however, with a little money, to which some more was added, with many tears, by his mother; and at the end of May, 1794, young Charles, who had never before been twenty miles from his father's roof, and whose weakly health and over-rapid growth had caused serious apprehensions of a premature fate, left the home of his childhood for a distant city and a perilous profession.—At this point of his life the connected series of his own biography ceases.

He arrived in Dublin on the 3rd of June, and made his first appearance there on the 19th of the same month, for the benefit of Mrs. Wells, as Jacob Gawky, in the 'Chapter of Accidents,' and Lingo, in the 'Agreeable Surprise.' He was well received, and got a good deal of applause, especially in the songs. The manager, Daly, sent for him next day, and, declaring himself very well content with the performance, offered him a guinea a-week, without deductions for the nights on which he did not play; being the largest salary then given to beginners. In his correspondence with Mr. Lichfield, 3rd of August, he expresses himself satisfied, under all the circumstances, with this scanty allowance; for he boarded and lodged with a widow, and comfortably, too, at the moderate rate of half a guinea a-week. But he had no small mortifications to endure. About the end of June Miss Farren was engaged for a few nights in Daly's company, and Mathews, to his inexpressible discomfort, was obliged, in the farce of the 'Citizen,' to play the sentimental lover, Beaufort, a part wholly unfitted for him, in a scarlet coat which fitted him as little, having been made for a man a head shorter. A general shout saluted him

him on the appearance of his thin figure, with cries from the gallery of

"Oh! see the mop-stick!"—"Ah! Pat, hould yer breath hard, or y'll puff him off the stage."—"Oh! and it's the only puff I'll give him, anyhow." "Oh! the crethur! what a slice of a man! Arrah! where's your other half? Why didn't ye bring it with ye, jewel?" These and such like pleasantries greeted his first appearance. When *Maria* came on the stage to him, he being directed by the author to look thoughtful and embarrassed, Miss Farren felt obliged (by the same authority) to imitate the performer's peculiar action, and then laugh in derision of it. Hereupon followed, from *on high*, a dreadful noise, that might be supposed to resemble the war-whoop of American Indians, in token of their approval of the imitation. At length, when the love-sick *Beaufort* made his exit, he was followed by a universal whoo!!! After this had subsided, one of his tormentors got up and proposed "a groan for the long lobster," which was loudly and heartily accorded, with due honours.—vol. i. p. 104.

Miss Farren, when the piece was over, made many kind apologies to him for having been an unwilling accessory to this ridicule, and he begged, almost with tears, that Daly would release him from the part; but Daly was inexorable.

The company, during Miss Farren's engagement, made a trip to Cork and Limerick. At the latter city, an irregular absence of the comedian who was to play *Lissardo*, in 'The Wonder,' made it necessary that Mathews should study the part at the notice of a few hours; and, having only the short interval between rehearsal and play-time, he pursued his study as he walked by the banks of the Shannon, where the heat of the weather tempted him to bathe. He slipped out of his depth, and must have perished, but for the promptitude and courage of a brother performer named Seymour, who jumped into the water in his clothes and saved his comrade, almost in the very article of death. A fragment, in Mathews's handwriting, describes, with minuteness, the sensations of drowning, and gives a lively sketch of the Irish who flocked round him to a public-house, into which he was carried in a helpless state.

"Let's luk at the face of him. Rub away, ye devils! I've seen the eyes of him opening. Don't trust the potteen near the mouth of the cratur, or he'll leave you none for the rubbin. Pour a drop down to rouse the heart of him. Niver fear!—keep the sowl inside the body of him, and he's safe! How did he get in the sea itself?"—"Sea! sure, it's the Shannon. There's no sea there, you tief o' the world. Did he jump in?"—"Sure, he went a swimming, and had never learnt?"—"He had one lesson only, I heard, and that was to teach him how to sink."—"By my sowl, then, he was an apt scholar. What name's upon him? Has he a woman itself that owns him? Sure, I heard the Englisher red-coat say; he was one of Daly's *divarters*."—The most
zealous

zealous attendants of the Humane Society, however, might have here taken a lesson in adroitness in restoring animation. Suffice it to say, their means were effectual, and I acted *Lisardo* with the accomplished Farren that night."—vol. i. p. 117.

He had not many such opportunities. The lists of characters which he transmits to Mr. Lichfield exhibit a mournful succession of flat, unprofitable parts. But against this, as against his other vexations, young Mathews bore up bravely. 'What I have done, to be sure, is only poor; but it will make me used to the stage, and that, at any rate, is a service.'—Letter to Mr. Lichfield, 3rd August. Again, after returning to Dublin from the trip to Limerick and Cork, he writes, 9th November, 'I there improved myself by playing a very decent line of business, much more so than as a young performer I could expect.' How powerfully do these modest lines reflect upon the arrogance of many a pretender, who harasses the managers day after day with refusals and discontents, as if, instead of being paid to work for the proprietors, he received his salary only to play for his own vanity! Yet his salary turned out far less adequate to his expenses than he at first had hoped; for, besides his board and lodging, he had to find himself in various expensive stage-properties. He had left some little debts too in London, which he had been in hopes to pay out of his winter's savings; particularly an account due to a Mr. Wayte for dresses used in the private theatricals. He writes to Lichfield from Limerick in September:—

'Wayte's account, I believe, is correct, to my sorrow. I now repent running into some foolish and unnecessary expenses, which have involved me in debts that I shall find it difficult to pay out of my small salary. I cannot pay him at present. He will not, I hope, take the bill to my father. If you should hear such an intention hinted, and can prevent it, you will confer an additional obligation upon me. I would not wish to trouble you with such a business, but I think your speaking to him for me is better than writing a letter. My father mentioned it to me while I was in Dublin; his reproof was very gentle to that which I could have expected on such an occasion; but I have always found him make allowances for these kind of follies.'—vol. i. p. 112.

His private wardrobe too was now in great want of renovation. In November, he says,—

'my two blue coats begin now to look rather rusty, and my clothes in general exhibit very fatal symptoms of decay. I purchased a piece of nankeen in the summer for 6s. which made me two pair of breeches. This was a very cheap purchase, and they were very serviceable to me in the genteel parts I played. A pair of shoes, that I got made, and a hat that I have been obliged to buy since I returned, are the principal articles I have yet been able to spare money for. A coat will very soon
be

be absolutely necessary, and I shall find that a great pull out of a guinea a-week. My debts in London make me very uneasy, as I thought it would be in my power to save sufficient money in the winter to discharge them, which would be the greatest pleasure to me in life; but I find it can scarcely be possible. We have now been three weeks without salary.'—vol i. p. 120.

This Daly but too often practised the discreditable and cruel shift of driving the salaries into arrear. Even this injustice was always lightly touched on in the young man's letters to his friends, probably with a view to prevent any offer of pecuniary aid, which his honest pride and constancy would never have suffered him to accept. Yet his poverty was not a mere privation of luxuries or comforts; it soon left him unable to continue the frugal board and lodging at the widow's which at first had ensured at least his daily meals, 'for I have heard him say,' relates Mrs. Mathews, that—

'he has gone to the theatre at night without having tasted anything since a meagre breakfast, determined to refuse to go on the stage, unless some portion of his arrears was first paid. When, however, he entered the green-room, his spirits were so cheered by the attention of his brethren, and the *lécat* he met with among them whenever he put forth his powers of amusement, added to the gaiety of the scene altogether, that his fainting resolution was restored, all his discontent utterly banished for the time, and he was again reconciled to starvation; nay, he even felt afraid of offending the unfeeling manager, and returned home silent upon the subject of his claims. Then came in succession the London performers, Miss Farren, Messrs. Kemble, Incedon, and others, some of whom he beheld for the first time.'—(vol. i. p. 106.)

And he lived on 'in the hope, remote as it seemed, of being one day received by an audience with the enthusiasm with which they were received.' Occasionally, however, the necessity became too urgent to be set aside, even by the brightest hopes. 'He has declared to me,' she continues, 'that he sometimes fasted two days, wandering about the streets for amusement, when weary of practising his flute and violin at home, and studying characters which he never expected to be allowed to act.' Then he would press Hitchcock for the arrears, whom, as the cause of his coming to Dublin, he naturally considered responsible to him; but from this man he obtained hollow pity oftener than payment; and Daly himself, when money was scarce, preserved a dignified retirement. He liked popularity, 'and preferred being cruel by deputy.' At length an event occurred which placed Mathews for a few hours in extreme embarrassment. He had become deeply indebted to his landlord, whom he had put off from week to week in the expectation of receiving his arrears, and the man became more and more importunate.

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One night, returning from the theatre penniless and supperless, he found the door of his lodging closed against him. The landlord appeared at the window, and announced his determination not to let him in without payment of the rent in arrear. In vain he offered the security of his clothes and of a fine violin, articles more than equivalent to the sum due; in vain he requested even a change of linen. All was refused, and the window rudely closed. But for the kindness of his barber, whose wife was his laundress, he must have spent the night in the street. Their hospitality is very agreeably detailed, and was afterwards very gratefully requited.

Notwithstanding the endeavours of Mathews to conceal the real state of his finances and feelings, his painful and unpromising position did not escape observation. In September, 1795, during the long vacation of the Dublin theatre, Mr. Montague Talbot, an actor of some reputation, offered to advance him the expenses of a journey to London; and, wearied at length, his constitution weakened by want, and his spirits depressed by distress, despair, and disgust, he accepted the accommodation, resolving to return to his parents, and 'remain the tradesman he had been designed for.' But matters were otherwise ordained.

The two companions crossed in October from Cork to Kidwelly, and proceeded thence to Swansea, where they were urged by Mr. Masterman, the manager, to act. Talbot played Penruddock in 'The Wheel of Fortune,' and Mathews, Lingo in the 'Agreeable Surprise.' They attracted a large audience, and were so successful, that the manager pressed them to remain. After a few nights more, Talbot proceeded to London; but the young comedian's 'dramatic fires were rekindled and blazing in all their first ardour. Instead, therefore, of joining his family, as he had intended when he sailed from Cork, he despatched a letter by his friend, with a strong injunction to him to call and satisfy his parents of his present prosperity, without a hint of past misery, or of his recent intention of quitting the profession.—vol. i. p. 167.

He agreed to stay during the rest of the season, and in November we find him writing to Mr. Lichfield,—

'from the bad business I have done in Ireland, and other disadvantages, I had very melancholy doubts of my success; but I am now convinced of what I can do, and that I have been cruelly depressed in Ireland. No comedian ever gained more applause in public, or encomiums in private than I have done. I have played *Lingo*, *Crabtree*, *Diggory*, *Polonius*, *Doctor*, ("Animal Magnetism,") *Weazel*, *Rutterkin*, *Kecksey*, *Hardy*, and *Clown*. Sung songs each night, with the greatest applause. "*The Rushlight*" constantly every night twice; and I am sure never better received. In short, I am so highly flattered that I have become too much of an egotist.'—vol. i. p. 169.

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These successes fixed him, and he remained almost three years in Mr. Masterman's company, studying the characters and manners of men, improving himself in his profession, and acquiring considerable popularity in the principal towns of the theatrical circuit of South Wales.

It was at Swansea that, in the summer of 1797, Mathews, then but one-and-twenty years old, met the lady who shortly afterwards became his first wife, an amiable young woman, of nearly his own age, the orphan of Dr. Strong, a physician of Exeter. Left almost in penury, but with an excellent education, she had yet been too proud to lead a life of dependence, and had settled herself in a school. The story of her helpless youth and honourable struggles made some impression on the feelings of Mr. Mathews; and though, according to his widow's account, his heart was untouched, yet somehow or other it came to pass that, one morning, after a long interview, 'he left the presence of Miss Strong as her affianced husband.' She had not sixpence; and his salary was twelve shillings a-week. She was truly attached to him; and that is a great deal: but that was all. His father's answer to the announcement of this match is an excellent letter, abounding in good sense and good feeling, but too long to be inserted here. The parish register declares that Charles Mathews and Eliza Kirkham Strong were married by banns on the 19th day of September, 1797.

The intended advancement of Emery from York to London being likely to make an opening in the York theatre, of which the then proprietor was the eccentric Tate Wilkinson, Mr. Mathews, about Christmas, applied by letter for the vacancy, and was accepted, with an understanding that his engagement was to begin in the following September. With this prospect he paid a visit, on quitting his Welsh friends in the spring, to his parents in London, to whom he was anxious to present his clever and amiable wife. During the stay of the young couple, who were welcomed with as much fondness as if no disobedience had separated the son from his father and mother, these kind parents 'excluded their more "serious" visitors, and no family could be happier.' The father would listen to his son's songs and mimicry with complacency, nay, even with enjoyment; and the mother 'would give loose to a merriment she had before no idea she was capable of feeling.' Now too was renewed the intimacy with Mr. Lichfield, with whom his correspondence had for a couple of years been slackened, if not discontinued. Thus pleasantly passed the longest days of summer; and early in August the adventurers set out for Pontefract, where the York company were then playing.

The manager's reception of his new actor was anything but encouraging;

encouraging; and the tale of this was to the last one of Mathews's pets:—

"Tate was shuffling about the room with a small ivory-handled brush in one hand, and a silver buckle in the other, in pretended industry, whistling during his employment after the fashion of a groom while currying and rubbing down a horse. His coat-collar was thrown back upon his shoulders, and his Brown George (a wig so called, in compliment, I believe, to King George the Third, who set the fashion) on one side, exposing the ear on the other, and cocked up behind so as to leave the bare nape of the neck open to observation. His hat was put on, *side* foremost, and as forward and awry as his wig; both were perked on his head very insecurely, as it seemed to the observer. He presented altogether what might be called an *uncomfortable* appearance.—"Good morning, sir," said Mr. Mathews.—"Oh! good morning *Mr. Meadows*," replied Tate very doggedly.—"My name is *Mathews*, sir."—"Ay, I know," winking his eyes and lifting his brows rapidly up and down, a habit with him when not pleased; then wheeling suddenly round, and looking at him for the first time with scrutinizing earnestness from head to foot, he uttered a long-drawn "Ugh!" and exclaimed, "What a maypole! Sir, you're too *tall* for low comedy."—"I'm sorry, sir," said the poor disconcerted youth; but Tate did not seem to hear him, for, dropping his eyes and resuming the brushing of his buckles, he continued as if in soliloquy: "But I don't know why a tall man shouldn't be a very comical fellow." Then again turning sharply for a reinvestigation of the slender figure before him, he added with gathering discontent, "You're too *thin*, sir, for anything but the Apothecary in 'Romeo and Juliet'; and you would want stuffing for *that*."—"I am *very* sorry, sir," rejoined the mortified actor, who was immediately interrupted by the growing distaste and manifest ill humour of the disappointed manager.—"What's the use of being *sorry*? You speak too *quick*." The accused anxiously assured him that he would endeavour to mend that habit. "What," said Tate snappishly, "by speaking *quicker*, I suppose." Then, looking at Mr. Mathews, he, as if again in soliloquy, added, "I never saw anybody so thin to be *alive*!! Why, sir, one hies would blow you off the stage." This remark sounding more like good humour than anything he had uttered, the comedian ventured, with a faint smile, to observe that he *hoped* he should not get that one—when Tate, with affected or real anger, replied, "You'll get a great many, sir. Why, sir, I've been hissed; the great Mr. Garrick has been hissed; it's not very modest in *you* to expect to escape, Mr. Mountain." "*Mathews*, sir," interposed the miscalled. "Well, *Matthew Mountain*." "No, sir—" "Have you a quick study, Mr. Maddox?" asked Tate, interrupting him once more. Mathews gave up the ineffectual attempt to preserve his proper name, and replied at once to the last question, "I *hope* so, sir." "Why (in a voice of thunder), arn't you *sure*?" "Ye-e-ea, sir," asserted his terrified and harassed victim. Tate shuffled up and down the room, whistling and brushing rapidly, looking from time to time with

with evident dissatisfaction, if not disgust, at the object of his scrutiny: at last he seemed to have collected all his moral force, and after another pause he demanded, "Pray, when did you have that paralytic stroke, Mr. Maddox?" "I—I never had one at all, sir," said the now completely mortified youth, with difficulty restraining the tears which were making their way to his eyes; when Tate, giving him another earnest look, and as if unconsciously drawing his own mouth awry in imitation of the one which had suggested the last question, answered drily and significantly, in Mr. Mathews's tone of voice, as he turned away, "Oh, I thought you *had*."—All this was inauspicious, and, after the interview had lasted a few minutes longer, Tate strongly recommending the young man's return to his father and an "honest trade," as he said all that could be gained by Mr. Mathews was the manager's slow leave to let him enter upon his probation, and at least have a trial before final condemnation."—vol. i. pp. 216—221.

A few nights afterwards he appeared as Silky, in the 'Road to Ruin,' and Lingo; but he produced little sensation, and finished the evening without knowing whether he had succeeded or not. Tate shunned him, the actors silently pitied him, but none praised him; and he was convinced that, at any rate, till Emery, that all-eclipsing favourite, should depart for his London engagement, his own chance of success was a meagre one. On the removal of the company to York he had a better reception; but was not permitted, on Emery's departure, to fill that excellent actor's place. For this succession a Mr. Hatton was engaged. Mathews, therefore, became anxious to quit so unpromising a situation: but he had no place of professional refuge; and to throw himself and his wife upon his father for a provision was a thought not to be entertained. 'His health continued weakly,' says the authoress of these Memoirs:—

'Symptoms of consumption, the fatal malady of his family, and which swept away twelve of his brothers and sisters, now seemed to show themselves decidedly, and added to his difficulties; his chest was confined, his lungs precarious; in the morning he felt all exertion of them painful, often impossible, and seldom found himself able to sing at rehearsals.—He would spit blood upon the slightest bodily exertion, and was subject to fits; I do not know what they were called, but they would cause him to fall upon the ground senseless, after a slight convulsion, to the terror of all present. I understood that these seldom assailed him except under circumstances of mental agitation. To this infirmity he had been subject from his birth; and, as he mentions in the early part of this book, they were the occasion of his distorted mouth. Strange to say, in the year 1802 they ceased for ever. I once witnessed the effect of his misfortune, when the sufferer remained unconscious for at least a quarter of an hour. Yet with all those drawbacks, he somehow, by the force of his constitutional buoyancy of spirit, sustained himself; and when not controlled by some recent check to his favourite wishes as an actor, was the

life and soul of the green-room; enlivening by his vivacity all those who, unlike himself, had all the means of cheerfulness without his aid, yet wanted and sought it. In fact, his mercurial spirits, high principles, and good conduct, recommended and endeared him to all those whose regard was worth securing, and made imperceptible, but progressive way with Tate himself, who often praised the *man*, while he disliked the *actor*.—vol. i. p. 230, 231.

Hatton, the intended successor of Emery, soon proved inadequate to the station allotted him. He gradually declined in favour; Mathews, no less perceptibly, advanced. ‘In fact, his *humble perseverance*, his *watchful readiness*, eventually overcame all obstructions. His *study*’ [that is, his facility of committing a part to memory] ‘was miraculous, and *he could always be depended on*.’ Accordingly, his progress became so rapid, that in the autumn of 1799, says his widow, ‘I found him the principal comedian of the company, and a prodigious favourite with his audience and the manager.’

His income, however, was a slender one; twenty shillings a-week, and the profits of his benefits. His wife had hoped to increase their means by the exercise of her literary talents; but this resource did not prove productive. One of the greatest discomforts arising from their narrow finance was the difficulty of obtaining a respectable lodging: so they took apartments in a house which, having the reputation of being haunted, was in little request. The noises of this Cock Lane ghost, and their effects on the hearers, are pleasantly described, and the *dénouement* is natural and droll. We will not spoil the reader’s amusement by telling him the mystery.

These were the days of the income-tax; and, as Mathews, though always a loyal, was not yet a prosperous man, he devised a comic expedient to obtain for himself a mitigation of the assessment. This expedient was a formal enumeration to the Commissioners of the professional outgoings by which his salary was diminished. For example,—

‘Black wigs, white wigs, brown wigs, red wigs; bush wigs, tye wigs, bob wigs, bishops’ wigs; wigs with a tail, wigs without a tail; lawyers’ wigs, judges’ wigs, parsons’ wigs, powdered wigs; old men’s wigs, young men’s wigs, &c.—‘Natural heads of hair: namely, Red hair, grey hair, flaxen hair, brown hair, black hair, Quakers’ hair, countrymen’s hair, and bald heads of every description. Beards, whiskers, mustachios, eye brows, &c.’—‘Old men’s shoes, young men’s shoes, velvet shoes, leather shoes, gouty shoes, dancing shoes, hobnail shoes, square-toed shoes, round-toed shoes, &c. After these regular requisites were given, came the miscellaneous part of his stock; such as, “Hats feathers, caps, cravats, stocks, ruffles, frills, neckerchiefs, pocket-handkerchiefs, pens, books, ink, paper, music-paper, red-ochre, rouge, carmine, hair-powder,

wax candles, Indian ink, camel's hair pencils, hare's feet, whiting, burnt corks, cold cream, soap, and huckaback towels.'—vol. i. pp. 304, 305.

The list, of which this is but a short extract, covered many sheets of paper. For a few minutes the Commissioners listened gravely; but peals of laughter presently found out their way, and Mathews heard no more of the income-tax during his residence at York.

His application to his profession continued unremitting. Thoughtless people are apt to fancy an actor's life an idle one; but to be idle and successful is hardly possible even on the stage. In a country theatre, where 'one man in his time plays many parts,' even the labour of committing the words to memory is a heavy and wearing task,—but, with an artist ambitious to excel, the memory's labour is the least. There is another kind of study,—the study of nature, character, and effect,—which requires more of time and much more of reflection. As Mathews ripened in years and understanding, he became more and more convinced of the necessity of such application. If, writes he in October, 1799,

'I could but once be established in London, no inducement on earth could possibly make me even wish to quit the profession. I am fonder of it than ever. I begin to consider it more of a science than I ever had done before. Since I came to Yorkshire I have been convinced of the necessity of great study, even in low comedy, which many actors I meet with think unnecessary; and that study endears me to the profession.—If Suett would but tipple harder, and tip off in three or four years, I should like to hazard an appearance. That is certainly the line I must succeed in, in the opinion of the manager, after the "feeble old men," which, he swears, are fifty degrees beyond everything else, and I think so myself, fortunately; such as *Silky, Kecksey, Crazy, &c.*—vol. i. pp. 243, 4.

Old men were certainly his forte; but we should say more particularly, old *gentlemen*; for Mathews was, by nature, a gentleman: whatever other character he personated, was a sort of feat of animal spirits, corrected and guided by an accurate observation and a careful study.

His amusements were of a sort which gave him large opportunities for reading human nature in its comic and dramatic passages, and indeed in its other moods of excitement. His passion for races he has already avowed: at York he cultivated a taste for the proceedings of Courts of Justice; and, during his after life in London, we remember him a frequent attendant under the gallery of the House of Commons, where, for many of his latter years, he enjoyed the *entrée* by the kindness of Lord Canterbury, then The Speaker. Thus various were the schools in which he studied the manners and minds of mankind, from the highest statesmen and

lawyers

lawyers of his time, to the jockeys and patriots of the Movement.

His professional life at York, during the years 1800 and 1801, though a thriving one in fame, was not much gilded by fortune. Moreover, in September 1801, he received a severe bodily hurt from the falling of a platform. Next morning, when lying in his bed, covered with plaisters and bandages, he received the painful intelligence of the death of William, his only brother, who had gone out to the West Indies with a view to practise the law. And scarcely had he recovered from this double visitation, when another, more painful than either, approached him in the visible decline of his wife.

The present Mrs. Mathews, then Miss Jackson, was an actress in Wilkinson's company, and had acquired, in a high degree, the esteem and even affection of the invalid, who was now rapidly sinking. One day, by the poor lady's especial request, communicated through her husband, Miss Jackson called on her, and found her apparently improved in health. The scene which followed must be given in the words of our Authoress:

'I complimented her upon the favourable change, which she told me was owing to a design she had conceived, and in the fulfilment of which she required me to aid her. I was delighted; but the invalid wished to postpone the explanation until her husband's return home, which she expected every moment. In the mean time, she chatted with cheerfulness, and would be propped up in bed, in order, as she said, to be able to look at us both while she revealed her project. Mr. Mathews at last entered the room, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure at seeing the poor sufferer able to be raised up as she had been. She repeated to him what she had told me, that the cause of her present comfort was that which she had called us together to reveal; and after a preface, which agitated all parties very much, (for she candidly avowed her conviction that it was out of the power of human skill to save her,) she pathetically deplored leaving her husband: particularly as he would naturally marry again—*possibly* a woman who would less understand his valuable qualities of heart and mind than she had done. She saw too, in that case, that he would be wretched, and this idea had preyed upon her feelings as her disease increased, and sharpened all her pains.

'During a pause which her weakness rendered necessary, her hearers looked at each other with perplexity, and some suspicion that her intellects were wandering. She resumed, however, and after one or two affecting allusions to her own death, which she predicted must occur within a brief period from the time she was addressing us, turning to me, she began to expatiate upon her feelings and affection towards me, and deplored my partially unprotected state, which my extreme youth and inexperience rendered so dangerous. The thought of this, she declared, doubled her remaining cares in this world, and she conjured me,

me, with her "dear husband," to take compassion upon her state, and the fears which so embittered her last days, by making a promise jointly with him, to fulfil her dying wishes. The poor sufferer then took her husband's hand in hers, and kissed it fervently, and asking for mine, and, pressing it also to her feverish lips in a solemn manner, which I remember made me tremble all over, called upon us both to pledge ourselves to become man and wife after her dissolution!

'It would be impossible to describe our surprise, embarrassment, and distress. The proposition was truly painful to me, and it was impossible not to feel for the equally delicate position of Mr. Mathews, who rather impetuously reprov'd the poor invalid, for having drawn him into so extraordinary a dilemma; whilst I, covered with confusion and drowned in tears, sobbed with agony at the necessity I felt of rejecting the proposal, in which she said she believed she provided for the mutual good of the two beings she loved best. Dreading the worst consequences from the agitation and disappointment of her romantic project, I fell upon my knees at her bed-side, beseeching her pardon at the impossibility I felt to comply with her desire, from a total absence of any feeling but that of friendship for her husband. As for poor Mr. Mathews, he seemed inexpressibly shocked and mortified at the situation into which he had been surprised, as well as for the distressing scene in which I had been implicated. After I had soothed her as far as possible, and reiterated my want of power to think of such an union, I quitted the chamber of my poor dying friend: her husband rushed after me beseeching me not to harbour for one moment a suspicion that he had the remotest idea of the nature of his wife's intention, when he delivered her summons to me; and begging me to attribute her extraordinary conduct to a slight delirium, for such he felt assured it was.

'However this might be, I ever after, during the remainder of her painful existence, dreaded and avoided any approach to confidential communication with her; and, I fear, saw less of her than a strict feeling of friendship would justify. It may also be imagined that Mr. Mathews and myself became more formal in our manners and intimacy than we otherwise should have been, until the painful impression gradually subsided.'—vol i. pp. 333-6.

The invalid, who managed all the financial matters, had incurred some embarrassing arrears in their housekeeping, which she still hoped to clear by the produce of her own pen—for it seems she was a novelist. Failing in this hope, she long concealed them from her husband; but the applications of creditors grew at last too pressing to be avoided; and, just before her death, he first became aware of obligations sufficient in amount to interfere with his comfort for several years after his removal to London. Such were their pecuniary difficulties (with which he never reproached her) when, on the 25th of May, 1802, this amiable young woman was released by death from all her sufferings. The blow fell upon him almost as severely as if it had not been expected: his fits assailed him with redoubled violence;

violence; and on his return to his employment he seemed absolutely overwhelmed by illness and sorrow.

Toward the close of the summer, when time was beginning to close these wounds, an incident occurred which he was wont to relate with the most unaffected earnestness and solemnity, and of which the reality is no less implicitly believed by our Authoress.

‘His account of his impressions was as follows:—He had gone to rest, after a very late night’s performance at the theatre, finding himself too fatigued to sit up to his usual hour to read; but after he was in bed he discovered—as will happen when persons attempt to sleep before their accustomed time—that to close his eyes was an impossibility. He had no light, nor the means of getting one, all the family being in bed; but the night was not absolutely dark—it was only too dark for the purpose of reading: indeed, every object was visible. Still he endeavoured to go to sleep, but his eyes refused to close, and in this state of restlessness he remained, when suddenly a slight rustling, as if of a hasty approach of something, induced him to turn his head to that side of the bed whence the noise seemed to proceed, and there he clearly beheld the figure of his late wife, “in her habit as she lived,” who, smiling sweetly upon him, put forth her hand as if to take his, as she bent forward. This was all he could relate; for in shrinking from the contact with the figure he beheld, he threw himself out of bed upon the floor, where (the fall having alarmed his landlord) he was found in one of those dreadful fits to which I have alluded. On his recovery from it he related the cause of the accident, and the whole of the following day he remained extremely ill, and unable to quit his room.’

So far it was not a case to excite surprise.

‘The circumstance which rendered it remarkable was, that at the exact hour when this scene was taking place at a remote distance, a vision of the same kind caused me to be discovered precisely in the same situation. The same sleepless effect, the same cause of terror, had occasioned me to seize the bell-rope, in order to summon the people of the house, which, giving way at the moment, I fell with it in my hand upon the ground. My impressions of this visitation (as I persisted it was) were exactly similar to those of Mr. Mathews. The parties with whom we resided at the time were perfect strangers to each other, and living widely apart, and they recounted severally to those about them the extraordinary dream, for such I must call it, though my entire belief will never be shaken that I was as perfectly awake as at this moment. These persons repeated the story to many, before they were requested to meet and compare accounts.’—vol. i. pp. 341—343.

An unexpected event occurred in the autumn, which did much to rouse, restore, and cheer his mind. It was an offer from Mr. Colman—who was then managing proprietor of the Haymarket theatre, and had heard of Mathews’s increasing reputation,—to engage him there for the following summer. The negotiation

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was completed satisfactorily in October, at a salary of 10*l.* a week, for the season of 1803.

What turn his mind had taken between the October when this engagement was arranged and the succeeding February, may be gathered from the following passage in a letter to Mr. Colman, dated February 14. After intimating that the manager *may* be interested in what follows, he says :

‘It is, therefore, necessary that I impart to you a secret, which none of my friends in London are in possession of. In all human probability, before I leave Yorkshire I shall take unto myself a wife. Now, Sir, if you please you may, as I said before, be interested in this matter, as I write to you now to solicit an engagement for the lady. As (of course) you will not give me credit for impartiality, I shall forbear in this letter saying anything as to the merits of the one in question. If you have any room for a second singer, have the goodness to let me know, and I will be more particular in my next. Her name is Jackson, a pupil of Mr. Kelly; she has supported the first line of singing in the York company. I think she would be useful if you have a vacancy, as she is very young, and her appearance much in her favour.’—vol. i. p. 352.

In March Mr. Colman paid a visit to York; and was so much pleased with Mr. Mathews, that they supped together at the close of each night’s performance, and the manager returned to London prepared to welcome his new recruit, no less as a friend than as actor. His trip to York enabled him also to judge of the qualifications of Miss Jackson, whom her suitor had rated but too humbly in his letter, and who, beside her pleasing voice, lady-like manners, and solid discretion, had been gifted with an attractive countenance, lighted by remarkably fine eyes, to say nothing of a slender and graceful figure, terminated by the prettiest foot in the world. So, in the middle of March, Mr. Colman engaged her; and on the 28th of the same month Mr. Mathews married her. The ceremony was performed at York, not without some ludicrous incidents, for which we must refer our readers to the Memoirs.

The bride, like her predecessor, was received with the utmost cordiality by her husband’s family, on coming, in May, to London. On the 15th, at the Haymarket Theatre, Mr. Mathews made his first public appearance in the metropolis, and with unqualified success. His characters were those of ‘Jabal in the ‘Jew,’ and Lingo. After the performance of the ‘Jew,’ Mr. Cumberland, its author, who was morbidly sensitive about the representation of his *dramatis personæ*, and yet always anxious to say something complimentary, desired that Mr. Mathews might be presented to him.

‘He delighted the young comedian, by assuring him that the part had never been better played; and that in figure, dress, and acting, he was the very thing he (the author) had intended. “I wrote the part, and ought

ought to know—it was perfect. I assure you, Sir, I never was more gratified; but,” with irrepressible irritation, “you spoke so low, I couldn’t hear a word you said.”—vol. i. p. 411.

The young actor’s success was uninterrupted throughout this season, which was remarkable, also, for the introduction of Mr. Liston to a London audience. Mr. Mathews’s first original character, Risk, in ‘Love Laughs at Locksmiths,’ with the two songs of the ‘Farm Yard,’ and ‘Unfortunate Miss Bailey,’ may be said to have established him at once as a favourite. Risk was, perhaps, the best part ever *written* for him; his other characters were, for the most part, only frameworks, outlines, sketches to be filled up by himself. At the conclusion of this campaign, he entered into a new engagement with Mr. Colman for the next three seasons, and then made a professional trip to Liverpool, where he suffered a severe injury by a fall from a friend’s horse. Mr. Lewis, the incomparable comedian of Covent Garden, and Mr. Young, who afterwards filled the highest tragic station in the same theatre, were then the leaders of the Liverpool stage. When Young asked Lewis what sort of person was the Mathews whom they were to expect at Liverpool, and who, it should be remembered, was a man of five feet ten, though his slimness made him pass for something vastly longer,—

‘Mr. Lewis, after noddling his head about in his peculiar way, and tapping the side of his boot with his slender cane, replied, in his hesitating but quick manner—“Why—a—a—a—he—e’s the tallest man in the world, and the funniest. He has no regular mouth, but speaks from a little hole in his cheek.”’—vol. i. pp. 428, 429.

On the 27th of December, (just nine months after the marriage, for the law knows no fraction of a day) a son was born, to whom his parents gave the name of Charles James, and who has deservedly acquired the favour of the public by his pleasing and sprightly performances at the Olympic Theatre.

Here ends the first volume. The second is not less rich in entertaining anecdotes, though it necessarily wants the peculiar interest which belongs to the early struggles of unassisted talent. A shorter notice of it will therefore suffice.

The second season at the Haymarket was no less successful than the first; and before its conclusion, Mr. Mathews signed a five years’ engagement for himself and his wife at Drury Lane, on an understanding that he was to succeed to the cast of Suett, whose health was now sensibly declining. He now, as the phrase is, felt his feet, and was in the habit of diverting his friends with a thousand whimsical imitations and personations, which gave him a convivial reputation at least equal to his theatrical one. But his advancement at Drury Lane fell far short of his

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his hopes, for Suett still scrambled on; and the only particular in which he as yet succeeded Bannister was the very undesirable one of bursting a fowling-piece, to the no trifling fracture of his hand, which mishap had befallen Bannister a little while before.

In the winter of 1808, Mathews made an excursion into Yorkshire, with an entertainment which was the foundation of his subsequent 'At Homes:' its title was, 'The Mail Coach, or Rambles in Yorkshire.' The piece was constructed by Mr. James Smith, with his characteristic felicity, and realized more than the largest hopes both of author and of actor. All this increased the reputation of Mathews as an imitator and comic singer, and on his return to London he was pestered with incessant invitations from "party-giving ladies and lion-providers." The Dowager Lady Buckinghamshire was among his most ardent besiegers, till he excused himself once for all, on the score of his health: which apology she good-humouredly answered by sending her compliments, and regrets that he was so *indifferent*. On one occasion, at a fête given to the Prince of Wales, where the host would fain have pressed Mr. Mathews into unwilling exhibition, his uneasiness became evident to the Prince; who presently made room for him by his own side, and drew him out at last in a manner so judicious and well bred, as to afford a gratification to the actor, not less than that which he was himself bestowing upon his hearers.

This was the season of many frolics, got up with Mr. Theodore Hook, and other wits of less distinction, but clever and amusing in their way. Their rendezvous was frequently at the hospitable board of Mr. Thomas Hill, of whom an excellent portrait embellishes the work, exhibiting that aboriginal and perennial man, the playfellow of so many generations, in his own unfading, inscrutable prime. The drolleries of those merry companions fill many a page of the work before us, and carry us pleasantly back from these matter-of-fact times to days of a different and gayer mood. Several chapters must almost pass for bits of 'Gilbert Gurney.'

On the 24th of February, 1809, Drury Lane theatre was destroyed by fire; a calamity which was followed, on the 29th of September, by a similar catastrophe at Covent Garden. The Drury Lane company decided in acting at the Lyceum till arrangements could be made, which might provide for the humbler members of their body, whose existence was dependent on their weekly stipend; and Mr. Mathews, though the success of his country experiment had proved his individual force sufficient to provide for *himself* without combination, at once resolved
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‘to sacrifice all selfish considerations, and devote his talents, in common with those of the other performers, for the sake of his poorer brethren.’ Accordingly, at the conclusion of the Hay-market season, (during which Mr. Hook’s ‘Killing no Murder’ was produced, with the original part of Buskin, a character peculiarly fitted for the display of Mr. Mathews’s talents,) the Lyceum opened for the winter of 1809, 1810. Here he acquired an addition of fame from his personation of Maw-worm in the ‘Hypocrite,’ a performance founded on his early recollections of the Whetstone circles. He renewed his engagement at the same theatre for the winter of 1810; after which he resolved upon a tour through the provinces: more especially as, having withdrawn Mrs. Mathews from the stage shortly after the fire, he now required a larger income from his single exertions. The history of this expedition is chiefly furnished from the letters written by him during his circuit; of which correspondence the following sketch of his Irish fellow passengers, from Liverpool to Dublin, is a pleasant specimen:

‘First, imagine men, women, and children, together, in the hold of the vessel, one upon another, higgledy-piggledy:—“Arrah, Pat! get off my legs.”—“Where are they? Sure there’s no end to them.”—“Get out of this, then.”—“I’ll call the captain to stop the ship till I get justice done to my legs.”—“Barney, have you got my knife?”—“Sorrow the bit.”—“I say you have.”—“Oh, what a fuss about a knife with niver a back or an edge!”—“Hold your brogue, Pat. I can’t light my pipe for your arguments. I’m like the crow among the jackdaws; I’ve got into bad company.”—“Come, don’t be coming your university language over us.”—“Oh, then, I’m not college-bred, but I’m spoon educated.”—“Sir, would you have the remarkable kindness to get up aloft, and look if you can see Dublin?”—“Oh, faith, then, it’s too wet.”—“I’d lend you my top-coat, only I have not got one; and if I had I’d want it myself.”—vol. ii. p. 129.

Towards the end of 1811 he formed an alliance with Incledon, then in the height of his reputation as a singer, to give a joint entertainment in several principal towns. This union did not long continue, for Incledon’s habits were inconveniently irregular, and Mathews had discovered that his own attraction was quite enough to secure him without a partner of any kind. This attraction he had acquired by none but legitimate means. In a letter (December, 1811) to a London friend who had offered his interest with the newspapers, he gratefully, but firmly, declines the proposal; adding, ‘I solemnly declare that I never expended one shilling for a paragraph in the whole course of my theatrical life.’—vol. ii. p. 173.

He continued to make considerable profit by engagements at various provincial theatres, but had a narrow escape, in April,

1812,

1812, of losing no small part of his Irish gains. He had taken his place in the Belfast fly for Dublin :—

‘It is one of those blessed machines that carry ten insides. Not having been in bed for two nights, and being most heartily sick and tired of this Tower of Babel on eight wheels, I determined to stop twenty-five miles from Dublin, at Drogheda, and sleep, and go on next day. I luckily got a bed, though between two and three o’clock in the morning. About four miles from Drogheda, the coach was stopped by a band of robbers—I hear forty strong. The passengers were handed out one by one, and every article taken from them, except their clothes, and the coach was entirely stripped. Property to the amount of 2000*l.* was taken; and it was the determination of the robbers, at first, to murder the passengers. Each man had his bird—insisted on their kneeling and preparing for death, standing over them with a pistol—but the villains afterwards relented, and suffered the passengers to proceed penniless. I had taken my place to Dublin, and had 300*l.* with me, besides my stage clothes!’—vol. ii., p. 214.

In May 1812 he returned to London, after a long and prosperous absence, resumed his station at the Haymarket, and then accepted an engagement at Covent Garden, for the five following seasons. He played there in 1812-13 and in 1813-14; in the latter of which years, he sustained a considerable loss by a plausible varlet who bought his cottage at Fulham and cheated him of the purchase-money. Soon afterwards, during the Haymarket season, he received that fall from his Tilbury, by which, as most of our readers will remember, he was lamed for all the later years of his life. This misfortune disabled him from the 22nd July, when it occurred, till near the middle of August, when he returned to his occupation at the Haymarket. At the close of the season he went to Brighton for the completion of his recovery, which, though much advanced by the shampooing process, was a little checked in October by an attempt of a malicious fellow—one D——, to arrest him, and this for a debt of which he was but the surety, and which seems not to have been really due from the principal. The bailiff however was civil, and disappointed the spite of his employers. Mr. Mathews writes to Mr. G. H. Robins,

‘What do you think of the attorney who would execute such an order without giving some notice of it? The only gentleman of the three was the bailiff. The rest of my life I devote to the complete study of annoyances for D——; hoaxes—boxes of bricks from Scotland, Ireland, and even from the Mauritius. I have a rare colleague there.’ [Mr. Theodore Hook.] ‘Marrow-bones, cleavers, chimney-sweepers, orders for goods, every possible contrivance that can render his days miserable and his nights sleepless; because the vagabond knew that I was not indebted either to him or S——n. It may be believed that no part of this threat was put into execution, for, as usual, his anger evaporated with the occasion.—A. M.’—vol. ii. p. 312.

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His fortitude, and frequent high spirits, misled his surgeons; but his own feelings from time to time made him sadly distrustful of the recovery they promised him. He was able, however, before he rejoined the Covent Garden Company for the winter, to perform his entertainment of the 'Mail Coach,' in several parts of the country, with great success and emolument. He returned to London in the spring, after visiting, among other places, Kenilworth Castle. *A-propos* to that visit, Mrs. Mathews relates the following story, which shows that there were more persons in the secret of the Great Unknown than Sir Walter supposed: and proves, too, that a woman can keep a secret, as long as it needs to remain so.

'One day, Messrs. John Ballantyne, Constable, and Terry, were dining with us, and during the dinner the Waverley novels had been the theme of conversation. Mr. John Ballantyne had an indiscreet vivacity sometimes, and moreover at this period felt a more than ordinary exhilaration from the "generous" and truth-telling wine, which prompted him to say, at the close of a speech he had made about some books for which I asked him, "I shall soon send you *Scott's new novel*!" I shall never forget the consternation of Messrs. Constable and Terry, and, indeed, we were as much embarrassed. Mr. Constable looked daggers,—and Terry used some—for, with a stern brow and correcting tone, he cried out *John!* adding, with a growl, resembling what is generally made to check or reprove a mischievous dog, "Ah! what are you about?" which made us drop our eyes in pain for the indiscreet tattler; while *Wee Johnny* looked like an impersonation of *Fear*,—startled "at the sound himself had made." Not another word was said; but our little good-natured friend's lapse was sacred with us, and the secret was never divulged while it was important to preserve it.—vol. ii. p. 382.

Mr. Mathews's situation at Covent Garden, which had never answered his expectations, became additionally irksome from his lameness. Piqued and wearied, he at length applied to the manager, Mr. H. Harris, in 1817, to relinquish his articles of engagement, which request was complied with; and Mathews at once set off for his more fertile field, the country. He came back, as usual, for the Haymarket season, and was one of the spectators of Mr. Kemble's farewell to the stage on the 17th of June. Mr. Kemble presented the sandals he had worn that night in "*Coriolanus*" to Mr. Mathews, who exclaimed, as he bore away his prize, "I may wear his sandals, but no one will ever stand in his shoes."

In the winter, Mr. Mathews, with Mr. Yates, made a professional trip to the continent; and, on returning in January, he began a profitable excursion to the north. But his gains were again reduced by the dishonesty of others, particularly of an unworthy friend, for whom he had generously given security to a mercantile house; and who, though he afterwards obtained a
lucrative

lucrative situation abroad, yet, never, says Mrs. Mathews, remitted a single shilling toward his responsibilities. In the beginning of 1818, however, a new source of fortune opened upon the comic hero of these Memoirs.

Mr. Arnold, the proprietor of the Lyceum, or, as it was now called, the English Opera House, had long observed the dissatisfaction of Mathews at his situation in the winter theatres, and, shrewdly divining how rich a mine there lay in his inventive and imitative powers, proposed to farm these talents for the remainder of their possessor's life; paying a fixed annuity, and taking all chances and risks on himself. To this proposal Mr. Mathews, inconsiderately, and without the privity of his wife, assented; and the first fruit of it appeared in his 'At Home,' on the 2nd of April. The nature of this entertainment our readers in general will well recollect. The preparations were simply a drawing-room scene, a chair, a small table covered with a green cloth, a lamp at either end, and one musician with a pianoforte to accompany the songs. The house was filled at an early hour; and never, we believe, was otherwise than full, during all the years through which he exhibited the series of entertainments thus prosperously begun.

The extraordinary success of the performance at once proved the precipitancy of the performer. He had enrolled himself in a stranger's service, who had *listed* him with a shilling. The public and his friends supposed him to be making a fortune. And so he was; but, under his existing engagement, a fortune for another. Nor, perhaps, had the bearings of the stipulations contained in this agreement, some of which were certainly not of a very reasonable character, been properly understood by Mr. Mathews when he signed it; and the subsequent explanation of them to him by a legal friend, demonstrating the complete bondage in which they placed him, had so injurious an effect on his mind and body, both at that time much exhausted by fatigue, that he was struck with an illness, accompanied by absolute delirium, and 'put to bed at a friend's house in town, utterly incapacitated from all thought or action.'

Among the clauses in this document there appears to have been one, imposing a forfeiture of 200*l.* for each occasion of failure to fulfil an appointed performance, except in case of bodily incapacity. When Mathews was a little recovered, but still in a state of such mental prostration as rendered it impossible for him to execute his public task, a medical man visited him on Arnold's part, and reported that he was not under bodily incapacity; and on this report Mr. Arnold claimed the forfeit of 200*l.*, which demand

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‘ was repeated on every occasion of failure on the appointed night to appear at the English Opera House. At these aggravating results of his position the delirium returned : in vain were Mr. Arnold’s forfeitures ; —my poor husband’s mind was overthrown, and mine little less distracted. Mr. Arnold, at length, by my desire, came himself in order to examine into the fact of my husband’s disability to obey his wishes, and he then saw the utter folly of expecting the sufferer to return to his duties. Our friends gathered around us ; a party of them visited and conferred with Mr. Arnold—and pointed out that, unless Mr. Arnold did something that would allow my husband to prosecute his duties with a more tranquil feeling, it must end in the defeat of his own hopes altogether.—Certain conditions were then rescinded, others modified, and the pecuniary severity of the agreement ameliorated. Mr. Arnold’s claims upon the personal exertions of my husband were confined to London, leaving him the other months to work out his time for his own exclusive profit in the provinces :—and another agreement was made out, in which the engagement was to be limited to seven seasons. This partial release, when made clear, acted gradually and in a salutary manner upon my husband’s mind and returning health ; he was able to resume his public duties soon after.—Only a few intimate friends, those who had exerted themselves to bring about this alleviation to his bondage, knew the real cause of the interruption of his performance.—My husband went steadily on, without shrinking from his task, or showing the least ill-will towards his task-master ; neither was he ever known to obtrude his natural regrets upon any one, that he had given up the best part of his life to enrich another.—vol. ii. pp. 465-7.

With his farewell address for the season the second volume ends ; and we lay it down with a cordial disposition to welcome the promised sequel. Some of the best biographies of remarkable men in recent times have been written by their widows—the memoirs, for instance, of Sir Stamford Raffles, and of Bishop Heber ; and Mrs. Mathews, we think, has fairly earned her freedom of the dowagers’ literary guild.

Few public characters have been more free than Mr. Mathews’s from stain or blackening shade. His faults were not vices, but foibles : the chief, perhaps the only serious one, was an occasional and not infrequent fretfulness or irritability, which was the more remarkable from its contrast with his usual good temper and high spirits. It was, we believe, a nervous defect, arising from a naturally delicate constitution weakened by successive accidents : and may probably have checked his success as an actor, by causing a hurry and uneasiness in those performances in which he felt at all insecure of the sympathy of his audience. Thus he often seemed to want, especially in the more regular drama, the ease, and, as it is called *aplomb*, which never failed him in his own peculiar performances, his ‘ At Homes.’ He had always an ambition to be thought a great comedian, and a repugnance to the reputation

reputation of a mimic ; and this made him restless and uncomfortable in the winter theatres, where his talents as an actor, though certainly considerable, did not place him quite in the foremost line of comedy. But this annoyance was unreasonable. His competitors were the most powerful artists who ever were servants of their majesties and of the Comic Muse, (for he played, it must be remembered, in the days of Munden, Emery, and Lewis) ; and, if he was not so great a comic actor as the one or the other of these, he had a vein of comic invention which none of them approached. It was misnamed and underrated, when described as mere mimicry. Mimicry was not its essence, but simply one of its means. Its essence was the perception and appropriation of what was comic in actual Nature, not only in her manners, which are the materials of the mimic, but in her characters, which are the proper subjects of the dramatist. Such a talent seems to us to take its rank not only above that of the mere mimic, but above that of the mere actor, however excellent in his art, and to vindicate its place in the same compartment with the writers of our broader comedy.

These are questions which the authoress, properly enough, has avoided. She was too nearly connected with the ingenious man whose talents we have been characterising, to be an impartial judge of his intellectual grade. But of his moral excellencies she is fully qualified to speak ; and she does no more than justice to them when she affectionately dwells upon the

‘modesty of his self-opinion ; the generosity with which he judged the conduct and merits of those about him ; his manly though meek endurance not only of the trials he had incurred by his resignation of his home prospects, but even of the injustice which he was not prepared to expect ; his integrity and good temper ; his proud independence and honourable notions.—vol. i. p. 82.

ART. IX.—1. *Lower Canada at the close of 1837.* pp. 31. London. 1838.

2. *The Canadian Crisis and Lord Durham's Mission to the North American Colonies, with Remarks, the result of personal Observation, &c.* pp. 56. London. 1838.

3. *Lord Brougham's Speech on the Mal-treatment of the North American Colonies.* pp. 37. London. 1838.

4. *A Letter to the Queen by a Friend of the People.* pp. 32. London. 1838.

THIS Canadian question—although sufficiently important, both from its immediate bearing on our colonial system and its possible effect on our relations with the United States—has acquired,

quired, from extraneous circumstances, an interest more general and more lively than—we are ashamed and grieved to say—the national importance of the subject would, in these days of short-sighted bewilderment, have otherwise obtained. The most serious events, occurring at a distance, and whose consequences are likely to be remote, make comparatively slighter impressions than trifles which may happen to be nearer. A penny piece held close to the eye will eclipse the sun; and the personal questions relating to the Earl of Durham have at this moment absorbed the greater share of the interest that the people of England can afford to give to the great Canadian question: a question of vast reach, both into time and space.

To that artfully mystified question, with its momentous and probably not remote results, we feel that we should at this moment solicit in vain for adequate attention. The public mind seems solely intent on what it expects to be a tournament in the *Tilt-yard* at Westminster, between, as of old, two distinguished champions, whom

—face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, they hope to hear—

The accuser and the accused!—

We feel no great interest in an encounter where we see so little equality either in the merits of the cause or the strength of the parties. And we attach still less importance to that short episode in our colonial history—Lord Durham's five months' residence in Canada. His administration was but a barren leaf that sprouted in the spring and died without flower or fruit in the autumn, and will, we think, be forgotten, as to its own *intrinsic* merits, before the spring comes round again. But its collateral and consequential effects may be more considerable—Lord Durham himself is nothing at all—but they tell in Westminster Abbey, of a young court lady who died of pricking her finger; and in the present diseased state of the body politic, many are of opinion that her Majesty's government may die of the *Durham whitlow*. We are not of that opinion. We think the *whitlow* will be either healed by the judicious treatment of *Doctor Ellice*, or forgotten before six weeks. But we nevertheless feel that there are, in the general excitement of the public mind, and in the real substantial importance of our Canadian policy, sufficient reasons for *continuing* the account of these transactions which we, in our Number of last January, brought down to the nomination of the Lord of Durham as Governor—Captain General—Lord High Commissioner—and, as he announced, *Dictator* of the Canadas.

Our readers will recollect that we complained of the narrow,
unstatesmanlike,

unstatesmanlike, and deceptive speech in which Lord John Russell opened the question. Afraid of exposing the unsuccessful meanness of their own temporising policy, and still more afraid of losing, from their scanty majority, some three or four gentlemen who protected the Canadian opposition, the Ministers did not venture to tell the whole truth as to the causes of the evil, nor, of course, to propose the proper remedies. They were desirous, no doubt, to preserve to the country the Canadian colonies, but still more so to secure to themselves the votes of Messrs. Hume and Leader—to effect the defeat of the radicals abroad, without losing the co-operation of the radicals at home! This double purpose is visible through the whole course of their conduct—in their speeches—in their acts—in their scheme of measures, and in their selection of men.

When Lord John Russell described in his speech the *beau ideal* of the statesman to whom the pacification of Canada was to be intrusted—

‘That the person to be sent from this country should be one whose character and conduct should be above all exception—*conversant* not solely with *matters of administration*, but with the most important details of *parliamentary business*,—*conversant* also with the affairs of the various States of Europe.’—(Deb. 16 Jan.)

when, we say, Lord John Russell, after this sketch of the model-governor, proceeded to say that the *Earl of Durham* was that man, we know not whether the House preserved its gravity; but we know that the country did not conceal its wonder. Lord Durham of all, who by any latitude of speech could be called public men, least answered the description. We put entirely out of the question Lord Durham’s *private* character. In all we shall have to say of him we mean to speak altogether of the public man—of his private life and qualities, nothing—above all, nothing disrespectful. If then, Lord John Russell meant to say that Lord Durham’s private conduct and character were above exception—we concede it. But if, as it seems, he meant that his public conduct and character were to entitle him to confidence in this great public office—we utterly deny it. No man had by the antecedents of his whole public life shown himself more unfit for any trust that should require sound principles, steady temper, discretion, and experience. As to ‘parliamentary and administrative’ knowledge, few men could have less. No member of parliament could well take a smaller share of business than he had done, and he never had any training at all in ‘administrative matters.’ He never held any office, except, for a couple of years, the sinecure of *Privy Seal* in his father-in-law’s cabinet, whence,

it is said, he was expelled for that *Downing-street* crime, which is called '*impracticability*,' and which means that a man will *do nothing nor suffer anything to be done*. In short, it is as notorious as the sun in heaven that Lord Durham was sent to Canada for no one of the reasons assigned by Lord John Russell, but simply because *his friends* were at their wits' ends to know what else to do with him; and that it was hoped to conciliate by so preposterous an appointment the party at home, which was favourable to the Canadian revolutionists.

We recall these facts to the notice of our readers, because, under the present aspect of the discussion, it is necessary to recollect that Lord Durham is, in the second degree only, responsible for any mischief he may have done or any good he may have left undone. The first claim of public justice is against the Ministry—whose chosen agent he was—and who will have to justify—if they can—both the choice of the man, and the secret motives that prompted such a choice. We said in January 1838, '*if Lord Durham shall contrive to mismanage this great trust, awful will be the responsibility of those who chose him.*' It cannot be said, therefore, that our opinions on this subject have waited for the event.

We must now proceed to lay before our readers the successive steps of the ministry in the concoction of the Canada bill and of Lord Durham in its execution; and this is the more necessary, because there exists—in our humble opinion—a great deal of misrepresentation, misconception, and mistake as to the *facts* of the case;—particularly as regards the *powers* of the governor under the act:—and what is particularly strange, no two parties seem to us to be more entirely ignorant either as to the intentions of the Legislature or the import and effect of the act, than the *Ministers and the Earl of Durham*!

The statement made by ministers to parliament as the basis of their proposed measures was, in substance, this:—'The Constitution granted to Lower Canada by the act of 1791 will no longer work—it has been virtually repudiated by the *Legislative Assembly* of the province—many of the leading members of which have subsequently become guilty of high treason, and borne arms against Her Majesty's authority. It is therefore necessary to suspend legally, by an act of the imperial parliament, that constitution which the Canadians have already *illegally*, but *de facto*, abrogated, and to endeavour to carry on the government by some other temporary means, deviating as little as possible from general constitutional principles.' For this purpose it was intended—and in the preamble of the original bill it was stated—that the

Governor-

Governor-General should have authority to assemble a kind of *Convention*, of persons representing the interests and opinions of Her Majesty's subjects inhabiting the provinces of Lower Canada and Upper Canada—

'in order to the preparation of such measures as it may be desirable to propose to parliament for improving the constitution of the said provinces, or either of them, and for regulating divers questions in which the said provinces are jointly interested :—And whereas it is in the mean time necessary that temporary provision should be made for the government of the said province of Lower Canada ; be it therefore enacted,'

that the act of 1791 shall be suspended till the 1st of November, 1840, so far as it constituted or provided for the calling of the *Legislative Assembly* of the province, and that a *new* legislative body be created, *pro tempore*, in Lower Canada, to arrange questions of a local and temporary nature—but not to make laws of a permanent and constitutional character—nor any which should interfere (even though temporarily) with the constitutional or fundamental institutions of the colony as established by the acts of the British Parliament. This legislative body was to consist of an indefinite number of councillors, to be appointed by the Governor ; and Her Majesty was to make any provision that she might deem proper for the removal, suspension, and resignation of any such councillors. The laws were to be proposed by the Governor, and passed with the consent of the majority of councillors present, consisting of '*FIVE at the least*,' at a meeting convened for the purpose. The local and temporary character of the laws contemplated by the act was further marked by the provision that laws so made were to continue in force no longer than the 1st of November, 1842, unless continued by competent authority. This *legislative* power, it will be also observed, was to be confined to *Lower Canada* ; for which only indeed it was necessary—as the ordinary legislative power still existed in *Upper Canada* and our other North American provinces.

Such was the clear object, and only legal effect of the ministerial measure ; and it will be at once seen that this narrow power of making temporary laws or regulations for administering the local affairs of Lower Canada, in *such* cases as the abrogated legislature could have dealt with (and even this with important exceptions), is essentially, and indeed totally different from the *dictatorial authority* which Lord Durham has most strangely fancied it was intended to bestow on him. In truth this idea of *Dictatorship*, which has passed current with most of the newspapers and the generality of the public, is a *total delusion*—originally raised, as *far as appears*, by Lord Durham himself.

In the debate of the 18th January last, in the House of Lords, on Lord Glenelg's proposition of the Canadian measures, and *before the bill was printed*, Lord Durham took occasion—after professing his intentions to employ 'the extraordinary powers' entrusted to him, with impartiality—to say

'They are powers which have seldom, if ever, been entrusted before to a single individual, and it is because they are great, and even DICTATORIAL, that I shall be anxious to lay them down at as early a period as possible.'—*Par. Deb.*, 18 Jan.

This, and more to the same effect, solemnly *stated by the Dictator himself—ipse dixit*—in his place in Parliament, and *not contradicted by the ministers*, naturally led the public—and ourselves amongst the rest—to suppose that the new governor-general was to be invested with some extraordinary and dictatorial power. Such, perhaps, was the original intention,—and such might have been the effect of the bill as *first* proposed,—and such therefore may have been the original proposition made by ministers to Lord Durham; but when they—as we shall see presently—received an intimation that *such* a bill could not be permitted to pass, they, with their usual shabbiness, retreated from their own rashness; while Lord Durham, impregnated with the original scheme, seems either not to have read or not understood the bill in its amended shape, and blindly clung to his magnificent vision of balancing his *friend* Nicholas as *Autocrat of the West!* If this conjecture appears too wild—if such poor trickery on the part of the ministry, and such extravagant wilfulness on that of Lord Durham, be incredible, we only ask the incredulous to compare the act of parliament as it was proposed, and as it passed, with all Lord Durham's proceedings, and particularly with his parting Proclamation, and to tell us in what other way it is possible to account for the flagrant—the vital inconsistencies between them all. There is not in that Proclamation one single topic, either as to what Lord Durham had done or meant to do, which does not involve a manifest excess of his legal authority, and a direct departure both from the letter and the spirit of that *act* which is the sole foundation of his power.

The original bill was most clumsily and confusedly drawn, and would, in point of law—(but, as the ministers *said*, by *mistake and inattention*,—have conferred legislative power of a larger kind (though still only legislative power, and only on the Governor and Council); and it was proposed by the Government—we think by Lord John Russell—for the purpose, as was stated, of making certain 'verbal' amendments—to commit the bill '*pro formâ*.' We

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are sorry to be obliged to say that the shifts and subterfuges of the ministers in this whole affair would, without any other evidence, render us incredulous as to their assertions on this point—but we think we have sufficient grounds for suspecting that the original bill was advisedly drawn—that it had been intended to give Lord Durham those vague and extensive powers—and that it was only *on a whisper* that the Conservative leaders had detected this latent possibility, and that so monstrous a proposition would not be tolerated, that the honest and candid Cabinet asked leave to commit the bill '*pro formâ*' to make a '*few verbal amendments*'—which however, so essentially altered the bill, that its nearest friends seem not to have known it again. Lord Durham himself appears, to be—even to this hour—under the impression that he had some such power as the original bill would '*by mistake*' have given him.

We must notice one or two of the principal alterations. In clause 3 the restriction was introduced, confining the power of the governor and new legislative body to make *only* such laws as the legislature of Lower Canada, as then constituted, was empowered to make. By the first draft of the bill, the governor with his council would have been entirely independent of the mother-country, and in fact omnipotent; but this restriction brought them back to the real limits of colonial legislature, namely, that no colony dependent on the British crown can make any laws inconsistent with or repealing any acts of the British parliament in force in such colony, without being expressly authorised to do so by the imperial parliament. This '*verbal*' amendment, introduced '*pro formâ*' and *sub silentio*, deprived the Governor and his Council—(we shall see by and by what the Council turned out to be)—of a power so extravagant, that under it Lord Durham might we believe have created himself King of Canada, or President of the Canadian republic.

Another '*verbal*' amendment made by the ministers on this occasion, was the introduction of the clause 5, by which the important power (most important as events have shown) was reserved to the government here to disallow and annul any ordinance made by the new legislative body in Canada.

Such was the amended ministerial measure, and it was in this state of the bill that Sir William Follett made his proposition which, so far from being any alteration of the amendments of the cabinet, was, in truth, necessary in point of law to complete their own purpose, and to supply a technical deficiency which, in their hurry to patch the '*verbal*' alterations on the original bill, had escaped the ministers and their astute law officers. The case was this—It had been discovered, in looking through the statutes applicable to Canada, that power had been given to the Legislature of that

that province by the act of 1791, to alter (subject to certain restrictions) the provisions of that statute respecting the clergy reserves; and that by another act, passed expressly for the purpose, in the reign of William IV., power was also given to the local legislature to alter the law respecting the tenures of land; and it therefore became evident that—in order to execute the declared intention of the government to confine the new legislative power to matters not connected with the fundamental and permanent institutions of the colony—it was necessary that the new legislative body ought not to be intrusted with power to interfere by their temporary ordinances either with the clergy reserves or the tenures of land. Sir William Follett's amendment was adopted by the Government, and the clause was ultimately worded, and inserted in the bill, by *Sir George Grey the Colonial Under Secretary, and the Attorney-General*. This proviso, it is obvious, did very little more than had previously been done by the Government. Their restrictions prevented in general terms any interference with the statutes of the imperial parliament in force in the colony, inasmuch as the colonial legislature could not have interfered with them. Sir William Follett's proviso prevented the interference even in those few cases in which such a power might have been accidentally given to the colonial legislature. There were some other restrictions on the legislative power, all proposed by the Government—*ex. gr.*, that no new tax or rate should be imposed, nor any change made in the appropriation of the sum granted by parliament for the administration of the civil government in Canada.

We have now detailed the whole legislative effect of the act of parliament. No extraordinary executive powers were given to the Governor at all; in that respect, he stood in the same position as any other governor—at least we know nothing to the contrary; and so much of his instructions as have been published from the Colonial Office, and a direct statement, we think, of Lord Glenelg in the House of Lords, contradict the supposition of Lord Durham's having had any dictatorial commission. In short, his powers were by the amended bill very prudently restricted: they neither were—nor were by Parliament intended to be—the powers of either despot or dictator: but, as we have already said, Lord Durham—from whatever cause his error may have proceeded—had taken a contrary impression, and from the first to the last has seemed to consider himself as invested with despotic and dictatorial power.

This we take to have been the leading misfortune of his short career; but it was seriously aggravated by the kind of advisers and

and associates with whom—either with or without (*adhuc sub judice lis est*) the original assent of the ministers—he was surrounded. He had not in his train one single man of that standing and character in public estimation or even in public business, from which a Governor could derive assistance in council or authority with the public. The first secretary and chief adviser provided for his Excellency was Mr. Charles Buller, M. P.—whose only claim (that we know of) to that office was the decided and even factious opposition which he had given the Government, in the preceding session, on Canadian affairs. We find one specimen of his conduct thus stated in the pamphlet of Sir Charles Grey, one of the ministerial commissioners:—

‘Lord John Russell gives notice of a motion that his Canada resolutions shall have precedence of all other business on the first Wednesday after Easter [1837]; and Mr. Charles Buller threatens that by *fictitious motions*—which will have the effect of *interrupting* the business of the House—he will *compel Lord John* to abandon his notice.’—*Remarks, &c.*, p. 5.

And he did; and to this factious proceeding Sir Charles Grey attributes much of the mischief which ensued. Was there ever before heard of such a qualification for such an appointment?

The two persons next in Lord Durham's confidence—Messrs. Turton and Wakefield—who were supposed to have the best general abilities and the greatest (yet a very small) share of legal experience, were liable to some objections of a personal nature—which we think we may say—without speaking uncharitably, or descending unnecessarily into private character—disqualified them from such a near and prominent association with the representative of the *Queen* in so high and so delicate a mission. That disqualification Lord Durham himself seems to have admitted by some little arrangements, to which he must have been a party. These persons—or, at least one of them (for the facts seem to have been studiously obscured)—did not proceed in the same ship which conveyed the Governor, his family, and the rest of his civil attendants; nor did either return with him. In fact, as every reader of the newspapers must know, their having gone out at all was for a long time a subject of doubt and mystery, and to Lord Melbourne, when the truth was ascertained, of ‘surprise and regret.’

But great as was the misfortune of having his *Cabinet* so composed, still greater was it that, with regard to his public Council, he took upon himself to disobey virtually and substantially the act of parliament, the foundation of his whole authority,—first, by not naming, for some weeks, the Council assigned him by the act and *without which he had no special power*

power at all; and, secondly, by at last *packing* one, for a single and temporary purpose, which, if not absolutely illegal, was scandalous in every particular—the suddenness of the summons—the fewness of the members—the dependance of some—the unfitness of others—and, from all these and other causes, their general inadequacy to afford the Governor that support and assistance, either by their personal advice, or by their public influence, which the Queen, the Ministers, and the Parliament had so especially intended to provide for him.

The first step that he took on landing in Canada was this:—Sir John Colborne, who had been for some time in the exercise of all the powers intended to be confided to Lord Durham, had appointed (as the act contemplated) *twenty-one* gentlemen to compose the new legislative council, and these councillors were, some of French, some of British descent, all, we believe, inhabitants of Lower Canada, and persons of weight and respectability in the province. Several ordinances had been passed by Sir John Colborne, with the assent of the majority of these councillors legally convened. So the law required—and Sir John Colborne never dreamed that he had any power beyond or above the law. Lord Durham on his arrival *cashiered the whole of these councillors at once!* and never thought of appointing a new council—(the only *extraordinary* function which he legally possessed)—until the very day on which he issued his famous Ordinance. On the morning of that day he appointed a *legislative* council, consisting of—*twenty-one* members? No!—of the *minimum, five!*—Of five Canadian gentlemen? No!—of five persons whose sole recommendation seems to have been that they knew as little of Canada as the Governor himself, viz., a vice-admiral, who *happened* to be, as we have heard, detained by illness at Quebec, while his flag-ship was gone to look after the French force then assembling towards Mexico—a major-general just arrived in Canada—two aides-de-camp, and Mr. Secretary Charles Buller, all newly imported with the Governor himself! Such was the Special Council 'of such and so many members as her Majesty should think fit,'—who were summoned, on the morning of the 28th of June, to meet on the afternoon of the said 28th of June, and in that their first, and, as far as we know, their last and only sitting, passed that unhappy Ordinance which,—whatever its intention may have been,—was disfigured, invalidated, and self-destroyed by blunders too gross, we firmly believe, to have escaped the common sense of the members of the council—few and unpractised in such matters as they were—if it had undergone anything like a discussion. We have little doubt that the Governor and his private conclave drew up the

document,

document, and that the nominal counsellors were called in to sign—which they probably did in a not unreasonable confidence that the Governor and his legal advisers understood the forms of law better than the vice-admiral, the major-general, and the aides-dé-camp could presume to do.

We have never seen any explanation why, if any officer—or even if no other officer—were to be called to this Council; Sir John Colborne—himself lately Governor, and designated in any emergency to have succeeded Lord Durham—was excluded from it.

Indeed, the only excuse or pretence which we can guess at, would be something worse than if it were a mere neglect or affront. The Duke of Wellington, who—if we may venture to imitate his own plain and effective style—always *hits the right nail on the head*, complained that Lord Durham had, in a very incautious and indecorous way, coupled the name of his predecessor with '*the British party*;' and it is to be collected from several circumstances, as well as from the nature of things, that the gallant Governor who had put down rebellion, and restored the province to order, was not popular with the rebels. We suspect, therefore, that Lord Durham—with an affectation of impartiality offensive to Sir John Colborne, and an effort after a false popularity not creditable to himself—resolved to disconnect himself in the most marked manner from either Sir John Colborne's person or councils. We speak, of course, only as to affairs of government: in the ordinary intercourses of life, Lord Durham tells us that the greatest cordiality existed between him and his gallant friend. But, after all, Lieut.-General Sir John Colborne was *not* named of the Council, and an inferior officer, Major-General Sir James Macdonnell, *was*. We beg our readers to bear this fact in memory.

And then, in the name of this colourable council, which, as Sir W. Follett said, 'was obviously a mere mockery of the act of parliament,' His Excellency passes his too celebrated Ordinance—by one clause of which, certain persons who had never been indicted, arraigned, or tried, are stated to have admitted the crime of high treason; and on this alleged admission the Ordinance enacts that they shall forthwith be banished from Canada to Bermuda, and there detained and kept in close custody—Bermuda being no more within the Governor's jurisdiction than Ireland or the Isle of Wight—St. Helena or Japan! Another clause recites that certain other persons therein named have fled the province: and it then enacts, that if any persons of either of those classes shall be found in Canada, they shall be considered *guilty of high treason and shall suffer death accordingly*. Now, if this Ordinance were legal,

it

it would suppose a power to have been somehow vested in Lord Durham and his five councillors, which the British Legislature assuredly never thought of giving him; for, if he had power to make such an Ordinance—he might, without any reference to the government at home, or to the parliament, have made ordinances to hang *without trial* any of her Majesty's subjects of that province on the spot, or to imprison them without bail, mainprize, or *habeas corpus*, in any jail of the universal world. He must have had absolute and uncontrolled power over the lives, fortunes, and liberty, of every soul in Canada. But no such power was ever asked for by the Government, nor so much as alluded to in either House of Parliament, as either necessary or expedient; and the *delusion* by which Lord Durham supposed himself to possess it seems quite incomprehensible—except on the supposition already stated, that he had been originally promised such powers.

It is admitted on all hands—by Chancellor Cottenham, Attorney Campbell, and even Lord Durham himself—that the Ordinance was *illegal*; the only question is the degree and extent of illegality. The Chancellor and Mr. Attorney think, or at least have said, that the only illegality was the excess of jurisdiction in sending the culprits into custody at Bermuda. They consider the Ordinance in the light of a bill of attainder, and hold, that as the imperial parliament could no doubt pass a bill of attainder, so of course might the provincial parliament, and so of course Lord Durham and his council;—in short, that Lord Durham might have *hanged* the prisoners by ordinance (indeed the Ordinance condemns to death any who shall disobey it), but not have transported them. *Papa!*—Much weightier authorities have asserted, and we think we are in a condition to substantiate their opinion, that the Ordinance was illegal in its *origin* and its *substance* quite as much as it is admitted to have been as to *jurisdiction*.*

First—as to its *origin*,

It may well be doubted whether the Council itself that passed it was legally constituted.

It seems clear that—if an act provides for the appointment of an indefinite number of councillors, and then proceeds to say that *five at the least* OF THE SAID COUNCILLORS shall concur—the law is not satisfied by the bare appointment of *five*. ‘Five

* We omit two points which, in *strict law*, might, we think, admit of argument. 1. Whether acts of attainder are not an exercise of sovereignty of so high a nature as to be beyond the functions of any provincial legislature; and, 2, whether, though the Governor may appoint his councillors, the act does not reserve to the Queen alone (and without a right of delegation) the power of fixing their *number*—a reservation which seems proper to prevent the very abuse of *packing* a council, into which Lord Durham has fallen.

out of so many' can never mean, in grammatical, nor, we think, legal construction, 'five, and five only;' nor can the authority conferred on 'five of the said councillors' be a sufficient basis to stand upon, when there are no 'said councillors' in existence beyond the five! Penal statutes must be strictly construed even against common sense and obvious meaning; but in this case the strictness of construction would be on the side of common sense and the obvious intention of the legislature. So much as to the origin of the Ordinance. Now—

Secondly as to its substance;

If Lord Durham and his council had power to pass an act of attainder after the fashion of the *High Court* of Parliament at home, they were at least bound by the rules, precedents, and practice of that High Court. Now there is no precedent that we recollect of any bill of attainder, which did not proceed either by trial in presence of the party; as in *Strafford's* and *Atterbury's* cases: or, if the party was absent, by summoning him to appear on a certain given day, or on default to be attainted; as in the cases of *Clarendon* and *Bolingbroke*.

Nothing of this kind was done in this case. Even the forms, which in the worst times mitigated in some degree the odious and tyrannical character of acts of attainder,* are not to be found in Lord Durham's Ordinance. Here is nothing but short dry sentences of banishment and death—such as we assert the supreme and sovereign authority of the Imperial Legislature itself had never passed, and never would have passed. This clause affected Mr. Papineau and the fugitives.

The next class were Mr. Bouchette and seven others, *banished* to Bermuda. In these cases the Ordinance attempts to cure the last objection, by asserting that the parties had pleaded *guilty* to a charge of high treason, or, as it is *craftily* worded, 'have acknowledged their participation in the said high treason.' This averment, we regret to have to say it of a British judicial paper, is *not the fact*; and the misrepresentation is doubly important—first, as invalidating the penal consequences pretended to be derived from it; and secondly, because it appears that the exact extent and form of the avowal had been matter of *discussion* between the Criminals and the Governor. The prisoners had made some kind of declaration with which, it seems, Lord Durham was not satisfied, and he therefore procured from them the following very equivocal letter, which—as the ground for an act of attainder for high treason—is quite as unprecedented and illegal as all the rest of the proceeding.

* Against the principle of which we have an indignant oration now before us pronounced by J. G. Lambton, Esq., in Dec. 1820, on the case of Queen Caroline.

'Montreal

'Montreal Gaol, June 25.

'My Lord,—We have some reason to apprehend that the expressions used by us in a letter addressed to your Lordship on the 18th inst. may appear vague and ambiguous.

'Our intention, my Lord, *was* distinctly to avow, that in pursuit of objects dear to the great mass of our population, we took a part that has eventuated in a charge of high treason.

'We *professed* our willingness to plead guilty, whereby to avoid the necessity of a trial, and that to give as far as in our power tranquillity to the country; but whilst we *were thus disposed* to contribute to the happiness of others, we could not *condescend* to shield ourselves under the provisions of an ordinance passed by the late Special Council of the province.

'Permit us then, my Lord, to perform this great duty, to mark our entire confidence in your Lordship, to place ourselves at your disposal, without availing ourselves of provisions, which would *degrade us in our own eyes* by marking an *unworthy distrust on both sides*.

'With this short *explanation* of our FEELINGS, we again place ourselves at your Lordship's discretion; and pray that the peace of the country may not be endangered by a trial.

'We have the honour to be, my Lord, with unfeigned respect, your Lordship's most obedient humble servants,

'R. S. M. BOUCHETTE.

'H. A. GAUVIN.

'WOLFD. NELSON.

'S. MARCHESSAUD.

'R. DES RIVIERES.

'J. H. GODDU.

'L. H. MASSON.

'B. VIGER.

'The Right Hon. the Earl of Durham.'

We entreat our readers to note the wording of this plea.

'They *had been*,' say they, 'willing and disposed to plead guilty,' but nothing of the kind is now done. '*Their intention was to avow that they had taken a part which eventuated in a charge of high treason*,' which means, if it means any thing, that they confess—not high treason, but—that they have been *charged* with it. Then, these guilty traitors are allowed to talk with the Queen's representative—as from equal to equal—of a *distrust that would be unworthy BOTH SIDES*—that is, the Queen and the traitors—and in short, what they do mean to confess or deny is beyond our power of discovery; but thus much we can venture to say, that any legal act founding itself on this letter as a *legal plea of 'Guilty of High Treason'* would be an absolute nullity; and so we believe it was by *both sides* meant to be.

The next and last class of persons affected by the Ordinance—one Jalbert and nine companions—are in still more peculiar circumstances. They were *prisoners* in jail, whom Lord Durham intended to try for murders committed in the course of the rebellion. From some motive which we cannot fathom, the Ordinance of attainder, which has no natural concern at all with *these prisoners*

prisoners (who were meant to be *regularly tried*), enumerates their names—but for no other purpose that we can discover than to enact

‘That nothing in ANY proclamation of Her Majesty contained, shall extend, or be held, or construed to extend to the cases of Francois Jalbert [and nine others], nor shall the said Francois Jalbert [and the nine others], or *any other persons suspected*! of being concerned in the said murders derive any benefit or advantage whatsoever from ANY proclamation of Her Most Gracious Majesty, nor shall ANY amnesty *thereby* intended to be granted, be taken in any way to apply to such persons, or any of them.’

In all the rest of the Ordinance there is not an allusion to this class of prisoners, nor any mention of proclamation or amnesty, and we positively were and *are*, after every consideration, utterly unable to understand why the matter was dragged in here. If it was thought expedient to give to the exception of these men from *any* possible amnesty or pardon the authority of an ordinance, it should have been done on its own grounds, and by a separate instrument. We shall see presently that this clerical blunder has been productive of the most serious consequences. But was such a thing ever heard of as that a Governor should by a solemn and, as far as he alone was concerned, irrevocable act, cut off ten by name, and an indefinite number unnamed, of Her Majesty’s *untried* and only *SUSPECTED* subjects from *any* possible exercise of the Queen’s royal mercy? The meaning of this strange enactment seems to have been, that the Earl of Durham had made up his mind to publish on the same day with the Ordinance of Attainder a Proclamation, in the Queen’s name, for a general amnesty; which was accordingly done: but why was not the exception made on the face of the Proclamation itself or by another ordinance? and, above all, why was not the exception limited to the particular proclamation of the same date?—and why was it so strangely worded as to interdict, as it does, all future exercise of the royal mercy?

But mark what follows. The ministers at home, not to be behindhand with Lord Durham, have worse confounded the confusion. The *Proclamation* of amnesty embraces in the largest words everybody, excepting only those who are mentioned and excepted in the *Ordinance*:—The ministers have annulled the Ordinance, but in their hurry they forgot, or in their ignorance did not know how, to repeal the Proclamation, so that not only are Papineau and the *fugitives*, and Bouchette, and the *exiles*, completely whitewashed, but the *murderers*, whom Lord Durham would have interdicted from any possible benefit of *any* royal amnesty, are entirely released from all responsibility for their atrocities!

Thirdly,

Thirdly, we arrive at the question of the *jurisdiction*: and as on this point the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Attorney-General, and all the ministers, and even Lord Durham, have given up the Ordinance, we need say nothing on that head; except to show what extraordinary pains and trouble Lord Durham and his advisers must have taken to go wrong.

We find in the Parliamentary Papers, No. 357, ordered to be printed the 4th of May, 1838, a dispatch, dated 24th April, from Sir John Colborne, the Governor-General *ad interim*, enclosing a list of expired and expiring laws, amongst the latter of which, (to expire on the 1st of May), is stated—

‘An act of the 4th William IV., c. i. [1833], for the transportation of certain offenders from this province to England, to be thence again transported to New South Wales or Van Diemen’s Land.’—*Par. Pap.*, No. 357. p. 32.

But this is not all—Sir John Colborne finding this law on the point of expiring, assembled his special council of twenty-one, and passed

‘an Ordinance to continue an act therein mentioned, intituled, “An act for the transportation of certain offenders from this province to England, and thence to be again transported to New South Wales and Van Diemen’s Land.”—*ib.* p. 34.

So that the principle of *transporting offenders beyond the sea* was already recognised, and in force; and if Bouchette and his companions had really *condescended* to plead guilty, and been, as in that case they would have been, *convicts*, Lord Durham might at once have relieved himself and the colony of them in an easy and legal way.

Oh! but he would not hurt their feelings by treating them as convicts.

‘I did not think it right to transport these persons to a penal colony, because it was exhibiting a moral slur on their character,’ &c.

What a tenderness for the character of traitors! This passage reveals we suspect the real cause of all this confusion. Lord Durham was *coquetting* with the traitors—they had devastated the province with fire and blood—had pillaged, burned, massacred—but still Lord Durham would commit all sorts of illegalities rather than *hurt their feelings*, or cast a *slur on their characters*. But might he not, at least, have sent them to England to be dealt with, by law or by mercy, as her Majesty might be advised? But the fact is, they were not *convicts*; and, we dare say, secretly stipulated with Lord Durham that they should not be so treated,—not as a question of *feeling*, but with reference to more solid and substantial *interests*. We are not ignorant—nor were they—how much a delicate attention to the feelings of

of the traitors might tend to encourage their partisans, and to discourage and affront the loyalists. But that was not their main object. And here opens a new scene of this extraordinary case.

What will our readers think of the value of presenting and printing public documents for the consideration of members of Parliament, when we inform them that—not only was this act authorising the principle of transportation beyond sea, never, that we can discover, so much as alluded to in the whole course of the discussion—but that two other Ordinances, issued by Sir John Colborne and his council, an '*Ordinance of Attainder*,' and an '*Ordinance of Amnesty*,' applicable generally to the *same persons*, and for the *same purposes*, and with the *same penalty* of death, in case a party banished under them should return, as Lord Durham's, were not mentioned, that we can trace, till an advanced stage of the debates: and then not even as legal precedents, but merely as evidence of *Lieutenant General Sir John Colborne's legal construction* of the Canada bill—(and a much better authority he seems to be than either, my Lord Cottenham, or Mr. Attorney!) It looks as if, in the earlier stages of the discussion, these documents had slipped from the memory of both ministers and members. We cannot otherwise conceive how cases, *ejusdem generis*, in *pari materia*, and so important, both in point of precedent and analogy, could have been so slightly noticed.

Let us now shortly compare these Ordinances of Sir John Colborne with those of Lord Durham to explain more clearly how, coming to nearly the same conclusions, Sir John Colborne's should be, in our opinion, perfectly constitutional and justifiable; and Lord Durham's essentially illegal. And this comparison will further direct us towards the reason (no where distinctly explained) why Lord Durham did not take his stand on Sir John Colborne's ordinances of *attainder* and *amnesty*, instead of making new ones. Those were enacted law—unquestioned law—sanctioned by the approbation of the Queen's ministers, and by the acquiescence of the imperial parliament. Why was it necessary that he should supersede them by a new ordinance of his own, which affects only to have done the same essential things in a somewhat different way?

Admitting that the Governor had a right to determine the number as well as the names of his councillors, he still was bound, we hold, by law as well as common sense, to have a number larger than the bare *quorum*. This Sir John had, by naming twenty-one, '*of whom five at least concurred*.' This Lord Durham had not, for he had a number, which was not susceptible, in *rerum naturâ*, of being spoken of in the legal form,
'of

'of whom five at the least shall concur,' there being but five in all ! What could have induced Lord Durham to place himself—in this first and most important act of his government,' as he calls it—within the very verge of illegality, when one step forward would have saved him, we cannot imagine—except that he must be a very foolish man, with very foolish advisers, and that folly, multiplied by follies, soon produces an inexpressible sum of absurdity. Seven, or even six, would have satisfied—not the *spirit*, indeed, but—the *letter* of the law—and the letter of the law would have sheltered his measure from legal censure. The composition of Lord Durham's Council, therefore, and all that emanated from it were alike illegal, at least for any *penal purpose*, where the prisoner is entitled to the utmost strictness of favourable construction.

The contrast between the details of the two sets of Ordinances is equally remarkable. Sir John Colborne's '*Ordinance for the more speedy attainder of persons indicted for high treason who have fled from the province or remain concealed therein to escape from justice*,' (1 Vic. c. 19,) proceeds to execute its purpose in a legal way and according to the precedents. It provides that, 'if any person shall be indicted and shall not appear, the governor shall, by proclamation, call on that person to appear to answer such indictment by a *given day* (not nearer than three calendar months from the proclamation), or on default to stand attainted ; but if any one so attainted should, within three further calendar months, show that he had a sufficient excuse for not having come in, he shall be relieved from the attainder and allowed a trial.' This would have disposed of the case of Mr. Papineau and the *fugitives*, effectively, constitutionally, and according to the analogies of law.

Lord Durham's Ordinance, on the contrary, attaints them before indictment—and to evade indictment—and, so far from inviting them to purge their attain by a trial, condemns them to instant death if they shall presume to return : an enormous and unprecedented illegality, on which it is unnecessary to dilate.

In Sir John Colborne's other '*Ordinance to enable the governor, &c., to extend a conditional pardon in certain cases to persons who have been concerned in the late insurrection*,' (1 Vic. c. 15,) it is provided that the governor may grant a *pardon* to any person *petitioning* for the same ; and if such pardon should be on condition of being transported or of banishing himself, either for life or years, his return to the province, contrary to the said accepted condition, shall be felony ; and in order to get rid of the difficulty that there could be no legal record of a plea of 'guilty' against such persons, it is provided, that any such pardon shall have

have the same effect in all respects—except as to the *life* of the party—as an attainder for the crime of high treason would have.

Lord Durham's Ordinance of banishment begins at the other end, by assuming, what is not the fact, a plea of guilty—and on this plea, instead of a pardon on condition of banishment, which would have been a joint act of the party himself and therefore protected by the axiom *volenti non fit injuria*, it penally sentences them to transportation, and eventually to death if they return; without having obtained, as Sir John Colborne's Ordinance did, the authentic evidence of a written petition and accompanying pardon, to their individual acceptance of these conditions.

And now our readers will repeat the former question, why these Ordinances of Sir John Colborne, to which no legal objection had been made, and which would have produced the same, or still better practical results than Lord Durham's, why were they superseded? Our answer is—first, that we believe that there was at the new head-quarters an inclination to conciliate, and acquire popularity with, the rebel party, by taking a line different from Sir John's; but, secondly, we are satisfied that Sir John's Ordinances were known and felt to be *legal* and *permanent*, that they visited the culprits with *real* penalties and forfeitures, and forced them to concur personally in the justice of their own punishment—'*vitam solam relinquit nefariis hominibus: bona præterea publicari jubet*'—circumstances very distasteful to the guilty, and of course to their party both in Canada and England; and we believe that Lord Durham, under the plea of humanity and by the bait of popularity, was seduced into passing upon them a mere mockery of punishment—the penalties of which were incapable of execution—while it left the parties in full possession of their property and influence, and of that *unslurred character* (of which Lord Durham was so chary) that would stoop neither to confess any contrition for what had passed, nor to promise any truer allegiance for the future. And this we suppose must be the true explanation of that enigmatical letter of Mr. Secretary Buller, in which he confessed to some Radical correspondent 'that the Ordinances looked horribly *despotic* and *unconstitutional*, but that in reality they were mild and *merciful*'—that is—that their apparently outrageous severity was really designed to operate an absolute impunity of the guilty!—And the British nation, and especially the great loyal majority of our Canadian fellow-subjects, were expected to stand by in humble silence, while their dearest interests and their highest feelings were thus to be disposed of in a *game of 'brag'* between Lord Durham and his backers against Mr. Bouchette and his accomplices.

We must here pause to ask what is become of Sir John Colborne's Ordinances? How far have they been acted on? Are they repealed? Were they only asleep under Lord Durham's superincumbent nightmare? On the disallowance of Lord Durham's Ordinance, did they revive? Are they now in force? and how far are they—*legislative acts*—affected by Lord Durham's individual *Proclamation* of general pardon? The 'Ordinance for the transportation of convicts' seems certainly in force; for it is, we presume, under that that a number of rebels have been recently sent to England, on their way to a penal colony—a fact which affords a remarkable commentary on the irregular and ineffectual proceedings of the late Governor.

Such is the history, as far as our best diligence has been able to unravel it, of Lord Durham's Ordinance and Proclamation.

What, then, we ask, when the instruments themselves—involving so many important considerations and interests—reached England, ought the Ministers to have done? Their duty was clear; they ought to have lost no time in stating, in their places in parliament, these the first fruits of the powers conferred on them and their governor in the beginning of the session. Parliament should not have been left to pick up in the streets or from newspapers the result of their extraordinary legislative experiments. They should have stated whether her Majesty had been advised to approve the Ordinance. If any doubt of its policy, and still more of its *legality*, in substance or in form, offered itself to their minds, they should have stated the difficulty and propounded a remedy; and no one can doubt that parliament would have been more ready to acquiesce in any confirmatory provisions spontaneously proposed by the Government, than it subsequently was to pass the Indemnity Act under circumstances which could not fail to give it something of an ungracious and reproachful character: a little common sense and candour would have saved all the mischief and scandal which has followed their inexcusable neglect or, at least, postponement of so plain a ministerial duty.

This, as we think, very obvious consideration seems to have escaped those who attribute the proceedings ultimately taken on the Ordinance to Lord Brougham's officious interference. On this we observe, first, that this *officious* interference might and ought to have been anticipated by a proper *official* communication to parliament; but, secondly, that although Lord Brougham, with his usual acuteness and activity, did outrun the dull, dilatory, and timid cabinet, yet can any reasonable mind examine the case in all its bearings without seeing that—if Lord Brougham had happened to be out of town—if the Ordinance had not arrived till parliament was up—if, in short, the ministers had been left entirely to themselves—they

must,

must, in some form or other, have taken measures to have corrected the illegality *which they themselves admit* to have existed, and of which Lord Durham now *confesses* that he himself was, from the beginning, *conscious*? Or—supposing it possible that Chancellor Cottenham or Minister Melbourne had been incapable of discovering right from wrong in the Ordinance without the help of a *Flapper*—was there no other eye than that of Lord Brougham by which these anomalies could be discovered, no other voice by which they could be denounced? Are Mr. Papineau and his fellow-sufferers under the Ordinance so dull as not to detect, and so patient as not to question, such manifest illegalities? How long would Messrs. Bouchette and Co., after their first fright was over, have remained at Bermuda in *voluntary* seclusion? Mr. Secretary Buller, the *Polignac* of these western Ordinances, wrote, as we have seen, to a Radical friend the letter just quoted, which seems to have reached England before Lord Brougham's bill was thought of, containing this passage, 'You will think our Ordinances *horribly unconstitutional and despotic*.' 'I knew,' says Lord Durham—the new *Charles Dix*—'when I issued them that they were *illegal*.' Were the sufferers likely to be less sharp-sighted on that point than the executioners? Was there no such man as Mr. Roebuck in the world? In short, was it possible, under any circumstances, to have *hushed up* such an affair? The accidents of the House of Lords being still sitting, and of Lord Brougham's position, his personal activity, and powerful talents, gave him the opportunity of exhibiting, suddenly and brilliantly, that case which must, *inevitably*, a few days or weeks later, have produced itself in some other, and probably still more embarrassing form. Suppose Mr. Papineau had returned to Canada, would Lord Durham have executed the Ordinance and hanged him on the spot? If Bouchette or Wolfred Nelson had attempted to escape from the Vesta or from Bermuda, and had killed or been killed in the attempt—if actions for false imprisonment had been brought against the captains of the Queen's ships thus turned into convict ships,* or against the Governor of Bermuda thus made a penal colony—if any one of the innumerable circumstances which might have arisen out of such a state of things had occurred after parliament had been prorogued, what would the ministers have done? Our own belief is, that they must have suddenly reassembled parliament, and have passed

* It was an additional difficulty in the case, and a further reason for the Indemnity Bill, that, even had the Ordinance been less illegal, the participation of her Majesty's naval officers might still have been liable to prosecution. It is well known that *custody*, which would be legal in the hands of the *proper* officer, becomes *ipso facto* illegal and actionable as false imprisonment, when enforced by any one who has not a legal authority *ad hoc*.

at the least—at the very least—some such measures as those that they now affect to be angry with Lord Brougham for having forced upon them.

But they are not only indignant with that noble and learned lord, but they, their leader, and their most accredited organs, have the audacity, or, to use Cicero's still more appropriate words—*audaciam et amentiam*—to charge the Conservative party, particularly in the House of Lords, with having, for factious purposes, countenanced and supported Lord Brougham's proposition, and thereby made themselves accomplices in all the mischief and misfortunes resulting from the Canadian disturbances. Let us again refer to the course of facts.

On the 28th July the Ordinances appeared in the London journals: on the 30th Lord Brougham made some severe observations on them, and expressed a desire to have the papers officially before the house, and inquired whether the government intended to offer any explanation upon them. The Colonial Secretary said that he had no objection to give copies of the documents [which were already in all the newspapers]; but as to explanation, he had none to give. One or two peers expressed shortly their wish for an explanation of what bore, at first sight, so anomalous an appearance, but the ministers still persisted that they had no explanation to give.

There the matter rested; and it must be admitted that Lord Brougham himself did not show any undue impatience. He afforded the ministers ample opportunity of taking the initiative, and of explaining their and Lord Durham's views of these instruments, and of obtaining from parliament either a silent approbation, or if, indeed, they contained any irregularities, such legislative remedies as the occasion might seem to require.

Lord Brougham waited from the 30th of July to the 8th August, when the session being on the very point of closing; and there being no appearance that the ministers intended to say a word on the subject,—a subject which we think ought to have been opened at large, but which was at least important enough to have justified a word or two of explanation—on the 8th of August, we say, Lord Brougham seems to have thought (and so do we) that it was high time to force the ministers to an explanation, and he accordingly declared that a further consideration of the Ordinance had completely confirmed the opinion which he had originally formed of its illegality. Upon that up rose successively Lord Glenelg and Lord Melbourne, both of whom, though they repelled Lord Brougham's other propositions, ADMITTED, without hesitation or restriction, that that part of the Ordinance which supposed a power in the governor and special council

council of Canada to banish to Bermuda—was a mistake and illegality.

Let us here pause for a moment to observe that the clause thus abandoned was *practically* the most important—indeed the only real *operative* provision of the whole Ordinance—all the rest were conditional and exceptional provisions, none of which might ever come into actual operation—the only *fact*, the only *thing*, actually done by the Ordinance was the banishment of this class of persons to Bermuda, and their retention there. Abrogate that, and the whole *practical* effect of the Ordinance was abrogated; and it is remarkable, Lord Melbourne,—when, a few days after, giving his own reasons for having advised the Queen to annul the *whole* Ordinance, instead of disallowing the *part* which he admitted to be illegal—said he did so because he was satisfied of the legal impossibility of making a distinction between the several parts of the instrument; so that on the 9th of August the Ministers would have thrown aside, as a trifling error of no importance or consequence, a clause which on the 10th they considered so integral, so vital a part of the measure, that they could not otherwise repeal it than by annulling the whole Ordinance. We really wonder at Lord Brougham's patience, and think he did not treat the Cabinet with half the severity they deserved, for such monstrous contradictions.

It was not till after the colonial secretary and the prime minister had, in their double capacities of ministers and legislators, pronounced before England, Canada, and the World, that a main point (the only *practical* one, we repeat, then existing) of the Ordinance was not to be defended even under the large powers given to the governor and his special council—it was not, we say, till *then*, that the Duke of Wellington stated that these declarations of the ministers imposed upon parliament the duty of finding a remedy for the mistake. This observation Lord Lyndhurst enforced by stating that the case was pregnant with such *practical* penal consequences that the question ought, for the sake of all parties, to be settled with the least possible delay.

In consequence of all these proceedings, Lord Brougham, nothing loth, brought in his indemnity bill, which was read a second time on the 9th, after the debate in which Lord Melbourne first made the attempt, which we have called silly and audacious, of making the Duke of Wellington and his Conservative friends responsible for the errors and crimes of the Ministers and their agents, because they had, as members of parliament, given their support to the executive government on the Canadian bill, as they had done on many other difficult occasions.

His grace's answer to Lord Melbourne on this night was one
of

of the best speeches he ever delivered in point of style and force, and had all his usual characteristics of good sense, plain truth, and high patriotism. He tore Lord Melbourne's flimsy and ungrateful inferences to pieces, and threw them to public contempt and derision; but neither on the Ordinance itself, nor on the Governor-general, personally or politically, did he say a word more than that as the Secretary of State, in whose department Canada was, and as the Lord Chancellor, the head of the law, and as the Prime Minister, the representative of the Queen's policy, had all declared that the transportation clause was illegal, he did not see how he could do otherwise than support the bill which went to protect, from any ill consequences, those third parties, her Majesty's naval and civil officers, who had innocently obeyed this illegal order.

Had the Duke of Wellington, and those who supported the bill been desirous of embarrassing the Ministers, they would have done so most effectually if they had taken advantage of the Lord High Chancellor's declaration that the bill was *unnecessary in point of law*, and the Prime Minister's warm assertion that it was dangerous to the general policy of the empire—and had dropped the bill, or rather handed it over to those grave official authorities, the natural protectors of the parties concerned, to be dealt with as they should think proper. Had this been done, it is now, and indeed was, within twenty-four hours after this debate, perfectly evident that the Government must—in the teeth of their own recent professions and votes—have adopted the bill, or something of the same kind. This, if the great Conservative body who supported the bill, had been accessible to such considerations, would have been a master stroke of party manœuvre: it would have had a plausible justification—apparent candour—deference to ministerial responsibility—reluctance to interfere when the Executive did not think it necessary, and above all, respect for the opinion of the first law officer of the crown; while, with all these fine professions, it would really have left the minister in utter, and we think, inextricable difficulty. But such were not the intentions of the supporters of the bill; they meant *bonâ fide* to repair as much of the mischief as was practicable, and neither to affront Lord Durham or embarrass the ministry; though if any thing could have justified this latter feeling, it would have been Lord Melbourne's peevish, groundless, and worse than groundless, insinuations against the Duke of Wellington in the debate of the 9th.

His Grace's lofty and victorious rebuke brought, it seems, Lord Melbourne to other thoughts, and—*quantum mutatus ab illo* *Hectore* of the evening of the 9th of August,—this light and trivial man was not ashamed to come down on the evening

of

of the 10th, to state not only that he withdrew his resistance to the bill, but that her Majesty had been advised to annul the Ordinance by an order in council! The Ordinance was accordingly revoked—with that scandalous and unfortunate blunder before mentioned; and the indemnity bill, after having been further amended by the ministers in the House of Lords, was adopted and carried through the House of Commons, without any amendment, by the ministerial leader, Lord John Russell, and received the royal assent on the 16th of August.

We are not informed when the notification of these events reached Lord Durham, but we know that on the 9th of October, instead of promulgating the decision of his Sovereign and the Imperial Legislature with that moderation and dignity which his duty required, and which we should have thought that self-respect might have prompted, he throws up his mission in a *pet* (we cannot find a nobler expression), and *pins* the revocation he was ordered to make of the Ordinance, to the tail of a most indecent, if not seditious, appeal from the authority of the Queen and Parliament of England to the Canadian People.

Up to this time we—imperfectly informed as we are about the details of Lord Durham's government or conduct—had little to quarrel with. His misconception as to his own dictatorial authority, though swelling out in some personal inflation, ridiculous enough,* had not produced any serious overt act of misgovernment that we know of; and as to the Ordinance—it is possible that he may have thought that some such compromise was the least objectionable escape out of a position, which—when he determined not to abide by Sir John Colborne's acts—became one of great difficulty. Up to this period, then, impolitic and even illegal as some of Lord Durham's proceedings may have been, there might still be some excuse for him—

‘ Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri ’ ———

But for this Proclamation—for his disrespectful and unauthorised abdication of his government, and for all his other proceedings, even down to his recent exhibitions in England, we cannot discover either excuse or palliation.

First of the Proclamation. It is impossible to state strongly enough the objections of every kind which must arise against

* It is a droll coincidence that, amongst the strange personages whom Pantagruel met in his voyages, Rabelais should have hit upon—‘The Dictator of Mustard-Land,’ of whom he says that ‘when he scratched himself there came new proclamations—when he talked it was of last year’s snow—when he dreamed it was of a cock and a bull—if he thought to himself, it was whimsies and maggots;’ and, in short, ‘he was one who used to work doing nothing, and do nothing though he worked.’—(Rab. l. iv. c. xxix.) Pantagruel seems to have had a second sight of Lower Canada in 1838.

any publication of this nature, which is, in its very essence, a breach of all the conventions and duties which hold civil and political society together. If a public servant, whenever he happens to take offence, just or unjust, at his employers, is to appeal, not only *from*, but *against* them, to any extraneous tribunal, there is an end of all official discipline:—when such an appeal is made by a *titled* and *starred* and *Right Honourable* and *Most Excellent* Viceroy against his Sovereign, the fountain of all his honours, and against the Imperial Legislature, the fountain of all his authority, the irregularity takes a still deeper die, and is not merely a personal indecency, but a political offence:—when, again, such an appeal to an extraneous tribunal is made by a person who enjoys in his own person the privilege of stating his own case, in his own place in parliament, before his own peers, and, through that regular and dignified tribunal, to the whole world, the indecent and offensive character of the proceeding is aggravated by its wantonness, by its idle and unnecessary insolence!—when, further, this appeal is made to the *People* whom the appellant was sent, not to harangue, but to govern, and with whom he had no concern whatsoever but as Governor, and by delegation from the Sovereign and her ministers—it becomes a breach of honourable confidence to use the Sovereign's power against herself, and to arraign her and her confidential servants at a bar created by an abuse of her own authority.

And, finally—any such appeal to any such tribunal being liable to these accumulated objections—what shall be said when it is further remembered that the *People* thus especially appealed to were just emerging from one rebellion, and on the very eve of plunging into another—a people that, so far from being fit to try *Her Most Sacred Majesty Victoria, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland*, on the prosecution of *His Excellency the Right Honourable John George Earl of Durham, G.C.B., Governor and Captain-General, &c. &c.*—a *People* we say, so far from fit to try this great cause, that they were, by the very mission and presence of his Excellency amongst them, recognised as unfit to be trusted with the management of their own concerns. ‘Your political and moral condition,’ says he, ‘is so low, that it has become necessary to deprive you of the most ordinary rights of men and citizens, and to place me as a Guardian and Dictator over you—which I was, as long as it could foster and feed my personal vanity—but on some turn of my temper, on some check to my vanity, the Guardian emancipates you, the Dictator lays down his fasces before you—nay, elevates you into the judgment seat, and summonses Queen, Lords, and Commons to the bar of your opinion.’

Of all the productions of the periodical press—leaves more numerous than those which strew the brooks in Valombrosa—we have not seen one that ventures on anything like an approval of this outrageous manifesto. The greater number characterise it as *sedition*—some as *treasonable*; and the *Times*, with one of those light and lucky touches which condense truth and stamp character, called its author the '*Lord High-Seditioner*!' We have already indicated that our opinion of it is not essentially different from that of our almost unanimous contemporaries; but we must further add, that the Proclamation is—as a defence of Lord Durham, his ordinances, or administration,—an entire and ridiculous failure—mere bubbles of effervescing vanity—*Chrononhotonthologos* as an afterpiece to *Much Ado about Nothing*!

Let us now examine some of its prominent passages—Lord Durham, who makes such an appeal to the Public, cannot complain of its being publicly answered—nor can he call a discussion premature which he himself has so ostentatiously provoked.

'The *mystery* which has heretofore too often, during the progress of the most important affairs, concealed from the People of these colonies the intentions, the motives, and the very actions of their rulers, appears to me to have been one of the main causes of the numerous errors of the Government, and the general dissatisfaction of the People. Undesirable at any time, such concealment on the part of one intrusted with the supreme authority in the present crisis of your affairs would be most culpable and pernicious.'—*Proclamation*.

Upon this, without stopping to complain of the general, un-called-for, and ungenerous (even if just), censure thus passed on his predecessors, we beg leave to observe that His Excellency passes a most severe censure on himself;—for why had he so long delayed to reveal those mysteries? why had he postponed this desirable information till the moment, when he had no longer any information to give, or (at least) any right to give it, having quitted his office? Why did he not at any time between his arrival in June and the 9th of October, when he might have had something to tell, make these *desirable* revelations? Why, in all that time, did he not assemble even his Council to communicate even with them *de arduis provinciæ*? Why, on the single occasion in which the council assembled, was no Canadian, nor even Briton connected with Canada, summoned? Why was a *mystery*, deeper than ever had before existed, spread over the whole face of the government? Was it because, as we believe, the government was doing nothing, and—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*—concealed, like a haunted room, its inanity by its obscurity?

But this is not all. We have a still more serious replication to make upon this somewhat tardy advocate for 'making the People acquainted with what it imports them to know.' (*ib.*)

Lord

Lord Durham's Instructions required him to assemble—besides his special legislative Council—a kind of general council or Convention of persons representing all the various Canadian interests. This, both in the original act of parliament and in his Instructions, was the very first and most prominent of his duties; and that was the public, authorised, and legitimate channel 'for acquainting the people with what it most imported them to know.' No such convention was ever, that we have heard of, assembled: and, in this tardy revelation of mysteries, he does not even attempt to explain why, in disregard of his most urgent instructions, he had not assembled this convention, and *to it* opened his mind, while yet his mind could have had some influence on the affairs of the province.

'When parliament concentrated all *legislative* and *executive* power in Lower Canada in the *same* hands, it established an authority which, in the *strictest* sense of the word, was *despotic*. This authority her Majesty was graciously pleased to *delegate* to ME.'—(*ib.*)

Here, again, we have the grand hallucination—the *Alnaschar* vision which prompted the self-fancied despot to kick down his own basket of crockery. In the foregoing passage—the basis of all Lord Durham's proceedings—the key of all his policy—the soul of the whole proclamation—there is not one word of reality—nor colour of reality—'tis indeed 'the baseless fabric of a vision!'

First, parliament did *not* concentrate all legislative and executive power in Lower Canada in the *same* hands:—parliament did not meddle, in any way whatsoever, with the *executive* power:—and the legislative power which it did create was entirely distinct from the executive. The Executive was the Governor, unaffected in any way by the new Act. The Legislative was a council which, though Lord Durham had brought it down to *five*—might have been *fifty*, and ought to have been at least *twenty*, and was, neither in the letter or spirit of the law, any more confounded with the Executive than was the old Legislative Assembly of the province. We need hardly add that it is an absolute solecism to say that powers so separated, divided, and distributed, can be, in any sense of the word, *despotic*. That Lord Durham *made himself* really despotic, by *packing* his Council and passing the most irregular and despotic *ukases* is quite true, and we trust he may be brought to answer for that despotism; but to say that the law constituted a power 'in the strictest sense of the word *despotic*,' is a complete mistake both in terms and in fact.

The concluding phrase—'Her Majesty *delegated* these powers to ME'—is a proof of the extreme laxity of Lord Durham's thoughts and expressions on questions which require at least precision, if not legal strictness. The Queen, in this matter, *delegated* nothing at all to Lord Durham. The act of parliament gave to the Governor for the time being the power of appointing a council—

a council—and to the *Council* it gave legislative powers. The Queen appointed successively Sir John Colborne and Lord Durham Governors, and thereupon the act of parliament vested in them the right of appointing a council and of sitting in it—*primus inter pares*, and nothing more: the Queen did not even grant to Lord Durham any power in this affair, much less could she delegate a despotic power which she herself never had.

'I never was weak enough to imagine that the forms by which men's rights are wisely guarded in that country where freedom has been longest enjoyed, best understood, and most prudently exercised, could be scrupulously observed in a society almost entirely disorganized by misrule and dissension. I conceived it to be one of the chief advantages of my position, that I was enabled to pursue the ends of substantial justice and sound policy free and unfettered. Nor did I ever dream of applying the theory or the practice of the British constitution to a country whose constitution was suspended—where all representative government was annihilated, and the people deprived of all control over their own affairs—where the ordinary guarantees of personal rights had been in abeyance during a long subjection to martial law and a continued suspension of the Habeas Corpus—where there neither did exist, nor had for a long time existed, any confidence in the impartial administration of justice in any political case.' (*ib.*)

This great self-worshipper, in the fixed contemplation of his own omnipotence, forgets that honest Sir John Colborne had been already for two months in the full exercise of those powers which, except on the day of the Ordinance, Lord Durham seems never to have exerted at all; and that Sir John and his council had gone on doing the business of the province usefully, successfully, acceptably—yea, dealing with the very subjects where Lord Durham has failed—without setting at defiance 'the theory or the practice of the British Constitution.' Lord Durham we remember, in former days, used to talk of the impeachment of Lord Strafford—he may possibly have again read it since his abdication—and can he, we ask him, point out to us any article of charge against that governor graver than the having boasted, that 'he was never weak enough to think of applying to a country so disorganised by misrule and dissensions as Ireland then was, the forms by which men's rights are guarded in this better regulated land, and that he never dreamed of applying to that province the theory or practice of the British Constitution?'

After a paragraph of rhodomontade as to what his Excellency meant eventually to do for Canada, he proceeds—

'To give effect to these purposes it was necessary that my powers of government should be as strong as they were extensive. . . . It is not by stinted powers, or a dubious authority, that the present danger can be averted, or the foundation laid of a better order of things.' (*ib.*)

Very

Very true—but why did Lord Durham himself leave his duty and his powers in abeyance—why did he, and he alone, render ‘his authority dubious’—why was he, from the day of his landing to the 28th June without a council, and of course without one jot of the new and extended authority on which he lays so much stress—why did he voluntarily place himself, for so important a period, under ‘stinted powers?’ What was he about from his landing to his abdication? What was he doing?—*What has he done?*—for, with the exception of the morning of the *one great day*, the 28th June—not only did the visionary dictatorship, but even the real and legitimate powers conferred by the Canada act remain, as far as we can discover, in complete syncope—the delegated lustre of sovereignty lay

‘Hid in its vacant interlunar cave!’

We have next to notice another hallucination, not quite so serious in its consequences, but quite as decided as that about the dictatorship:—

‘I had reason to believe that I was armed with all the power which I thought requisite, by the commissions and instructions under the royal sign manual with which I was charged as Governor-General and High Commissioner; by the authority vested in me and my Council, by the act of the Imperial Legislature; and by the *general approbation of my appointment which all parties were pleased to express.*’ (*ib.*)

What! he really believes that his appointment received the general approbation of all parties! *Tribus Antecostis** caput insanabilis!

May we venture to approach his Excellency’s footstool with our sincere assurances, that we do not believe that there was any man in the United Kingdom, of any side or party (except his own little clique), who really approved of his appointment, or looked upon it in any other light than as a make-shift of the ministers, or ever expected that it could come to good? Sure we are that the organs which represent the majority of public opinion in this country expressed the very contrary sentiment. We ourselves (for we must mention it in self-defence) had the irreverence to laugh at it, as a preposterous ‘attempt to extinguish flames by spirits of turpentine;’ and we added in a graver strain: ‘*The selection of such a man as Lord Durham—so headstrong, so wayward, so impracticable, that they could not keep him in their own cabinet—for duties of such distant and complicated responsibility—is undoubtedly the strongest trial that ministers could make of Tory patience, and of the dutiful respect of the Tory leaders for the Queen’s name and for the Constitu-*

* *Anticosti* is an island in the mouth of the St. Lawrence, which we should have thought would purge away such a delusion as this, as effectually as *Anticyra*.

tional principle of leaving to those who are responsible for measures the unfettered choice of their own instruments.' *Quar. Rev.*, Jan., 1838, p. 271. When Lord Durham assures us that his administration was very popular in Canada, we are glad that he has given us this measure of what he considers universal approbation in England.

We now arrive at the defence of the Ordinance.

'The disposal of the political prisoners was, from the first, a matter foreign to my mission. With a view to the more easy attainment of the great objects contemplated, that question ought to have been settled before my arrival.'—(*ib.*)

So it ought—and so it was! till Lord Durham chose to unsettle it. Sir John Colborne's Ordinances had dealt with the whole affair in every class; and why Lord Durham did not issue the proclamation under those Ordinances to call Mr. Papineau and the fugitives to appear on the assigned day, Lord Durham must answer. Sir John himself did not do so, probably because Lord Durham was expected within a very few days from the passing the Ordinances; and he was either instructed to leave, or would himself deem it proper to leave that further step to his successor. But on what pretence does Lord Durham, after having *shelved* these Ordinances for a month, and then superseded them altogether—complain that the business had been unduly thrown on him?

We agree, however, with Lord Durham, that this matter ought to have been settled, and settled by precise directions from home, even before Sir John Colborne was invested with the new authority. Why this was not done the Government must answer. But why, in his three months' conference with his colleagues before he went, did not Lord Durham acquaint himself with what had been, or what was to be done on this special and most important matter? Among the *mysteries* which Lord Durham promised at the outset to reveal, we were in hopes that we should have had some explanation of the non-execution of Sir John Colborne's Ordinances of attainder and amnesty. We suspect from a passage in the Proclamation—(though Lord Durham never alludes to those ordinances any more than if they had never existed)—we suspect that his Lordship's explanation would be, that Sir John Colborne's Ordinances supposed the possibility of a public trial, and that a public trial would have been a certain defeat of justice. Such at least is the reason he assigns for having in his own Ordinance pursued a contrary course.

'I had in the first place to determine the fate of those who were under prosecution, and to provide for the present security of the province by removing the most dangerous disturbers of its peace. For these

these ends, the ordinary tribunals, as a recent trial has clearly shown, afforded me no means. *Judicial proceedings would only have agitated the public mind afresh*—would have put in evidence the sympathy of a large portion of the people with rebellion, and would have given to the disaffected generally a fresh assurance of *impunity for political guilt*.—(*ib.*)

This is plausible—but can hardly be true. First, the ‘recent trial’—that of Chatrand’s murderers—had not yet taken place when the Ordinance was promulgated, and such a monstrous acquittal would probably never had occurred if the trial had been brought on earlier, and before Lord Durham’s proceedings had given encouragement to the disaffected:—but in the next place, Lord Durham’s own Ordinance reserved for *trial* ten of those persons by name, and an indefinite number by the general description of *suspected*—ay, reserved them in that very Ordinance which Lord Durham says he issued *because* he foreknew that a *trial* must *fail*, and that he would not ‘agitate the public mind by judicial proceedings!’ What sophistry can reconcile such contradictions?

But we must repeat our belief, that it was not from any fear of Sir J. Colborne’s proceedings being defeated, but rather from a conviction that they would have been severely effective, that Lord Durham, out of his morbid humanity towards the guilty, was induced to make waste paper of them. See how the case would have stood. A proclamation would have issued to call these fugitives to trial—would they have come? Was there *at that time* any reason to doubt that justice would be done? We confidently believe that not one really guilty person—and who but the really guilty could have fled?—would have returned, except to plead guilty on the promise of a pardon; and, in either alternative, the attainder would have come into full legal effect. It would of course not have been thought of, that any *prisoners* should have been brought to trial till the *outlaws* had been called in; and when either none of these had come in, or they had come in only to plead guilty, is it to be supposed that those who afterwards accepted Lord Durham’s terms, would have risked their necks by a trial? And if after all, any one should have been found bold enough—after the fate of Lount and Mathews—to stand a real trial for high treason, with all its terrible circumstances, can we be persuaded that there were not in the cities of Quebec and Montreal—amidst these thousands of loyal volunteers, and these tens of thousands of loyal subjects, of whose existence and spirit we have just received such ample testimonies—are we to be persuaded that there could not be found twelve men so clear of French Canadianism, as to give an honest verdict according to the evidence? This attempt to rest all this great and complicated affair on the acquittal, two months after all was done,

of Chartrand's murderers, by a French jury, on a point of law, in one corner of the country, and after Lord Durham had (unintentionally, we are willing to admit) encouraged the disaffected, —this attempt, we say, seems to us an afterthought, and not a very wise one.

'It is very satisfactory to me to find, that the rectitude of my policy has hardly been disputed at home; and that the disallowance of the ordinance proceeds from no doubt of its substantial merits, but from the importance which has been attached to a supposed technical error in the assumption of a power, which if I had it not, I ought to have had.'—(ib.)

Here again we have a repetition of his Excellency's self-complacent delusions. 'His policy hardly disputed at home!' When and where has his policy been discussed? What is his policy? What is it like? We have a strong suspicion that if he had any fixed line of conduct deserving the name of *policy*, it was one which would have been by no means generally approved—for he seems to admit as a wonder and exception, that on one point he had 'the approbation of Sir John Colborne and the British party.' If, as the exception seems to infer, his general policy was in a contrary direction, assuredly he will find, that instead of being 'hardly disputed,' it will be *strongly* disputed and *severely* censured by every friend of our colonial prosperity and our national greatness.

But 'his Ordinance was disallowed on one technical error.' So to be sure said the ministers who adopted the bill, but what said he who moved it? Had Lord Durham when he penned this proclamation not yet read Lord Brougham's *Catilinarians*, or was it a *pleasure* he reserved for the voyage home? He will there have found that Lord Brougham made very light of this technical error, and that Lord Denman suspected that it might be no error at all, yet that the late Lord Chancellor and the present Chief Justice expressed in very distinct language—and that of the Chief Justice was nearly as strong as that of the late Chancellor—that the rest of the Ordinance was wholly indefensible!

But now comes the crown of all the wonder.

'The particular defect in the ordinance which has been made the ground of its disallowance, was occasioned, not by mistaking the extent of my powers, but by my reliance in the readiness of Parliament to supply their insufficiency in case of need. I was perfectly aware that my powers extended to landing the prisoners on the shores of Bermuda, but no further. I knew that they could not be forcibly detained in that island without the co-operation of the Imperial legislature.'—(ib.)

Monstrous! What! a governor, a peer, a privy councillor, in so high a station and in so great a trust, condescends—in a solemn instrument issuing from the double seats of legislation and justice—to write, wilfully and knowingly, a falsehood and illegality!—to cheat and swindle the unhappy and confiding culprits

culprits into a belief that he was armed with powers which he knew he did not possess—to settle the great interests of a colonial empire by a *bugbear*—to terrify these ignorant and credulous prisoners by an illuminated turnip stuck up in a *white* sheet, or a *black and white* sheet!—No, no, my Lord Durham, that will not pass—we know you to be, as we have said, a headstrong, wayward, presumptuous, and we will add, ignorant man; but we know also that you are by birth, station, and education, an English gentleman, and we believe you to be in every relation of private life a man of truth and honour, and of indisputable personal integrity and spirit; and you *did not* and *could not* mean to impose on either of the parties subjected to your rule in Canada by *false pretences*.

‘ I would not hear your enemy say so ;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself !’

We believe, as we have already intimated, that you meant to evade Sir John Colborne’s Ordinances, and to favour the prisoners; and you thought that you had a plea of expediency for that tortuous course; but we cannot suspect you of a deliberate attempt at a deception of so grave a nature as this paragraph imputes to you.

But let us suppose for Lord Durham’s argument that, which for his character’s sake we reject, that he did know that his Ordinance was illegal, but expected that the Imperial Legislature would have remedied the defect; then we ask,—did Lord Durham apprise her Majesty’s government of the defect? Did he invite them to procure from the Privy Council or, if need should be, from Parliament, a ratification of his sentence?—an order in council, or a law, for the custody of the prisoners in Bermuda? It is not pretended that he did any such thing—which, if he had even a suspicion about any point of his proceedings, it was his *bounden duty* to have done,—nay, we think that such a concealment from the Government at home of a known illegality would have been an impeachable offence. If he did make such a communication—and the government concealed it, what is to be said for them? But we cannot believe it.

Then, see, even as a personal question, how this matter stands. Lord Durham complains that the parliament and ministry did not give him that fair support which he had a right to expect, by remedying his *technical error*. This complaint would, we admit, have something of justice, if he had candidly stated the case to his colleagues and asked for their intervention;—but as far as we know, the ministers and parliament were alike taken by surprise.

Uninformed

Uninformed as to either Lord Durham's doubts or wishes, they knew not what to do,—instead of *one technical error* they found flagrant and substantial irregularities and *illegalities* surging out of every fresh examination. What defence could they make for the *packed council*?—what for an act of attainder utterly informal, and more tyrannical than those of Strafford or Clarendon—the plague-spots of our history? Politically then, Lord Durham has here but little ground of complaint against his ministerial colleagues—personally none at all; while they may personally allege against him the serious charge of having led them into a trap, by concealing from them his knowledge of the illegality of his Ordinance.

His lordship next proceeds to mention the difficulty we have already stated as to the *entire impunity* given to all the traitors by the repeal of the Ordinance and the surviving force of the Proclamation—a result with which, he says, he cannot grapple, and he therefore runs away from the difficulty. We have already expressed our indignation at the *enormous* negligence and culpability of those to whom these technicalities were entrusted, but we must also say that it was a difficulty mainly of his own creating:—for although nothing can excuse the blunder made at home, and though we know not what reparation can be made to the country for such astonishing carelessness, yet as against Lord Durham the ministers may plead '*de son tort de mesme*,'—that he is *in his own wrong*. Why did he commit the double blunder of jumbling into *one ordinance* *two* matters which had no necessary connexion nor concern *inter se*; and, *per contrà*, of dividing between *two* separate instruments, matters which ought to have been settled in *one*:—and then, like a child who has accidentally set fire to gunpowder, when the blunder explodes, he runs away from the mischief he so giddily caused?

His excuse for this abdication is, we think, even worse than the fact itself. No remedies, he says, 'can now be enacted, without the adoption of some measures alike *repugnant* to my sense of *justice* and of *policy*. I cannot recall the irrevocable pledge of her Majesty's mercy. I cannot attempt to evade the disallowance of the Ordinance, by re-enacting it under the disguise of an alteration of the scene of banishment, or of the penalties of unauthorised return. I cannot, by a *needless* suspension of the *habeas corpus*, put the personal liberty of every man at the mercy of the government, and declare a whole province in *immediate danger of rebellion*, merely in order to *exercise the influence of a vague terror* over a few individuals.'—(*ib.*)

Very fine—but what was Sir John Colborne, or whoever might be his successor, to do? How was the province to be governed, how was disorder to be repressed, and the peace and property of her

Majesty's loyal subjects to be secured? Lord Durham not only will not stay to wrestle with these difficulties, but he stigmatises, by anticipation, as '*repugnant to justice and policy*,' the only measures which he thinks are left to his successor to adopt. This in the new vocabulary may be generous and just—it is not so in ours. It is also observable that Lord Durham seems in the latter part of the foregoing passage to negative the possibility of a new rebellion—which, as if to complete the refutation of all his arguments, actually broke out before he had cleared the St. Lawrence.

His Excellency next proceeds to inform his *Canadian Public*, that if he had not set fire to the house and made it too hot to hold him or *anybody* else, he meant to have made extensive repairs, improvements, and decorations.

'You will easily believe that, after all the exertions which I have made, it is with feelings of deep disappointment that I find myself thus suddenly deprived of the power of conferring great benefits on the province to which I have referred—of reforming the administrative system there, and eradicating the manifold-abuses which had been engendered by the negligence and corruption of former times, and so lamentably fostered by civil dissensions. I cannot but regret being obliged to renounce the still more glorious hope of employing *unusual legislative powers* in the endowment of that province with those *free municipal institutions* which are the only sure basis of local improvement and representative liberty, of establishing a system of general education, of revising the defective laws which regulate real property and commerce, and of introducing a pure and competent administration of justice. Above all, I grieve to be thus forced to abandon the realization of such *large and solid schemes of colonization* and internal improvement as would connect the *distant portions of these extensive colonies*, and lay open the unwrought treasures of the wilderness to the wants of British industry and the energy of British enterprise.'

Words! words! words! When he issued the Ordinance his Excellency had published a similar *programme* of promises—

'We are *authorised* to state that his Excellency the Governor-General is *actively engaged* in the preparation of measures which *will, as soon as it may be possible*, be embodied in ordinances of the Governor and Special Council, relative to a jury law, a bankrupt law, a police for Quebec and Montreal, municipal institutions for the whole province, general education, the establishment of registry offices, and the equitable commutation of feudal tenures.'—*Montreal Gazette*.

Words! words! words! This announcement is dated the 28th June. His Excellency had been then a month in the province—he remained there four months longer,—where are the *jury law*—the *bankrupt law*—the laws for *municipal institutions*—for *general education*—for *registry offices*—for *commutation of tenures*?

tenures? Where are they all? Where is any one of them? We have heard of none, except, indeed, of *one*, which rather puzzles us. We find (*Par. Pap.* 335) that 'an Ordinance for the police of Montreal and Quebec' purports to have been passed on the same day as the celebrated Ordinance of attainder; and, if its date be correct, it was *actually passed* at the moment that the Government Gazette was '*authorised to state that it was under consideration, and would be produced as soon as possible.*' Whether any more of the list were also unexpectedly produced and passed we cannot tell; we can only say that we have not been able to hear of any.

Some of the matters thus promised were within the province, the duty, and the reach of the Governor and Council, and might, and we hope may, have been settled—though we have not heard of it: but several others—such as *Municipal Institutions* and *Feudal Tenures*—were wholly out of his jurisdiction—as well as those larger views so grandiloquently expressed in the farewell Proclamation,—

'to elevate the province of Lower Canada to a thoroughly British character, to link its people to the sovereignty of Britain, by making them all participators in those high privileges, conducive at once to freedom and order, which have long been the glory of Englishmen. I hoped to confer on a united people a more extensive enjoyment of free and reponsible government, and to merge the petty jealousies of a small community, and the odious animosities of origin, in the higher feelings of a nobler and more comprehensive nationality.'

And again,

'When I sought to obliterate the traces of recent discord, I pledged myself to remove its causes—to prevent the revival of a contest between hostile races—to raise the defective institutions of Lower Canada to the level of British civilization and freedom—to remove all impediments to the course of British enterprise in the province, and promote colonization and improvement in the others—and to consolidate these general benefits on the strong and permanent basis of a free, responsible, and comprehensive government.'

All this, we say again, is mere *fanfaronnade*. Lord Durham, who talks with such solitary egotism of *I this—I that—and I tother*—had in truth no more *individual* power or authority in these matters than his predecessors, Lord Gosford or Lord Aylmer; he seems all along to have forgotten that, as we have before said, the first and main object of his mission was the *assembling, presiding, and (if he could) guiding a Convention* of the two provinces, in which the great questions referred to in the last extracts were to be discussed, and prepared for the consideration and adoption—of *Lord Durham?* No such thing—of the Imperial Government at home. We do not deny

deny that the Governor's share in the handling of those questions and the management of this assembly, would have been of the highest authority and dignity, and a duty of which Lord Durham might well be proud, if the case had occurred: but to talk in *his own individual* person of deciding these high questions by *dictatorial* authority, is neither more nor less than either intoxication or, if we may venture on that most appropriate term, *humbug*. And it is particularly strange, that from the introduction of the original Canada bill, in which it bore so prominent a part, down to this last Proclamation in which it seems to have slipped altogether from memory, we do not find any trace of or any allusion to this great regenerative *Convention*.

This is another of the inexplicabilities of this inexplicable case!

We have now gone through the principal topics of this Proclamation, and we think we are entitled to say, that its topics are individually as futile and unfounded as the tone, the spirit, and the very *fact*, of such an appeal are unconstitutional, unprecedented, and indefensible.

As, however, our opinion of this manifesto might be suspected of some kind of bias, we are glad to be able to give its character in the summary sketch of a very able paper—the *Spectator*, which advocates what are called Radical doctrines.

'It is remarkable for its disregard of conventional usages, its contemptuous treatment of the mysteries of state-craft, and the application of the worst names to bad things. Very offensive to official men, in possession or expectant of place, and indeed to many others, the Proclamation is represented as an imprudent and inflammatory address to a disturbed province; as an indecorous appeal against the government and Parliament of Great Britain to the prejudices of an excited people; and a premature disclosure of a case which ought to have been reserved for the Senate.'—*Spect.* 10th Nov.

The *Spectator* does not, of course, think the worse of it for those qualities, but we note them as no equivocal proofs of the fitness of the man, who was entrusted by the Queen's ministers with the highest privileges as well as of the dearest interests of the Monarchy.

After issuing this Proclamation, his Excellency was pleased to throw down the government, without, as far as appears, any consideration, as to *how* that which he had made unmanageable was to be managed;—and he—*resigned?*—by no means!—resignation involves two parts—the *tender* and the *acceptance*. Lord Durham 'never dreamed' of giving the Queen of Great Britain *any option* in the affair, nor even an opportunity of providing a new Governor before her old one should have *turned her off*. No; this great *potentate*—*abdicated!* and appropriating, or causing

ing to be appropriated, to his own use (contrary we understand to the established rules of the naval service) one of her Majesty's ships, he withdraws her from her proper station and duties, to convey, without her Majesty's permission, her Majesty's *Ex-representative*, from the duties which had been confided to him, and which, we believe, had never before been so contumaciously thrown in the sovereign's face.

Not being in possession of the exact dates of the later communications between the Ministers and Lord Durham, we cannot be quite sure whether or not he had time, after he heard of the disallowance of his Ordinance, to have solicited and received her Majesty's pleasure upon his proffered resignation. We believe he had. But, in any event, he seems to us to have been indefensibly wrong in *publishing*, as he did, his abdication in Canada; which, under no possible pretence, could have been necessary, and under no possible conjuncture useful. It seems, we repeat, to have been a mere ebullition of personal temper, whose consequences must have been inconvenient to public business, and might have been, and *probably were*, injurious to public interests.

On the other hand, we are not among those who think that it was an aggravation of his offence, that he ultimately came away when there was reason to apprehend an armed outbreak, and when he might, as Captain-General—or even as a *volunteer*—have had an opportunity of *taking the field*. Supposing Lord Durham to have known of the imminence of the insurrection,—that it was to explode at a certain hour—we should so much the rather applaud him for not changing his resolution on that account. As to personal courage, we no more doubt Lord Durham's possessing that quality, than those others which constitute the character of an English Gentleman; which we freely and willingly concede to him. We dare say that he himself must have felt some secret reluctance at coming away at such a moment; but it would have been perfectly childish to have been detained by any such feelings. He is no soldier—he had no military experience to offer; he had already, by the Proclamation of the 9th of October, emasculated whatever civil weight or authority he had possessed; and there is no part of his whole career that seems to us so deserving of approbation as his having had the good sense and moral courage to hand over the government, at that moment, into the hands of Sir John Colborne, whose profession, whose character, whose local knowledge, whose recent successes, all rendered his presence a public good fortune, and his succession to the supreme command an earnest of the public safety.

But there is another point, on which it gives us very great pain

to observe, as being, we think, on the part—not of Lord Durham alone, but of several other gentlemen of the highest respectability and character—a most insubordinate, culpable, and unconstitutional proceeding. We mean the *farewell dinner* given by the officers of the brigade of Foot Guards to the Earl of Durham just before his embarkation. We will first say all that can be said in excuse for this extraordinary transaction—Lord Durham's personal conduct in Canada had been courteous and hospitable to all, and more particularly to the Guards; with many of whom he had been, before they met in Canada, in the intimate habits of private acquaintance; and these gentlemen—his old friends and his new—felt that on the Governor's departure it would be but a natural return for his kindness and hospitality, to entertain him with a farewell dinner. Now this in an ordinary case would have been gracious and proper; and we are quite satisfied that it was a feeling of this amiable nature that actuated the majority of the gentlemen who concurred in this—personally well merited—compliment to Lord Durham.

But there are, unfortunately, other circumstances in the case which give the whole affair a graver, and, we think, most objectionable character: Lord Durham, it was notorious, had resigned in *disgust*, and had *thrown up* Her Majesty's commission without Her Majesty's leave or knowledge—he had published the Proclamation, which we have been just examining, of which both the terms and the matter were highly disrespectful to the authorities at home: and he had appealed to the Canadian *People* against the Queen and Parliament of England on several topics likely to produce a strong and hostile excitement in the province.

Having taken that public attitude of defiance against the Government at home, it was impossible that any unusual or supererogative compliment could be otherwise considered than as an expression of approbation of the very singular position in which the ex-governor had chosen to place himself. It would have been hardly possible to have divested the dinner of this character, even if there had been, during the entertainment, a studious absence of all political allusion; but it seems as if pains had been taken to overpower the personal and convivial feelings of such a meeting, by everything that could give it a character of political approbation.

The chair was filled by Major-General Sir James Macdonell, commanding the brigade of Guards, a most respectable and gallant soldier, we dare say; but, unfortunately for all parties, Sir James Macdonell had been one of the five members of the *packed* Council, whose acts and whose character were pledged, equally with Lord Durham's, in the great political question then at issue.

Here

Here is an additional and unexpected proof of the impropriety with which that Council was selected. We do not suppose that Major-General Sir James Macdonell could be much elated at the honor of being made a special councillor, or much affronted at seeing the Ordinance to which he had contributed annulled—he is probably superior to such petty honours and such imaginary affronts: but certainly if the dinner were to be divested of every thing of a political aspect, he was, we should have thought, the very last person who should have been placed in the chair. But however this may be, the speech in which Sir James introduced Lord Durham's health, could leave no doubt as to the *political* character of the meeting. After stating that Lord Durham had amply redeemed a pledge of courtesy and hospitality which he had given to the Guards, the Major-General added that

“He felt some restraint in alluding to *other pledges* given by the noble Earl, with which, however, they were all acquainted. He would only say that the noble Lord had *as fully and as nobly redeemed those pledges* also; and he had no doubt that *final success would have crowned all his efforts—that his policy would have been in the end perfectly triumphant*—if CIRCUMSTANCES had not occurred to bring his endeavours to an *abrupt termination*.”—*Times*, 1 Dec., 1838.

These *circumstances* being only the disapprobation of the Queen and the Parliament.

This our readers see is the tone and almost the very words of Lord Durham's most insubordinate Proclamation.

Lord Durham, in his reply,

‘thanked his gallant friend for the aid he had given his government in a civil capacity, by becoming one of his *special council*, and he expressed his gratitude for the cordial *unshrinking* co-operation he had lent him, and the *manliness* with which he had come forward to take his *share of the responsibility*, that might attach to any of his measures,’ &c.—*ib.*

We know not that observations less convivial, less military, and more exclusively political were ever made at the ‘Crown and Anchor;’ but Sir James Macdonell in his rejoinder went still further.

‘Sir J. Macdonell returned thanks. The encomiums passed on him by the noble Earl he did not deserve. He had done no more than his duty. He saw that the mother country had selected to govern these colonies a man of supreme talent and undoubted energy—(Applause); that the election had been made to meet a crisis of no ordinary nature; and how could he hesitate for one moment to give the noble Earl all the humble assistance in his power, to share any responsibility that might possibly attach to any acts which in his deliberate judgment and conscience he believed to be essential to the safety of the province? (Applause.) He had no hesitation in declaring that *he entirely concurred*

curred in all the views and policy of the noble Earl with regard to the affairs of these colonies. He had lent himself willingly to them as a duty he owed, not to the noble Earl only, but to his country; and so far from considering that he deserved the thanks he had received for the little he had done, he begged to say he would have gone ten times as far as he had done with the noble Earl, and would at all times be ready to pull in the same boat with him. (Much applause.)

Is that clear?—Major-General Sir James Macdonell glories in what the Queen and the Parliament have declared to have been illegal—and the sentiment is *applauded*:—nay, he declares he is ready ‘to go *ten times farther*’—that is, in tenfold defiance of Law; and that he will be at all times ready to *pull in the same boat*—with the noble Earl, whose conduct has been so severely censured by both the Parliament and the Queen; and this sentiment is received by the *Queen’s Guards—in provincial parliament assembled*—with redoubled *applause*!

What the Ministers will have directed the Commander in Chief to say on this, as it seems to us very extraordinary and important episode in the case—or whether, agreeably to his own metaphor, they may have thought Sir James fitter to *row Lord Durham’s boat* than to command the Guards—we know not, but we—who remember the fury with which Lord Durham in old times used to declaim against even the most innocent and necessary interference of the *military* in anything that looked like *politics*—cannot now congratulate him on his consistency, any more than on his prudence in having given his countenance to so dangerous a precedent.

On the 1st of November Lord Durham took his departure, from Quebec, and on the 3rd another rebellion broke out simultaneously in Upper and Lower Canada.

Whether in any and what degree Lord Durham’s vague and vapouring administration may have contributed to keep up the hopes of the disaffected, and to encourage the subsequent rebellion, we have not any materials for forming an opinion. That will, no doubt, form no inconsiderable feature of the approaching parliamentary inquiry: *à priori*, we can imagine nothing more likely than that the disaffected should have gained confidence from Lord Durham’s repulsion of ‘*Sir John Colborne and the British party*’—from the obvious shaping of his Ordinance to conciliate and gratify, if not to protect, the opposite faction—and from the final and general impunity which at last overwhelmed and stultified whatever little there was either of punishment or of intimidation in his measures: but on the other hand, we learn that his administration was, for any practical purpose, so absolutely a blank (for the Ordinance itself was soon understood to be a *brutum fulmen*),
that

that we hesitate to attribute to it any real or surviving influence on the affairs of Canada, either good or bad.

‘Ille tamen qualis rediit Salamine relictâ?’

On the 26th of November, H.M.S. Inconstant brought into Plymouth, in a gale of wind nearly as violent as the civil storm he had left behind him, the Ex-Dictator and the *débris* of the Canadian court.

Here, it might have been supposed, that this strange story would come to a pause. When a slave touches the English soil, he is supposed to regain his human rights and natural liberty; when those slaves to the delusions of pride and vanity, who have been playing at sovereignty in foreign courts or distant colonies, touch the solid land of Great Britain, they generally recover their natural good sense and the proprieties of their social stations. Not so the Earl of Durham. The Radicals want a *mouth-piece*—not, it seems, a *head-piece*—in the House of Lords; and, moved by the same instinct, which has guided factions in all ages, have selected the patron of those who excited even Lord Melbourne’s ‘*surprise and regret*,’ as a regenerator of public morals—and the ex-despot of a province, as the champion of liberty in the metropolis. No—by *Catiline and Verres*—there is nothing new under the sun!

Whatever were their motives, a portion of the Liberals of Devonport and of Plymouth invited Lord Durham to their town-halls, and presented him with ‘respectful addresses, condemning in strong terms the faction, whose successful machinations had induced his lordship’s return.’ Here was another occasion in which we conceive Lord Durham’s indiscretion carried him into a new failure both in dignity and duty. How could the *Earl of Durham*, who had not yet rendered an account of his high mission to his Mistress or her ministers, have so far forgotten himself, as to make his first appearance in England before such an audience—to be led out, as if he had been a mere Canadian bear, to dance for the rabble of a country town? But *qualis ab incepto*, Lord Durham greedily accepted this (as we should think it) degradation, and answered these addresses in a style of loose and giddy verbiage, which seems to us to have exceedingly aggravated the difficulties of his already too difficult situation.

To the Devonport people he said,—

‘I have already [in the Canadian Proclamation no doubt] explained the nature and scope of the policy which I pursued as Governor-General. Upon that subject I shall, when parliament meets, be prepared to make a representation of *facts wholly unknown here, and disclosures of which the parliament and people of this country have no conception.*’

What this may mean—whether it be only the old trick of agitators,

tators, *spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas*—or whether Lord Durham has really in reserve any revelations more surprising than those he has already made, we know not; the latter, indeed, we very much doubt, and do not believe that he can tell us any thing of himself or the ministers that will excite any surprise.

But to Plymouth, his address, delivered (as it seems) on the same day, Saturday, 2nd December, contains the following still more remarkable passages:—

‘I have the happiness to know that in *effacing the remains of a disastrous rebellion*, and administering justice, I have not found it necessary to shed one drop of blood, or confiscate the property of a single individual.

‘I had *conciliated the esteem of a great and powerful nation*, in which were to be found all the elements of *danger or security* to our North American possessions.

‘I had seen commerce and enterprise reviving, *public confidence restored*, and the field at length laid open for me, where I could raise a constitutional edifice worthy of the British name, and resting on such broad and comprehensive foundations as would ensure the good government of the colonies and the *perpetuation of their connexion with the British Crown*.

‘In this career of, I humbly but *fearlessly venture to assert, complete success*, I have been suddenly arrested.’

While Lord Durham was uttering these sentences—which really look like morbid delusion—the mail coaches were conveying from Liverpool the alarming intelligence which had arrived there late on the preceding night of Friday, that the *rebellion*—the very *remains* of which Lord Durham had *effaced*—had broken out with new violence;—that the *great nation* which he had so completely conciliated to the *security* of our possessions, had visited us with an invasion, composed almost exclusively of its own citizens, whose hostile zeal—the fruit, it seems, of Durham conciliation—their own Government could not restrain;—that *confidence* and good order were so far from having been *restored*,—that the *connexion with the British Crown* was so far from *perpetuated*—that Lord Durham’s *fearless* assertion of the *complete success* of his measures was so far from being realized—that Sir John Colborne states officially that ‘the leaders of this new rebellion had been actively organizing it to *establish a REPUBLIC in Canada* ever since *June*’—ever since the very month which witnessed the *conciliatory and completely successful* Ordinance of Lord Durham!

Never certainly did a public orator receive so sudden—so complete, so overwhelming a contradiction.

On Wednesday Lord Durham appeared in Exeter; and although the disastrous intelligence which had arrived might have been expected

expected to make some little change in public opinion as to Lord Durham's merits and *success*, it was not so amongst those proverbial sages, 'the wise men of the *West*.' The Radicals of Exeter were prepared with an address similar to those of Devonport and Plymouth;—but Lord Durham now saw that at least the same kind of answer would not go down, even with these besotted audiences—he accordingly resolved on a bold stroke—so bold indeed that it has astounded even us—

'You know, and have adverted to, the circumstances which compelled me to terminate this course of action. They are, indeed, deeply to be deplored. And the late intelligence from Canada shows how injuriously the best interests of the empire are affected by proceedings founded on party feeling and political animosity. That the *lamentable events in Canada would inevitably take place was foreseen by me*; and every preparation was made, consistently with the means at my disposal, for meeting them vigorously and efficiently.'

What? he *foresaw as inevitable* the recurrence of that rebellion, of which, three days before, he had boasted of having *effaced* even the very *remains*?

What? he attributes to the disallowance of his trumpery Ordinance, which was known in Canada in September or October, the repetition of an insurrection now known to have been re-organized as early as JUNE!

For our own parts we have only to say that with strong original prejudices (and were they *prejudices*?) against Lord Durham—with our opinion of the haste of his temper—the extravagance of his presumption—the very moderate rate of his intellect, and the utter deficiency of his judgment—we did expect strange things; but nothing so strange as all his recent public appearances—from his Proclamation of abdication, down to his speeches to the *Special Councils for the affairs of Canada*, lately convened at Devonport, Plymouth, and Exeter!

The last step of this, at once, ridiculous and lamentable affair which has reached us, is the intelligence in the newspapers, that on Lord Durham's being refused an audience at Windsor,* his lady resigned her office in the Queen's Household. In this, if it be true, we see nothing to blame on either side. The Queen was, we humbly think, well advised in marking her displeasure at the worse than disrespectful way in which Lord Durham abandoned his government; and Lord Durham, after such a mark of royal displeasure, could not, with any credit, permit his wife to receive court favours—particularly now-a-days, that court

* If the story be true at all, it is only towards the *Governor General* that the Queen could mark her displeasure;—as a *Peer*, Lord Durham would have had, we presume, a right to an audience.

favours are mere ministerial badges and rewards. This incident, trivial in itself, but not so in its bearings, deserves especial notice, as a confirmation of what we took the liberty of saying in our article on the *New Reign* (*Quar. Rev.* vol. lix. p. 247), of the constitutional impropriety and personal inconveniences of giving the Queen's Household so deep and so exclusive a party character as Lord Melbourne has done, and thereby subjecting Her Majesty's private circle—the society of her hours of repose and retirement—to be disturbed by the changes, *tracasseries*, and even *affronts*, of political faction.

Here, for the moment, the curtain has dropped—the epilogue of the tragi-comedy will be spoken at the meeting of parliament; and although, as we have said, Lord Durham's administration, or rather—with the single exception of the annulled Ordinance—non-administration of Canada, has had very little real effect in the province, there survive some important questions, not merely of colonial policy, but of the great constitutional doctrine of Ministerial responsibility—a responsibility which appears to us almost equally heavy on Lord Durham himself, and on those who, for such motives as have been universally ascribed to them, selected him for so important and so mismanaged a trust!

If the ancient constitution of England were in its vigour, Lord Durham would be impeached for his Proclamation—and the Ministers cashiered—for his appointment in the first instance, and their flagrant and culpable incapacity in the whole course of their dealings with Canada, both prior and subsequent to that appointment. But these are results which, in the present state of the nation, we neither expect, nor indeed—on these grounds—should desire: they would afford very unsatisfactory and insufficient compensation for the past; and it is not on incidental questions, and in, as it were, by-battles and skirmishes, that the future destinies of this empire must be decided. The Conservatives will not condescend to mix themselves in the squabbles between *Peachum* and *Lockit*, even if those worthies should persist in the patriotic design of '*hanging each other*.' They have been long alive to the mismanagement of the ministers in Canada—they have expressed it in their speeches and their votes; but they are also aware that this is but a comparatively small portion of the universal misgovernment. That our *colonial* policy has been miserable, both in spirit and result, is too obvious; but our *foreign* policy has been equally miserable and equally false; and our *internal* administration, more culpable than either, has brought the country into a state of disturbance amounting to danger, and of faction approaching to anarchy—in comparison with which colonial misfortunes and diplomatic disgraces dwindle into secondary afflictions. When

When Lord John Russell, at the conclusion of one of those speeches in which sauciness is the substitute for spirit, taunted Sir Robert Peel with the insurrectionary movements which prevailed when he left the Home Office in November, 1830, as compared with the good order, tranquillity, and general satisfaction which *the Whigs had restored*—when, in his memorable and unfortunate harangue at Stroud, no longer ago than July 1837, he repeated the same style of calumnious comparison—

‘I saw,’ he said, ‘at that period, when travelling by night, fires every where raised by incendiary labourers;—I witnessed the contempt of law—the degradation of authority. The magistrates felt themselves overpowered, and knew not how to remedy it.’—*Speech at Stroud, p. 6.*

—When Lord John Russell, we say, with an odd mixture of petty spleen and towering presumption, was making these insinuations and imputations against his predecessors, he little thought that in the ensuing year his own administration of the home department would be disturbed by calamities of the same class—but, as we fear, of wider extent, and certainly of deeper origin and more formidable aspect. The disturbances of 1830—like those in 1832, and indeed like all the disturbances for the last half-century—were created and inflamed by the Whig Opposition, by their incendiary speeches at incendiary meetings, and by every other incendiary art by which an ignorant, a mischievous, or a suffering population could be excited and perverted. Those fires were damped for the moment at the outset of the Whig government—but they were only smouldering, and it is at their reviving flames that the midnight insurrectionists have *lighted their torches!* Lord John must now awfully feel that

‘ — in these cases

We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, been taught, return
To plague the inventor: even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison’d chalice
To our own lips!’

The present disturbances are, we fear, more formidable than those of 1830—though they are not now trumpeted by the exaggerating and encouraging voice of faction, as they then were; and are so, not from any juster cause of complaint; for we believe that the population have little more of real grievance *now* than they had *then*; but because the popular Unions and democratic Associations are by eight years of encouragement and impunity grown into *Frankensteins*, too powerful for their creators,—they are not now evoked by the voice of the Whigs, nor will they at the voice of the Whigs be dispersed; they have been indulged from head-quarters in the practice of seditious association till they con-

sider

sider it a right and a duty ;—a conclusion which those who remember the history of 1830 and 1832 will not consider as very illogical.

But while the Whigs were treating these subversive principles, at first with direct encouragement, and subsequently with timid indulgence, they have been, on the other hand, gradually destroying—and discountenancing where they could not destroy—those natural influences and legitimate authorities on which the internal security of our country so mainly depends. Has not the Government for the last eight years been waging a keen and spiteful crusade against the yeomanry and the magistracy of England, till they have nearly disarmed and dissolved the former, and disgusted, worried, and intimidated the latter—some into resignation, others into inaction, all into doubt, dissatisfaction, and anxiety? Who can tell what the extent of the mischief and danger might be, if the yeomanry, magistracy, and gentry of England, had not generally had the magnanimity to forget the indignities of the Government, in their duty to their country? Their weight has been offensively diminished, and their means grievously retrenched; but their patriotism, and we will fairly add, their large and valuable stakes in the peace and prosperity of the country impel them to continue those services, without which we ‘fearlessly assert’ that our ministers could not maintain even the appearance of public tranquillity for six weeks.

It is very well for Lord John Russell to issue a proclamation against tumultuous and illegal assemblies—but who is to give it effect?—The magistrates!—the same magistrates who, for a similar service at Manchester in August, 1819, and on so many subsequent occasions, have been the standing object of Whig calumny, and of discountenance and reprimand whenever the Home Office could find an occasion for its small and acrimonious criticism.

But besides these important circumstances—there are others which tend to increase our present danger. As to the poor-laws (the most serious perhaps of all) we will not trust ourselves to say more than that, if—instead of a few wrong-headed fanatics—any considerable number of Tory noblemen and gentlemen were to act—as the Whigs in like cases have always done and always would do—namely, to take advantage of a grievance, real or imaginary, to exasperate the populace against the government—the ministry and the poor-law would have been, long ago, swept away together—and Heaven knows what else might have been swept away with them! The candid and generous conduct of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, in not merely abstaining from embarrassing the government on this most delicate subject, but in honestly accepting their share in the unpopularity of the measure,

is a prostration of *party* before patriotism of which we defy the annals of Whiggery to exhibit anything like a parallel.

But there are several other ingredients of peril in our present condition. Ireland is held by the Queen of Mr. O'Connell, as lord paramount—under suit and service more grasping and oppressive than the Pope imposed upon King John; and English interests and English connexions are more directly and boldly assailed at this moment in that country than they have been since the original conquest. And by whom?—By the supporters—we had almost said the only—but certainly the main supporters,—of the Government, which, in return for that support, surrenders Ireland to the dominion of the avowed enemies of England; and staves off rebellion and massacre only by that ignominious—to *Whigs* doubly ignominious—surrender.

But how long will that ignominious policy be possible—how long will Mr. O'Connell be satisfied with being *only* Viceroy over the Queen? What will the Government dare to do, or dare not to do, with the new society, by which and in which he at once insults his Ministerial tools, and menaces the integrity of the empire? What are its objects? What means its title? *Precursor!* Precursor to what? We will answer—to rebellion—to repeal—to separation—to the extermination of the Protestant doctrine and name—to some mad and bloody attempt after those insane and guilty visions, *Popish supremacy and Irish independence*.

The condition of England, though not so immediately formidable, is yet very alarming. The general tampering with all our institutions—with the franchise—with corporations—with the law—with the church—with tithes—with rates—with marriage—with every possible division of every possible subject connected with our social system—has, of course, weakened all respect for establishments, and all reverence for authority, in a large portion of the people; to whom the government itself has been so long preaching these intoxicating doctrines, that we are only surprised that our danger is not more imminent, and our prospects still more portentous than we believe Lord Melbourne himself would, however reluctantly, now admit them to be.

But another great and growing difficulty—and which is, indeed, alternately the cause and consequence of all the former—is the *contempt* into which the Queen's government has fallen, and the unbecoming light which their imbecility reflects to the public eye on the Queen herself. This is another, and indeed the most grievous instance, of the injustice and injury inflicted both politically and personally on the Sovereign, by Lord Melbourne's system of surrounding her Majesty with an exclusive *entourage* of

of party. His lordship now applies to the Protestant Tories the anathematical exclusion which a noble Whig of the olden time directed against the Papists—‘*I would not have a Tory man, nor a Tory woman, to remain here*’ [the royal residence]; ‘*not so much as a Tory dog—not so much as a Tory cat, to purr and mew about the Queen!*’

Not only is this exclusive system too narrow and too partial an education for a young princess, destined one day to perform, without tuition, the functions of Queen of England;—but it also tends to render her person less popular, and her future duties more embarrassing, from the association which such an *uninterrupted and undeviating* personal intercourse must inevitably create in the minds of the people, between the Sovereign herself, and the principles, the manners, and even the very foibles and *ridicules* of her ministers. ‘Tell me whom thou hauntest and I will tell thee what thou art,’ is a popular proverb, by no means favourable to the position in which Lord Melbourne has placed her Majesty.

All this, and much more than we wish to repeat, is developed by no reverent pen, but with considerable force and vivacity, in the pamphlet mentioned at the head of this article—*A Letter to the Queen by a Friend of the People*—which, by the plain and simple process of following out the professed principles of her Majesty’s ministers, does reduce her Majesty’s royal functions to what a political algebraist would call its most simple expression—in plain English to *nothing at all*. With the author’s logic we have no quarrel—he certainly follows out syllogistically the principles of the Reform Cabinet, and proves—what we said at the time, and have said ever since—that under the unchecked progress of those principles, royalty could be nothing but a short-lived mockery.

We, in general, do not give much importance to anonymous pamphlets, which have, for the most part, little other merit than that they are written by a man in a mask; but this one seems to claim a little more notice, not only because it follows out the principles of her Majesty’s ministers to their logical result—that is, contemptuous indifference to her Majesty’s person and authority—but also on account of the avidity with which, we are informed, it has been bought up, and which implies, we think, a serious diminution of the affection and reverence to which our Sovereign is entitled, both by her personal qualities and her public station. But, after all, its merit is little, except *ad homines*;—of the ministers, and particularly of Lord Melbourne, it makes *minced meat*, and we suspect that this is all the author really desired to do. He is much too clever a person not to have seen that his allusions to the

the accidents of the age and sex of the Sovereign, however they may amuse St. James's Street, or horrify St. James's Palace, have little to do with the substance of the great constitutional question of an *hereditary monarchy*. We are not less sensible than he is of the inconvenience of having a great principle tested, in such a crisis, under a concurrence of disadvantages; but it is, and has always proved itself to be the merit of the *old British Constitution*, that—though it could not provide against natural accidents—it was yet, upon the whole, that frame of government which best guarded against such chances, and which, when they happened to occur, has always afforded simultaneous means of turning defects into advantages, and weakness into efficiency—which, under most unpromising and disheartening auspices, produced the glorious reigns of Elizabeth and Anne—and may yet reserve equal prosperity for the future reign of Victoria!

It is a great misfortune to have a government that cannot govern:—but it is some consolation to think that the growing strength of the Conservatives renders it almost as impotent for mischief as it has hitherto been for good.

It is a great misfortune to see so large a portion of the community with minds so unsettled both in religion and politics, and disposed to nothing but the destructive principle of 'whatever is is wrong':—but it is a consolation that in every class, and particularly, where it was most wanted,—in the lower,—political loyalty and religious conviction are making rapid and unprecedented advances; and that there is reason to believe that there is hardly a community in England—unless it be some borough created by the Reform Bill—in which at this moment the ancient principles of the Constitution would not be triumphant against the combined friends of the *ministry* and of the *anarchy*.

It is a great misfortune when things have so entirely changed their natural position, that the principles of innovation and disorder emanate from the delegated guardians of existing rights and established institutions—that Popery should be encouraged under a Sovereign whose *right to her throne* is PROTESTANTISM,—and that the power of the monarch should be made auxiliary to the designs of *democracy*—all this is a great misfortune;—but it is a consolation that the Conservative power is strong enough to suspend the career of revolution; and—if it cannot at once seize and direct the machine of government—it has at least a power of resistance, which, we trust, renders any rapid mischief impossible, and affords some prospect of an ultimate deliverance.

It is finally a very great misfortune to have a young Queen educated into public life by a *clique*, of either thoughtless courtiers or

insidious partisans, who, while professing devotion to the royal person, whose countenance is an *excuse* for their continuance in office—have lowered and are lowering, every day and by every means, that royal authority which, or, as much of it as shall be left, must, they foresee, be one day directed against them:—but it is a consolation to think that *that day* must come:—that surround Her, with what clouds of Whigs you may, the light must at last penetrate the very darkest of those little interior corridors at Windsor:—that every day that passes over Her august head—the morning ride, however accompanied—the daily dinner, however beset—the evening assembly, however *packed*—the audiences, however few and short—the business, however abridged and diluted—all—every act and every hour must bring the Queen nearer to her MENTAL MAJORITY.

Meanwhile the Conservatives may be assured that the siege of the constitutional citadel will be indefatigably pushed by every means and in every shape—by stratagem—saw—blockade—assault; and for each and all of these they must be prepared. There is however some reason to expect that, though all points will be menaced and many attacked, the chief efforts, both insidious and violent, will be directed against the CHURCH. We are glad of it, —for if we are to fight *toto de corpore regni*, the Church is the clearest and the highest ground, on which that great Conservative battle can be fought—it is in fact the key of the whole constitutional position. It would be dastardly to endeavour to shut our eyes or our ears or to benumb our feelings to the extent, variety, and activity of the means, small and great—obscure and open—fraudulent and daring—which are confederated against it:—petty persecutions as to its details in every parish where the indefatigable zeal of the Dissenters enables them to encroach*—studious and insulting efforts to desecrate its rites, its ceremonies, and its institutions—ridicule of its duties and its consolations—contempt and calumny of its discipline—resistance, nay defiance to its authority—spoliation of its property—every species of indignity to both its temporal and spiritual character—in fine, a furious and fanatical conspiracy to exterminate its very name and being from the face of British earth: and all this is directed against the Church, not merely as a religious establishment, but in a perhaps still more envenomed spirit as the sacred SHRINE of the Monarchy!

* See the late cases in Wales in which a Dissenter forced himself into the office of churchwarden, only that he might, by abuse of his office, deprive the congregation of the elements of the *Lord's Supper*. At last the minister was forced to proceed against this volunteer disturber of the sacred rites, who then made it a grievance, and then complained because his officious but blind illegality had involved him in some costs. There have been in the last twelve months fifty instances of the same spirit.

What in this awful crisis of Church and State will the ministers of the Queen, the sworn guardians of the Monarchy, dare or venture to do? Concession, compromise, subterfuge, neutrality, resistance—which will these pigmies of many opinions and of no mind adopt? With men of so small mental stature—such wavering tempers—of so little consistency amongst themselves—of so small authority with their followers, (should we not say their *leaders*?) it would be presumptuous in us to guess, what we sincerely believe that they themselves cannot conjecture. We will only say, that from their constitutional spirit we expect nothing—little from their sense of duty—*something*, however, from their *fears*. We saw symptoms last session of a reluctance—a very shabby and timid one indeed—to gratify the passionate rancour of their sectarian supporters, by an open breach with the indignant majority of the population of England. We have since heard that they have been alarmed at the extravagant violence of some of Mr. O'Connell's public exhibitions, and still more at some *mysterious* indications of his private disposition towards *them*. We believe, also, that the question of the *Ballot*—next to that of the Church the most important now afloat—is one on which the ministers are exceedingly perplexed,—not as to the intrinsic merit of the case—they never think of such trifles as that,—but as to its effect on their tenure of office. If the mediation of Mr. Ellice can reconcile them with Lord Durham, a *compromise* on the Ballot will probably be the basis of the arrangement;—it will be made an *open question*;—that is, the ministerial members who represent certain populous constituencies will be enabled to reconcile their *votes* and their *pledges*, and to keep both their *places* and their *seats*;—while Lord John Russell,—after repeating a weak dilution of his last year's speech,—will vote, with half-a-dozen followers, in the Conservative majority,—against the great body of his habitual supporters. On the other hand, if Lord Durham be inexorable, the Ministers will probably adhere to their former line, and will, on the *Ballot* and on other subjects of a similar tendency, look to the help of the Opposition for keeping themselves in Downing Street. In short, we believe that the Cabinet is embarrassed not only with those public questions which all the world can see, but also with *internal* difficulties, of which the Ministers themselves can neither measure the extent nor conjecture the result; and are, at this hour, in a sore perplexity, whether they shall *only* be obliged to sacrifice their principles to keep their places, or be driven to the worse necessity of flying to their enemies for protection against their friends. For ourselves, we fairly confess that we attach little importance to these ministerial differences or intrigues. It is upon themselves alone—

on their own talents, numbers, and courage—and not on the dissensions and paltry squabbles of their greedy adversaries quarrelling for plunder—that the Conservatives must rely. They are too strong, and too proud, and too honest, to look for petty and temporary triumphs, which, obtained by the help of such auxiliaries, would, in the end, weaken and dishonour them. They will as little attempt to use Lord Durham or Mr. O'Connell (if these should break with the ministry), as tools for party purposes, as they would permit themselves to be made the tools of others.

Their course seems to us easy and clear. They will, we confidently hope, seek no aid but from a community of principles and interests. They will look for no *mosaic* majorities—they will stand on no *tesselated* pavement, compounded with *this* colour of radicals, and *the other* shade of liberals—they are not playing at a political chess-board of *black and white*. They will stand on their own ground—wear their own colors, and win or lose the battle by their own numbers. They have shown that they do not desire office—but they have also declared that if such a crisis should force itself upon them, they would not decline that public duty. It is, we think, essential to the character, usefulness, and stability of any government that the Conservatives may form, that office should seek them, and not they office!

But we wander too far into futurity; and we beg leave humbly to suggest to the Conservative members of Parliament that they have *immediate and more urgent duties* than those dependent on the vicissitudes of political events—they should be at their posts, one and all, and early and late—from the speaker's taking the chair to his leaving it. No general can take the accidental advantage of circumstances unless he can always bring his force into the field—*fas est et ab hoste doceri*. This is the first requisite, for, without it, all the rest may be as nothing. 'Tis in vain that there is a long list of possible and probable votes—the real question is '*who are here at this very moment?*' Lord Falkland said in the former great crisis of the church:—'*that they who hated the bishops, hated them worse than the devil, and that they who loved them best, did not love them so well as their dinner!*' The Conservative constituency of England do not send up their members to dine in Grosvenor square, but to defend the Constitution in the House of Commons. Some may think it a hard duty, but 'tis a duty, and one which, having been voluntarily undertaken, the people have a right to enforce.

Prominent places in the battles either of war or politics are given only to a few—but *every man* has a post and a duty for which *he* is personally as indispensable and as responsible as his leaders are in theirs. It is with the greater earnestness that we

venture

venture to urge this on the recollection of members, because we are confident that in due season their constituents will be found not to have forgotten it.

In conclusion, we hope that, overborne as the voice of this country has of late been by the ungrateful and hostile spirit introduced into her public councils, we may even yet venture on the cheering exclamation of Hastings—

‘England is *safe*, if true within herself!’

At all events, we are assured that whatever chance of ultimate salvation may remain will be found in the unwearied vigilance, the unflinching courage, and the *constant and cordial union* of that great body of *all ranks and classes* which now constitute the *Conservative Party*,—if, indeed, it be not an error to designate as a *party* that vast majority of the rank, property, intelligence, piety, moral influences, and material resources of the British Empire!

NOTE TO ARTICLE VIII., No. CXXIV.

WE have received a letter from Mr. Hallam in reference to the following passage in our last Number, p. 510:—‘*We have long since recorded our opinion of Mr. Hallam’s ‘Constitutional History of England,’ as the production of a decided partisan. We hope and believe that he has of late very much modified some of the opinions, in which Mr. Lister seems to have followed him.*’ Mr. Hallam desires us to state that if this was meant to convey ‘*that he has changed the general views, historical or political, which that work contains, he must meet that insinuation with an unqualified denial.*’ We regret to find that we had been misinformed on this subject.

reference to the fact that the collection of statistics is not a science, but a mere compilation of facts, and that the only value of statistics is in the fact that they are collected.

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Excursions in the Mountains of Ronda and Granada, with Characteristic Sketches of the Inhabitants of the South of Spain.* By Captain C. R. Scott. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838.

SINCE the day that Sterne first imagined his ingenious classification of our grand-tour-making countrymen, the French Revolution has taken place—on a *changé tout cela*; a new genus, the *military traveller*, has shot up from the battle-fields of Europe, more luxuriantly than that crop of armed men to whom Cadmus revealed the mysteries of the alphabet. In these piping times of peace, our soldiers, tired of war's alarms, mould their swords into steel pens, and sally forth on the united service of riding rough horses, and writing rough notes. The Peninsula naturally presents a hallowed object of pilgrimage, which none but soldiers can fully appreciate. Their publications do credit to themselves and their country. England may present to her new friends her *military travellers*, from whom her old foes have so often fled; she may call upon her French allies to print the ungarbled correspondence of *their* conqueror of Toulouse. She blushes for no Pillets, Foys, &c., who, rankling under defeat, soothe mortified vanity at the expense of truth and conscience.

The work before us is characterized by an unaffected tone of good humour—a lively perception of the charms of an adventurous, out-of-door existence—a relish for the Moro-Andalusians—an understanding of their habits, feelings, and language. The author defines himself to be 'a mere scribbler of notes and journals' (ii. 34). Whether this proceed from modesty, from pride that apes humility, or from a desire to march out with all the honours of war and a review, he in fact aspires to classical and antiquarian distinctions. Geography, 'terraqueous maid,' is his especial hobby, second only to 'his impatient steed, not Pegasus, but his faithful barb, Almanzor, whom he saw for the last time curvetting under a monstrous weight of whisker and moustache in Hyde Park' (i. 21). Like his poor beast of burden, his lighter and better pages groan under ponderous disquisitions respecting the site of townlets which have long since ceased to exist, and which, when they did exist, were never worth the notice of man or beast.

Captain Scott, in a moment unlucky for himself and for us, picked up the almost forgotten work of Mr. Carter,* and conceived that the contents, because perfectly new to him, would be equally so to his readers, in the shape of a *rechauffé*. An ambition for academic renown seduces him from his natural and pleasing line, into dulness; *l'auteur se tue à allonger ce que son lecteur se tue à abréger*. He seldom whispers whence he skims the cream of his discourse, nor how often the Carter's shoulders lift his wheel out of the quagmire of ancient topography. When he cites a grave and potent authority for his new version of an old story, it is done in a summary court-martial manner:—'Strabo and Pliny'—'Dion and Hirtius'—'Flores, Esp. Sagr.'—which last excellent work consists of forty odd volumes quarto. *In generalibus latet dolus*;—all literary securities, in order to be duly honoured, require to be endorsed, chapter and verse. Second-hand quotations, and borrowed erudition, is paper which we are bound to protest.

Andalusia, the source of Phœnician wealth, in the poetical exaggeration of fiction, became the *Elysium* of antiquity. These happy regions, unchanged in climate, still bask in the southern sun like a rich gem of gold, girded by the emerald zone of those waters, whose shores, in the words of Johnson, 'must ever constitute the leading objects of foreign travel.' The Sierra Morena protects this province from the northern winds which nip the palm and aloe, and from the ravages of civil war, which impede the progress of the man with the note-book. Andalusia, comparatively unscathed, is perfectly accessible to our countrymen, who, in these striding days of ten-league-booted intellect, may be transported in one short week from Britain—the once all but separated from the world—to the pillars of Hercules, the *ne plus ultra* of ancient adventure. Cadiz, Seville, Ronda, Cordova, and the Alhambra, form only a portion of the intellectual dishes set before us by Captain Scott, who not inaptly compares his work to those multifarious and heterogeneous compositions only to be eaten in Spain—the olla and gaspacho; and both refectations, the culinary and literary, are concocted *de rebus cunctis et quibusdam aliis*—posadas, political economy, Cæsar, sherry, cigars, Don Carlos, patriots, robbers, fleas, vermin, and Frenchmen, Moors, mules, Murillo, and the musical glasses. Twenty-eight shillings is a very moderate charge for such a bill of fare—such 'a regular two-course banquet,' to say nothing of the *plates*.

Captain Scott, long quartered at Gibraltar, makes that garrison his base of operations—the starting point, from whence the ex-

* A Journey from Gibraltar to Malaga, by Francis Carter, 2 vols. 1777. This work has been honoured by the praise of Humboldt—'Urbewohner,' p. 38.

cursive radii of his home circuit were regulated by the length of his leaves of absence. We, who do not intend to follow implicitly his marching route, will suppose that our reader has escaped the sleepless Bay of Biscay—has scented the orange groves of Cintra—has listened to the booming chime of St. Vincent's vesper bell,—and, rounding the point of Chipiona, has gazed upon fair Cadiz, rising like an Amphitrite from the dark blue sea. Cadiz is still the house of light, 'lucis domus.' A gilded halo hovers around her decay; her deserted streets, her empty haven, no longer recall the crowded emporium of the ancient world nor the outport of the new; that thick-pent spot, the epitome of Spain, which comprehended, during the war of independence, the flag—the name—the undying principle of a country. Cadiz offers few attractions to the man of taste or learning—*les lettres de change y sont les belles lettres*. The society is mercantile, a proscribed caste in Spain, while the lower orders have engrafted on their aboriginal licentiousness (the byword even of profligate Rome) those grosser vices which are generally brought by foreigners into frequented sea-ports. War, poverty, and the serious aspect of the times, have sobered down the hereditary 'joyousness' of this daughter of Tyre (Isaiah xxiii. 7.)—the 'jocosæ Gades' of Martial, (i. 62.)—the 'riot' of Childe Harold. Festus Avienus (de Or. Mar. 275) lamented in the fifth century a similar absence of objects of interest, occasioned likewise by an interruption of commerce, on which alone Cadiz ever can flourish.

Gades, the end of the world, where the sun terminated his course—'ultima terræ'—'solisque cubilia'—was previously the great western lion of antiquity. Thus when Nero, suspecting the philosophers of radicalism, turned them out of Rome, Apollonius of Tyana—the combined Jeremy Bentham and Johanna Southcote of his day—fled from his presence to these uttermost parts of the earth—to Tarshish, like Jonah (i. 3)—and came to Gades to study the sunsets and the tides of the Atlantic (Philostr. v. i.). As it did not come within the scope of Mr. Carter to transcribe the thousand and one Gaditanian tales of classical hand-books, Captain Scott gives us but little on such matters—and that little wrong. 'The date of the foundation of Cadiz (he says) is lost in the *impenetrable chaos* of heathen mythology.'—(ii. 64.)

'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
'Than are dreamed of in thy philosophy.'

and particularly in Cadiz, where, according to Salazar,* dreams come generally true. The Padre de la Concepcion,† a true

* 'Grandezas de Cadiz, 1610, p. 72.

† 'Cadiz Illustrada,' 1690—a thick folio of *infra* critical judgment.

Spaniard, considers Noah to have been Hercules; but without dipping into the deluge, it is historically certain that Gadir was founded before Utica, 287 years before Carthage, and 1100 before Christ.* Built, according to Phœnician practice, on a headland, it was called 'Gadir,' from being enclosed by the sea (F. Avien. descr. 615), which name was corrupted by the Greeks into *Tadespa*, and interpreted *quasi* *γυνὴ δειρά*. These careless nomenclators caught at sound not sense, and, after having hellenised names, which, not understanding, they presumed to call barbarous, they proceeded to attach to the newly-coined word some Greek derivation. Thus at Carthage they metamorphosed the Bosra, the Punic acropolis, into *βυρον*, 'a skin,' and then, with their audacity of lying, tacked on the idle etymology of Dido and the bull's hide. Such corruptions as 'the Bull and Mouth,' from Boulogne Mouth, or 'the Cat and Wheel,' from St. Catherine's Wheel, or 'the Bows and Arrows' (Buenos Ayres) of Mr. Slick, afford homely illustrations of the Grecian practice.

Cadiz resembles in form an ancient patera; Mannert, learned and greasy, prefers a ham ('Hisp.' 237)—but a frying-pan might have served his turn better. The judgment evinced in the selection of site is proved by a commercial existence of 3000 years. The original prosperity of this 'ladder of the outer sea,' consisted in the monopoly of the tin of England and the amber of the Baltic. Spain was to the Phœnicians what South America became to the Spaniards; and these inherited in their colonial system their predecessors' jealousy of traffic, cruelty, and exclusion of foreigners. The Phœnicians cast into the sea all strangers caught navigating beyond Gades—*pour encourager les autres*.

Gades only alive, like most commercial cities, to its own interests, abandoned the falling Carthage to bow before the rising sun of Rome (Livy, xxviii. 23). The inhabitants volunteered to be incorporated with their country's eternal foe, whose policy it was to spare submission, and war down resistance; while the ploughshare was passed over Numantia, the merchants of Gades aspired to the equestrian and consular dignities of Rome. It contained 500 knights, a number exceeded, out of Rome, by Padua alone. Balbus, the client of Cicero, the Rothschild of antiquity, was the Augustus of Gades, which he found of brick and left of marble. He was quæstor of Spain, and made his fortune in office; an example which has ever since been most religiously imitated by every Spanish intendente. Caesar lavished his prodigality on Gades, which sided with him, while Seville and Cordova declared for Pompey. His quæstorship in Spain was the first step of his young ambition. It was at Gades

* Vell. Pat. i. 2, 6. Arist. de Mirab. 134.

that he dreamed of future empire. The dictator, in his day of power, honoured the city with his name, 'Julia Augusta Gaditana.' He, like the Duke of Wellington, thought its occupation essential to the defence of Andalusia, and that the war might be carried on if it were well garrisoned, with the sea open. (De Bell. Civ. ii. 16.) The fame of Gades spread far and wide; its reputation for wealth formed an intelligible object of interest to the vulgar, while distance and want of accurate information increased the marvellous and magnificent. Strabo, who well knew the chattering Greeks, qualifies their reports with a saying λεγέειν φησι (iii. 256); the 'se dice' of Spanish exaggeration and credulity. The phenomenon of the mighty pulsation of the Atlantic puzzled the Romans, accustomed to the almost tideless Mediterranean. Pliny thought it a subject rather for speculative inquiry than capable of explanation. Cicero imagined the tides to be peculiar to the Spanish and English coasts (De Nat. Deor., iii. 10). Apollonius suspected that the waters were sucked in by submarine winds, Solinus by huge submarine animals.* Artemidorus reported that the sun's disc increased a hundred fold, and that it set with 'an alacrity of sinking'—hot in the surge, like a horseshoe—*stridentem gurgite solem* (Juv.). The Spanish Goths imagined that it returned to the east by unknown subterraneous passages (St. Isid. iii. 15): but hardly to my ear to *χρησμον* *αὐτὸν ἐν τῇ γῇ*.

Captain Scott says nothing on the temple and worship of Hercules, the great marvel and boast of Gades. Hercules, *alias* Baal Tzor, *i. e.* the lord of the rock, was the tutelar deity of Tyre, whose inhabitants (like the Mahometans) extended their creed conjointly with their conquests. A common worship formed the bond between the colonies and the parent city. Hercules, the figure-head of their vessels, and symbol of their commerce, was embodied by the imagination of poets, which outsails the fleetest ship. A colonizer, like Cortes or Pizarro, he was brave, patient, cruel, superstitious, and hungry, a sensualist, a discoverer, conqueror, and abater of nuisances. His namesakes became so numerous, that Cicero did not know which was *his* Hercules (De Nat. Deo., iii. 16): but sound criticism, which circumscribes the polytheism of the ancients, must reduce to one and the same deity these infinite emanations, as the multitude of local Marias in Spain are referable to the one Virgin. Hercules, by Festus, is called Zan—*i. e.* the sun, the Roman Zancus—the god of travellers, 'vagus Hercules.' El, Eli, *ἑλος*, Allah, contain the root *Bel*, which is clearly to be traced in the Endobel of the Iberians, the Andobal of Polybius (ix. 4), the Latinised

* The whole learning has been collected by Ukert, *Geographie der Griechen und Römer*, p. 11. i. p. 75.

'Endovellicus.' The *endo* is translated in many inscriptions (Masdeu, Esp. Rom., v. 2), by *supreme*—Deo præstantissimo, θεῷ ὑψίστῳ:—yet Alphitrando interprets Endobel 'quasi ein teufel,' a devil! (Depping, i. 127).

However this may be, his celebrated temple was certainly erected on a rock at the mouth of the river Sancti Petri, about twelve miles from Cadiz; the edifice occupying the whole surface of the rock, which was cut into artificial steps down to the low-water mark. The Atlantic has overwhelmed the building, in defiance of the warning incantation inscribed upon its portals. The foundations were seen in 1730,* and again at the retiring of the sea contemporaneous with the earthquake of Lisbon.† Alonzo the Wise, on the conquest of Cadiz, in 1262, was thanked by Pope Urban IV. for having restored the walls and edifices of Hercules, which, according to the legend, were destroyed by St. James on his first visit to Spain, A.D. 96, in order to dedicate the site and river to his colleague St. Peter,‡ as the Spaniards subsequently did with the Moorish mosques. Santiago has, in fact, completely superseded Hercules. Both came from Palestine, propagandists and patrons, and both were said to be buried in their respective temples—for in both cases it was a matter of faith, not proof. The tutelar relics, like those of St. Mark at Venice, were so effectually concealed, that even the priests did not know where they were. They apprehended that these palladia might be seduced by higher bribes, or removed by the stronger power of enemies. Santiago interfered visibly at the battle of Clavijo; Hercules, in the form of fiery lions, consumed the ships of Theron, who attempted to plunder his temple (Macrob., i. 21). Moans, portending national calamities, issued from their altars (Sil. It. vii. 50). Santiago is the war-cry of Spain; Hercules was that of Pompey (App. de Bell. Civ. 2).

The temple was fifty years in construction; the portico was adorned with the twelve labours of Hercules; the square pilasters of electron were inscribed with unknown characters, which the priests (true prototypes of their modern brethren) neither could read nor understand, but which Apollonius interpreted with the confidence of an Erro or Astarloa in matters of cuneiform Punic. The original rafters were constructed of incorruptible wood, and, though a thousand years old, were perfect when inspected by Hannibal. The roof of the mosque at Cordova, equally ancient, is equally well preserved. The temple was the Loreto of the pagans. Philostratus enumerates the golden belt of Teucer Telamon, and the precious olive tree with berries of emeralds, the

* Flores, España sagrada, x. 36.

† Bowles, Hist. Nat. 72.

‡ Cadiz Illustrada, iii. 6.

offering of Pygmalion. The temple was exempted from the Pappian law of mortmain. The smallest donations and legacies were thankfully accepted by Hercules, the giver of god-sends and hidden treasures (Diod. Sic. iv. 21), who promised, in return, that all who contributed should be proportionally happy and prosperous. Lucullus gave him the tenth of his wealth (Plut. viii. 84). The Tyrian Melcarth—(Melech—Moloch)—was the Melchisedech of Cadiz, prince and priest, *rex atque sacerdos*, to whom tithe of all was given. The vast income derived from the fertile provinces of Andalusia was swelled by the propitiatory offerings given before campaigns were undertaken, and by the portion of the victor's spoil: Hannibal never omitted these pious duties (Livy, xxi. 21; Sil. Ital. iii. 15). To plunder these consecrated stores was deemed unpardonable sacrilege. Mago was refused admittance into Cadiz by his own countrymen, because he had taken part of their deposits in order to pay his troops (Livy, xxviii. 36, 37). Marcus Varro, the lieutenant of Pompey, offered a part of similar plunder to Cæsar, who, in order to contrast his own orthodoxy with the serious blow dealt to the established church by his opponent, restored the sacred treasures. He himself records this fact twice in his own book (*De Bell. Civ.*, ii. 16, 19.) evidently considering it a master-stroke of policy. It was no deference to the Punic creed, for he substituted brass ornaments for those of gold in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, in order to pay his troops in Italy (Suet. 54). In cities of pilgrimage, whether Pagan, Moslem, or Catholic, these relics attract the devout, by whom the inhabitants are enriched. Thus Alexander the coppersmith raved against St. Paul for interfering with the idol-worship of Diana; and the French, when at Compostella, refrained from sacrilege (rare abstinence!) from a fear of exciting the populace and the numerous makers of silver images and medals of St. Jago. The priests of Hercules were the depositaries of the laws, custodes rotulorum, and registrars-general, always lucrative sinecures. Laymen, civil and military, enrolled themselves as familiars,* in order (as was afterwards done with the Inquisition) to protect themselves from the tribunal, and share in its despotism over others. The temple was an asylum. This, like the sanctuary of the dark ages, or modern courts of equity, mitigated the tyranny of the strong, and corrected the killing letter of cruel laws. This system vested, as it were, the graceful and respected prerogative of mercy in the hands of a rich and influential priesthood. Their privileges were respected by the Romans, who tolerated a concurrent and not an antagonist creed; who, admitting Hercules in their Pantheon, either disregarded, in the resemblance of

* Inscription at Castellar, Cadiz Illus. vii. 6.

belief, the difference of ceremonial, or, as we maintain the Jugger-naut in India, turned to their own advantage the fiscal and political system of the natives, which, perhaps, they did not venture to put down. The peculiar ceremonies, in spite of the legend of Santiago, existed unchanged in the fifth century, and were the only remaining marvel of Gades (Fest. Avienus, 278), which, from the transfer of the seat of empire to Constantinople, had lost the monopoly of Rome, and, consequently, had sunk into poverty and ruin. The rites were abolished by the Goths, who first sowed the tares of intolerance in the fields of Spain. The last blow was thus dealt to Cadiz; and in 1262 its very existence as a port was a matter of hearsay to the infallible pontiff at Rome.*

In these Phœnician rites, an indistinct glimmering of the Hebrew worship may be traced, in spite of the Canaanite corruptions. The temple of Gades was the counterpart of that of Tyre, as the mosque of Cordova was afterwards constructed on the model of that of the metropolis Damascus. The Gaditanian Hercules, thought by P. Mela to be the Egyptian,—by Appian to be the Tyrian,—had altars erected to him in both capacities (Philos. v. 1); on these eternal fire was burning, the emblem of the Schechinah (Esdras vi. 24)—the Vestal symbol of the deity (Herod. iii. 16)—the outward mark of Oriental dignity. Quails were sacrificed, because Hercules had been restored by them to life—*Ορτυξ εσωσεν Ηρακλην τον καρτερον*; a myth referable to the miraculous support in the desert of the powerful neighbours of Tyre (Boch. Hieros. i. 15). Children, the noblest and best, were immolated (Lact. de Fals. Rel. i. 83). The Romans stipulated with the Carthaginians, that human sacrifice should be abolished, which is among the first instances of international philanthropy. The pilgrims† prostrated themselves on the ground at full length before Hercules' altar, in the same attitude which we have seen still retained at Santiago. They beat their breasts—an Egyptian practice (Herod. ii. 40. 61):—the hollow, drumlike sound proceeding from this action is still remarkable in Spanish devotees, on the elevation of the host. It was at this altar that Hannibal swore eternal hatred to Rome. No statue nor representation of Hercules materialised the worship of the Gaditanian pagans. This abstract devotion, which the Romans could not comprehend, was derived from the Mosaic decalogue. It was reserved for the Roman Catholics of Spain to bow down to graven images of St. James.

The statue of Alexander the Great alone was admitted into the

* Brief of Urban IV. to Alonso the Wise: *Insula Gadicensis, in qua, ut asseritur, est maris portus.*

† Alex. Geraldino, Itin. 1. 3.

temple—in gratitude, it was said, for his having spared the temple at Tyre. In this curious instance of the widely-extended awe of the Napoleon of antiquity, more interested motives must be suspected. The non-admission of Alexander in person into the temple of Tyre was made by him the pretext of the siege and destruction of that city, the commercial rival and enemy of Greece. The conqueror meditated a pilgrimage to the temple of Gades (Q. Curt., x. 1.), which, well aware of his hostility to Carthage, the priests were anxious to prevent by admitting his effigy as his deputy. It was at the sight of this statue that Caesar wept. An armed figure of marble, supposed to be the very original, was mutilated at the sack of Cadiz, in 1596. Salazar gives an engraving of the torso as it remained in 1610, and remarks, that Caesar would indeed weep if he could see its degraded condition. We have in vain searched at Cadiz for the fragment, which might rank in interest with the lightning-stricken wolf of the Capitol, or the Spada Pompey. The great statue of Hercules of Carthage (where he had one) was brought to Rome, and cast on the ground outside of the temple *ad nationes*, into which all other deities were admitted, in order to mark the Roman disgust of human sacrifice (Plin. xxxvi. 5).

The ritual of the Phœnician priests of Cadiz, ostensibly abolished by the Goths, was practically continued in their monkish establishments. Silius Italicus (iii. 22) has described those peculiarities which afforded subjects of satire and ridicule to Martial and Juvenal. Tyre is now avenged by England, who laughs in her turn at the mummeries of Rome. The priests were clad in white linen, the Pythagorean costume of the ministers to Anubis (Herod., ii. 97), the dress ordained to the Jewish clergy, from motives of cleanliness (Ezek. xlv. 17), and not without reason, in sultry climates, where the goaty, woollen-clad capuchin may be nosed in the lobby. They went barefoot; ‘descalzado’ this oriental mark of respect to holy ground was common to Jews and Egyptians. They wore their heads shaven—the ‘tonsura’—the ‘polled heads’ of Ezekiel (xlv. 20)—as did the priests of Egypt (Herod., ii. 36.). Swine were not allowed to approach the temple. Their abstinence from that flesh became the joke of the pork-eating Romans, while the modern Spaniards, in opposition to Jew and Moor, combine bacon with belief—(‘no hay olla sin tocino ni sermon sin Agostino’)—a food, which, because producing cutaneous disease, was prohibited among the Jews—and among the Egyptians for a more curious reason.*—Like the Spanish monks, the priests *professed* chastity :

* Plutarch de Isid. et Os, vii. 394. Reiske.

no woman was allowed to enter the temple. This 'clausura' was maintained with the strictness of modern Carthusians, into whose convent, near Seville, a daughter of Eve having penetrated disguised in male attire, every stone which her feet could by possibility have touched was taken up and replaced. The pagan prohibition passed into a proverb: * neither were females allowed to take Hercules' name in vain, probably from the reasons which now deter them from using the national oath of Spain (Athen., xiii. 276). Cadiz still bears on her shield the effigy of Hercules grappling with two lions, 'Gadis Fundator Dominatorque.' The fancy of a herald is all that remains of his substantial power, while Venus his foe, the Omphale, the Dalilah of strength and reputation, rules, and will rule, triumphantly in Cadiz, so long as the salt foam, from whence she sprung, whitens the walls of her sea-girt city.

These walls offer the first resistance which breaks the heavy swell of the vast Atlantic. The waves undermine them while the Spaniards sleep. They have gained much ground since the days of Pliny, and are a continual source of anxiety and expense. Captain Scott explains at length the method employed in repair, and the constant neglect, more fatal than the temporary storm (ii. 71). The ancient cathedral, exposed to the south-west, has in consequence been almost abandoned.

'The new one, as it is called, was commenced in the days of the city's prosperity, but the source from whence the funds for building it were raised failed ere it was half-finished; and there it stands, a perfect emblem of Spain itself, a pile of valuable materials, planned on a scale of excessive magnificence, but put together without the slightest taste, and falling to decay for want of revenue. It is now being patched up in an economical way, to render it serviceable.'—ii. 71.

This is not quite correct. The building was delayed, because the funds were appropriated to their own use, by the commissioners, according to practice. The present bishop of Cadiz, however, dedicated the whole of his revenues to the completion, which has been most *perfectly* effected, at a moment when the scourge of atheism and rebellion is desolating other parts of unhappy Spain.

Captain Scott gives a graphic description of the 'Almadra', the catching the tunny, near Cadiz (ii. 53). This rich fish was the turtle-soup of ancient Ichthyophiles. The tithe, the thynæum, was taken in kind by the judicious priests of Hercules. The fish, pickled in a particular garum, according to a receipt fortunately preserved by Athenæus, was sent to Rome. Juvenal (vii. 119) talks of 'Pelamidum vas' as we should of a pot of anchovies. The dearth excited the anger of Cicero, and the indignation of Cato, a Censor and a bore. Archestratus, who made

* *Περὶ τῆς ἑλπίδος*, 265. Ed. 1612.

a gastronomic voyage of discovery (Athen. vii. 5), (the first Cook on record), thought the *ὑπογαστριον* to be a divine incarnation—as Nero compared the mushroom to the flesh of the gods. This verdict has been confirmed in the ‘Almanach des Gourmands,’ which, if gastronomic consciousness exist in the grave, will soothe the indignation of this Grecian gourmand, that he, who had eaten so much, and so well, should, in his turn, be devoured, and alas, by worms! who, of all feeding things, show the least taste and judgment in their fare. The produce of the fishery has greatly diminished, in consequence, according to Bloch, who has exhausted this subject (ii. 92) of the earthquake which destroyed Lisbon, when the sands were thrown up on the Spanish coast, and the tunnies driven out into deeper water.

Captain Scott, an admirer ‘of the baylerinas of Seville’ (ii. 119), passes over those prototype dances of Gades which delighted the Romans, and scandalised their moralists. They were prohibited by Theodosius, because, as St. Chrysostom says (Hom. 49), at such balls the devil never wants a partner. They were analogous to the Ghawásee of the Egyptians, and the Hindoo Nautch. They are still performed in private by the gipsies of Seville, and differ entirely from the bolero and fandango. The *χειρονομία*, or balancing action of the hands; the *λακτισμα*, or ‘zapateado;’ the ‘crissatura,’ or ‘meneo:’ the music, language, instruments, and whole thing, tally in the minutest points with the descriptions of the performances of the ‘*improbæ Gaditanæ*’ given by Martial, Petronius Arbiter, and others; Dean Marti (Peyron. i. 246), and the Canon Salazar (iv. 3.), dignitaries and licentiates, rival in their elucidations the learning of the Burmans and Scaligers. In common with the fandango, these ‘zarabandas,’ which the æsthetic Huber (Skizzen, i. 293) pronounces ‘die Poesie der Wollust,’ are more marked by energy than grace, and the legs have less to do than the arms and body. The sight of this unchanged pastime of antiquity, which excites the Spaniards to frenzy, affords little delight to an English spectator, possibly from some national mal-organization: for, as Molière says,—‘L’Angleterre a produit des grands hommes dans les sciences et les beaux arts, mais pas un grand danseur! Allez lire l’histoire.’

This cuisine and ballet rendered Gades a Palais Royal, and doubtless attracted more distinguished foreigners than the tides and sunsets. One, at all events, came from a strange motive, if the usual credit due to an epitaph be extended to one of Punic faith;—‘Heliodorus, the mad Carthaginian, ordered himself to be buried at Cadiz, the end of the world, to see whether any one madder than himself would come to pay him a visit.* We, who have

* Inscription, Morales, Ant. de Esp. 63.

waded through the debates and state-papers of the junta of Cadiz, need no ghost to tell us that his curiosity has been marvelously gratified. The halls of those boasting braggarts, who jobbed away in petty intrigues the sinews of their country, are now silent and empty; their misdeeds are condemned to eternal shame, in the simple record* of that great man, whom, like vermin, they might worry, but whom they could not prevent from saving them from their own dug pit. The traveller from England, as he paces the sea-wall, will gaze upon those fortifications, which the Spaniards never could defend, either against our gallant Essex,† or the feeble Angoulême—those bastions from whence the armies of Napoleon were beaten back by a handful of Britons.

The 'via Herculis,' still called 'camino de Ercoles,' connects Cadiz with the Isla de Leon. This causeway (destined by that premacadamite road-maker for the passage of the flocks of Geryon—Avienus de Or., 332) was made by the Phœnicians to facilitate the export of the produce of Spain. It has degenerated into a sort of Ratcliff-highway. 'Insufferable' odours arise from the vast heaps of filth deposited in one part of it: to such an extent has this nuisance reached, that, without another river Alpheus, even the hard-working son of Jupiter would find its removal no easy task.' (ii. 74.)

The modern name of the Isla de Leon (Erythraea, Tartessus) is derived from the family to whom it was granted in 1469. It was resumed by the crown in 1484 under the vigorous policy of Ferdinand and Isabella. To the left expands the beautiful bay, reflecting sparkling towns, and backed by vine-clad hills. Here were moored the fleets of Mago; the long ships, the 'zebeques' of Cæsar; the Twelve Apostles, those treasure galleons taken by Essex; those navies which were burnt by Drake, thereby, as he told Lord Bacon, singeing the king of Spain's whiskers. The arsenal of the Carraccas is situated on the northern bank of the Sancti Petri river. Its plan is laid on a magnificent scale. It may boast of having equipped some of the most formidable armaments that have ever put to sea; but it is now one vast ruin, hardly possessing the means of fitting out a cock boat.' (ii. 75.) The sight of it would shock Lord Minto.

San Fernando, the city of the Isla, is full of gay houses, green latticed windows, flowers, and flat, vase-ornamented roofs. It was here that Riego hoisted the blood-stained cap of rebellion, which has been pleasantly nicknamed the *constitution* of 1820. The secret history of this patriotic measure smells of the brandy

* Guirwood, xi. 351.
† A most minute journal of this siege is to be found in the *Cádiz Illustr.*, lib. vi. It contains many particulars which have been unnoticed by English historians.

which induced Sergeant Garcia to recommend the glorious reforms of La Granja to the delicate Dowager Christina. The assembled and ill-paid troops (a double error) were opposed to the South American expedition: they made *Reform and the public good!* the specious pretext of effecting their own private objects. A delay of embarkation had arisen, from the defective condition of the frigates which had been sold by Russia to Ferdinand, who was thought to have been done by Tatichoff and Admiral Müller, by whom the job was managed. The Punic Iberian was a match for the Muscovite and the Britons into the bargain. The money which, in the slave-abolition frenzy, was granted to him by England for his putting down the trade, (which he not only did not do, but rather encouraged,) was spent on himself, while he never paid one farthing for the ships, according to the conditions of the sale. The whole transaction was so dirty, that the Russians never ventured to remind him of his debt. Thus a Spanish revolution was engendered by the slippery tricks of a Muscovite autocrat. Riego was a poor creature—he could raise, but not ride on the storm; an Eratostratus—for the meanest of politicians may destroy in one freak institutions reared by the wisdom of ages.

The river Sancti Petri is crossed by a bridge erected on Roman foundations. The Phœnician road from Gades to Malaga passed near the temple. 'Ad Herculem' was the first post station in the Roman itinerary. The rock, now fortified, commands the entrance of the river, and secures the possession of the Isla. The modern bridge, called del Zuazo, from the name of the repairer, was the pons asinorum of the French, who sighed in vain to get across into the Elysian island, the 'campos felices' of the British encampment. The plains are covered with white pyramids of salt (the ghosts of the departed English tents). These salt-works, like the wine vaults at Xeres, are baptized with names which sound irreverent to Protestant ears—'The salt pan of the blood of Christ'—'the salt pit of the sweet name of Jesus,' &c. &c. The salt is good, but operates disagreeably on the over-dosed consumers. It is a monopoly of government, by which the quantity thought necessary for each district is decided, while the allotment to individual families is left to the local authorities: to those not in favour, a Benjamin's mess is awarded by the no-patronage alcaldes. We soon arrive at 'Chiclana, the Highgate of the good citizens of Cadiz' (ii. 59): to the right lies Barrosa, name of honour to Graham, of defeat to Victor, of ignominy to La Peña. The English, as at Albuera, were exposed to the brunt of the battle, while twelve thousand Spaniards dared not advance, even when the French were in full retreat. La Peña sneaked into Cadiz, and claimed the victory, which is awarded to him by Paer, who does not even mention

tion Graham by name*—while Maldonado † ascribes the failure to Graham's retreating into the Isla!

The white walls of Medina Sidonia, 'the City of Sidon,' are built on a hill rising to the left of the plain, and cannot be hid; this was the prison town of Blanche, the wife of Don Pedro, whose ill fate forms the theme of many a plaintive ballad. The plains are uncultivated, treeless, houseless, and lifeless: the meeting extremities of Spain and Africa resemble each other in desolate character, heightened by the silence of loneliness. Vejer, a midway town, is perched on a shelving precipice; below crouches the miserable venta, a dark spot in the memory's waste of travellers: a rocky gorge leads to the shores of the strait, and to Tarifa: a Moorish watch-tower invites the wearied stranger to repose, while he gazes on the magnificent panorama,

'Where Mauritania's giant shadows frown,

From mountain cliffs descending sombre down.'

Africa, no flat line of desert sand, rises abruptly out of the sea, in a tremendous jumble backed by the eternal snows of the Atlas. Two continents lie before us; we have reached the extremities of the ancient world; a narrow gulph divides the lands of knowledge, liberty, and civilization from the untrodden regions of danger and mystery. Yon headland is Trafalgar, where Nelson sealed with his life-blood the empire of the sea. Tarifa lies beyond; and the plain of Salado, where the cross triumphed over the crescent. The white walls of Tangier glitter on the opposite coast, resting like a snow-wreath on dark mountains: behind them lies the desert, the den of the wild beast, and of wilder man. The separated continents stand aloof; they frown sternly on each other with the cold injurious look of altered kindness: they were once united; a dreary sea now flows between, and severs them for ever; a thousand ships hurry past, laden with the commerce of the world; every sail is strained to fly those waters, deeper than ever plummet sounded, where neither sea nor land is friendly to the stranger. Behind that point is the bay of Gibraltar; and on that grey rock, the object of a thousand fights, the lion sentinel of the straits, the red flag of England, on which the sun never sets, still braves the battle and the breeze: far in the distance the blue Mediterranean stretches itself away like a sleeping lake. Europe and Africa recede gently from each other; coast, cape, and mountain, face, form, and nature, how alike!—man, his laws, works, and creeds, how different and opposed!

Captain Scott is about to publish a new map of Andalusia, which is much wanted: the difficulties which he encountered (ii. 168—282) in taking his surveys are quite Oriental. The Spaniards

* Descr. de España, ii. 288

† Guerra de la Indep., iii. 1.

suspect all strangers armed with pencil and portfolio to be about no good, and hold them either to be emissaries sent to spy out the nakedness of the land, or conjurers, who will discover and carry off some hidden treasures. We readily believe that his map, for he has ridden over, and does know the actual country, will do him more credit than his loose chat on ancient geography. He wastes many pages on Mellaria, Belon, Bæsippon, &c., localities which have been settled by Humboldt,* Ukert,† and Cean-Bermudez,‡ the best illustrators of the itineraries of Pliny, who lived there so long, and of Pomponius Mela, who was born at Tarifa. Captain Scott derives the name of this town from that of Taric, the Moorish general (ii. 42). He thinks that no Roman town stood here: he confounds Traducta, Tingentara, and Mellaria, each singly, and all together, with Algeciras (ii. 35), a purely Moorish-founded city. Tarifa was built long before the Romans. Strabo calls it Josa (iii. 206), a Punic word, which Bochart (Cana. i. 477) interprets 'the passage.' This obvious meaning was retained in the Roman 'Traducta,' the trajet. The present name is Arabic, 'Gesira Tarif,' the 'island of the headland,' on which the modern lighthouse is built (Conde Xerif Aledris, 201). 'But Captain Scott is always out,' as Lord Byron said of De Pouqueville, whose self-congratulatory bliss of ignorance might almost be applied to our author—'J'ai soulevé le voile qui couvrait les problèmes géographiques jusqu'à présent insolubles; je donnai par une sorte d'inspiration des noms à tous les lieux qui m'environnaient.'

The straits are narrowest at this point, and do not exceed twelve miles across. Though nothing is to be received with greater caution than all early accounts of the width of waters, which generally were mere guess work, the gradual widening of these straits is historically certain. That the two continents were united is proved by geological evidences. Tradition refers the cutting through the Isthmus to Hercules, that is, to a canal opened by the Phœnicians, who were acquainted with those of Suez and Sesostris. Scylax, who wrote five centuries before Christ, estimated the breadth at half a mile; Euctemon, who wrote a hundred years after Scylax, at four miles; Turranius Gracilis, a Spaniard, who lived on the spot three centuries later, and is quoted by Pliny (iii. Pref.), at five, Livy and Cornelius Nepos at six, Procopius at ten, and Victor Vitensis at twelve. The elevated coast on each side has rendered further enlargement impossible. A rapid current constantly sets in from the Atlantic, and is perceptible beyond Malaga. Notwithstanding this constant influx, and the outpourings of rivers, from the

* Urbewohner Hispaniens. Berlin, 1821.

† Geographie der Griechen und Römer, ii. i. 342.

‡ Sumario de las Antigüedades Romanas en España. Madrid, 1832.

Ebro to the Nile, the waters of the Mediterranean diminish;—thus Murviedro, once a sea-port, is now an inland town. Dr. Smith, in 1684, suggested an under-current, which we imagine to be contrary to the laws of hydrostatics, while Dr. Halley convinced himself, from a series of experiments, that the loss of water from evaporation exceeded the supply by the rate of 5280 millions of tons per summer.

Tarifa is one of the most Moorish towns in Spain; the women are proverbial for beauty. They still wear their mantilla in the oriental and pristine Spanish manner, somewhat after the fashion of the *tob* and *hhabarah* of the Egyptian females (Lane, i. 67). This veil conceals the whole face except the right eye, which peeps out like a star; beauty is concentrated into one liquid orb of light and meaning. The masquerade of these 'tapadas' is religiously respected—(by dint of 'mufflers and kerchiefs, even Falstaff could escape); being all dressed in black, and alike, the incognito is so complete that husbands (proh hominum fidem!) have been detected making love to their own wives. The Tarifeñas avail themselves of this disguise to plague the lords of the creation, whom

'They wound like Parthians as they fly,
And kill with a retreating eye.'—*Hud.*

No doubt their reputation for beauty is heightened by the uncertainty, as in the case of a nun. The busy imagination fills up the outline according to each individual standard of ideal perfection.

The ancient castle is degraded (as is usual in Spain) into a prison of convicts. The name of Gusman has lost its charm. He held it in 1292 against the bribes and attacks of the Moors; at length his only son was brought by the traitor Juan under the walls and threatened with death, unless the castle were surrendered; the father plucking the dagger from his belt, threw it to the Moors, who murdered the child before his eyes.* He was likened by his king to a second Abraham, honoured with the 'canting' title of 'El Bueno'—the good—and became the founder of the powerful ducal family of Medina Sidonia.†

The victory gained near Tarifa by Alonzo XI, in 1340, paved the way to their final expulsion: the details given by an eye-witness are more delightful than any romance.‡ At this battle cannons made at Damascus (Conde, iii. 133.) were used for the first time, and *not*, as Captain Scott says, at Algeciras (i. 62.): that 'devylish iron engine' of Spenser, that 'macchina infernal' of Ariosto, whose destructive ten-pounders gave a death blow to chivalry, by placing in the same category the noble knight and the villain footman. The

* Romancero de Duran, v. 203, and Quintana.

† The hero was a natural son of the old Gothic house of Guzman—Gutman—Goodman.

‡ Chronica de Don Alonzo XI, c. 248, 254.

Moorish walls of Tarifa might be battered with oranges; yet ten thousand French, under Laval, were beaten off by Colonel Smith. The breach was repaired by the gallant defenders. A critic will pardon the indifferent Latin of the recording tablet for the sake of the excellent masonry, which, after all, is more to the purpose.

A modern fortification has long been erecting on the rocky headland below Tarifa. The funds are raised by sums levied from all persons and commodities entering Gibraltar: it is, in fact, a tax paid by the English for their own annoyance. The gun-boats of Tarifa, in the words of Southey (iii. 368.), inflicted greater losses on the trade of Great Britain than were suffered from all the fleets of the enemy. Merchants' ships, and even men of war, becalmed in these capricious waters, were battered by them to pieces. At the urgent request of Sir Charles Penrose, a few English gun-boats were stationed at Gibraltar, by which the nuisance was immediately abated. They were, however, ordered by Admiral Keats round to Cadiz, where they were not wanted, and thousands of English property sacrificed in consequence. The burning letters of the heart-broken Collingwood, and the Lesaca correspondence of the Duke of Wellington, have exposed the absurdities of our maritime etiquette. The works at the castle of Tarifa proceed slowly. The funds have to pass through the Governor of Algeciras, and a little, as in the pouring oil from one flask to another, will stick *in transitu*: in consequence, Algeciras is the most lucrative appointment in Spain: it is estimated at five thousand a-year, which is five times the pay of a Captain-general commanding a province.

The three leagues' ride from Tarifa to Algeciras is most romantic: the torrent Guadalmecil tears through a Salvator-like forest of wild ilex and cork trees, whose bark-stripped bleeding arms are fringed with a delicate parasitical fern, through which the blue sea and dark outline of Africa peep out in vistas. Algeciras lies below, in a sunny nook, with its islands, from which it takes its name, 'Gezira alhadra.' The king of Spain is king of Algeciras, a proof of the former importance of this now insignificant town. It was then the key of Spain to the Moors, as Calais was of France to the English. It was taken in 1344, and not in 1333, as Captain Scott says (i. 62), by Alonzo XI., after a siege of twenty months.† Knights flocked from all Christendom to this European crusade; our Edward III. contemplated going in person (Rym. Fœd., ii. 166). The penance enjoined by the Pope on Henry II. for the

* Chronica del Rey Alonzo XI., 621.

† The Moorish kings and knights considered a campaign against the Christians as equivalent to a pilgrimage,—*en servicio de su Mahoma*.—Chronica del Rey Fer. iii. c. 19.

murder of Thomas à Becket was to visit the Holy Sepulchre, 'unless it were a more urgent duty to go to the assistance of the Christians in Spain.'* This alternative will account for the rare appearance of Spaniards in the paynim land of the East. The chronicle details the siege, the names of the stranger crusaders, the gallant behaviour of the English under the Earls of Derby and Salisbury, the selfishness and cowardice of the French under Gaston de Foix. Chaucer, writing forty years afterwards, sums up the praises of his true knight, by telling that he had been at Algecir (55, Knight's Tale). The Moorish fortifications were dismantled by the Spaniards. The modern Algeciras rose, phoenix-like, from its ashes, and was rebuilt in 1760 by Charles III., to be a thorn in the side of Gibraltar: it is a hornet's nest of privateers in war-time, and of guarda costas in peace. A circuit of two leagues by the sea-sands leads to Gibraltar. Midway rises the farm-house, Rocabillo, built on the site of the Phœnician Carteia, whose position has puzzled many foreign geographers, who want that best of maps, a view of the country. The judicious Ukert (i. p. 2, 346) has availed himself of Spanish works, and those of Conduit† and Carter, who had examined the locality. Captain Scott, in a long note, Appendix C, which we suspect to be a second thought, and certainly not one of his best, falls foul, most ungratefully, of Mr. Carter, and maintains, contrary to every sound authority of every nation,‡ that Tartessus was Tarsus in Asia Minor. Not to waste our readers' time and our own ink, we will only observe, that he might as reasonably contend that Westminster is the West Indies. Tarshish, Tartessus, originally a settlement near Cadiz (Avienus, 613), in the uncertain geography of that period, became the generic term, like our comprehensive expression, West Indies. This Oriental process of nomenclature is exemplified in the present Cairo, Musr, which gives the name to Egypt, and in Sham, the name of Damascus, which gives the name to Syria—as Captain Scott, who has written on those parts, might have known. Carteia was called by the Phœnicians after the king of the city—Melcarth (Kingstown), but by the Phœcean Greeks, Tartessus Heracleon. Although the corn waves over the site,—“seges ubi Troja fuit,”—the circuit of the walls may yet be traced. A deserted city generally becomes a quarry above-ground: thus San Roque and Algeciras have risen on its ruin. When we were last there, in 1833, a gang of galley-slaves, fit instruments for such task, were removing what time and Goth had spared, for the construction of a bridge over the Guadarranque. Mr. Kent of Gibraltar, an intelligent antiquary, has

* Southey's Book of the Church, i. 253.

† Conduit, Discourse on the Situation of Carteia, 1719.

‡ See Ukert, p. 2, v. i. p. 242, and Heeren, Researches, v. ii. c. 2.

collected on the spot many relics, which appear rubbish in the eyes of the *scorpions*, as the natives of Gibraltar are termed. They are, however, the 'disjecta membra,' which, reconstructed, will illustrate the condition of this ancient city. They consist of specimens of Phœnician glass, inlaid with party-coloured mosaic, brass fish-hooks, tickets for theatres, lamps, vases, remains of exquisite red pottery, and medals. Amongst these is a row of coins, still connected together, as they came from the mould. We have seen this dump-like process going on at the mint of Tetuan. The beautiful Carteian medals bear the head of Hercules, with reverses symbolical of maritime pursuits; one, exactly described by Seneca, a native of the neighbouring Cordova (Her. Furens, 154), represents the unchanged peasant, seated, as now, on the same rocks, fishing for the same 'salmoneta' with the same rude implements, and the same palmita basket.*

Carteia soon became independent of Tyre; in proof of which Arganthonius (the old Parr of the ancients) received kindly the Greeks, the deadly rivals to Phœnician commerce. His longevity was a fable based on the Elysian climate of Bætica. Anacreon (Frag. 5) envies not his 150 years, which Sil. Italicus, with Andalusian poetry, exaggerates to 300 (iii. 399). Carteia was sacked by Scipio Africanus: it was assigned, 171 years before Christ, to the illegitimate children of Roman soldiers by Spanish mothers (Justin, 44, 5). The housing this swarm leads to unpleasant inferences regarding the virtue of the fair Andalusians of those fortunately remote periods. The city became an important naval station: the younger Pompey fled thither after the defeat of Munda; the turncoat natives, who had previously supported him, proposed to deliver their wounded refugee to Cæsar, in whose honour they struck a medal. They have met with their reward, and the 'fisherman spreads his net' (the punishment of Tyre) amid the ruins of false, fleeting, perjured Carteia.

The neighbouring San Roque was built by the fugitives from Gibraltar, after its capture by the English. Their descendants linger near the gates of their former paradise, now, alas! in the temporary occupation of heretics: they indulge in a long-deferred hope of return, as the Moors of Tetuan sigh for the re-possession of Granada. The king of Spain still calls himself the king of Gibraltar; of which the *alcaldes* of San Roque, in their official documents, designate themselves the authorities. The town, from being made the summer residence of many English families, is in a state of transition; thus, while the portion on the interior side remains altogether Spanish, and the road into the country behind execrable, the quarter facing 'the rock' is snug and smug, brass knockers

* Flores, Medallas de Esp., vol. i.

on the doors, and glass in the windows; the road excellent, and macadamized by the English for their own convenience. No Spaniard ever looks towards Spain; his eyes, like a Scotchman's north of Tweed, are fixed south on 'La Placa,' the place for cheap goods and good cigars—his Eldorado; his *ne plus ultra*. At every step in advance Spain recedes; parties of reckless subalterns gallop over the sands on crop-tailed hacks, hallooing to terriers, and cracking hunting whips—animals, instruments, and occupations utterly unknown in Spain. Then appear slouching pedestrians, walking for exercise, in short black gaiters, into Spain (as they call it), where none but long and yellow are worn. Their wives are encased in trousers, inconceivable inexpressibles to Spanish legs. Jose Maria robbed a fair wearer of her pair, in order, as he said, to make his wife laugh—doubtless a morisca in all but these oriental 'shintiyan.'

The Spanish lines (as their frontier village is called) consist of a few miserable hovels, the lair of greedy officials, who live on the crumbs of Gibraltar. A row of wooden boxes enkennel the ill-clad lurcher sentries, who guard the frontier on the scare-crow principle. Everything has a make-shift, temporary look, implying an existence by sufferance, which one broadside from the rock would annihilate. The formidable fortifications of the Spaniards were destroyed in 1810, to prevent their occupation by the French; England should never permit their re-construction. The civil and military establishments of Spain, everywhere and always out at elbows, are nowhere more dilapidated than here, where they provoke the most odious comparisons. The gaunt sallow soldiers recall the soup-maigre Frenchmen of Hogarth's Calais. In the time of Ferdinand VII., however incredible it may appear, the troops actually were fed.† The order of the course was after this fashion: a huge frying-pan, containing potatoes, fried in rancid oil and garlic, was placed on the ground, round which each company was assembled; every man stepped forth in rotation, and dipped his short spoon into the mess, falling back into the circle to swallow the contents with Castilian gravity. Their courtesy invariably induced them (after the oriental custom) to beg all passers by to share *la fortune du pot*, an invitation which we courteously but constantly declined. With them it was a squeamish contention between hunger and unsavouriness; the stew, like the Spartan black broth, ought to render the consumers

* The old Iberians, seeing some Roman centurions walking for walking's sake, carried them back to their tents, thinking that they must be mad. Strabo, iii. 249.

† The greatest difficulty has always existed in feeding Spanish troops; the reciprocal massacre of prisoners at once gratifies their taste for blood, and economises their dietary. Killing prisoners is no murder: it is termed *asegurar*, to make sure of them; they are provided for without the expense of prisons or provisions.

indifferent to a life so miserably supported; but fighting men must be trained, the Spaniards must eat, for, according to Hadrian, they have a dial stomach, '*venter solarius*,' which will not go nor strike unless wound up. This diet renders them thinner and fleetier than greyhounds. In 1831, when Torrijos attacked the lines with only thirty men, the whole garrison started off at the first shot, and never turned till safe in San Roque: next day General Quesada claimed the victory.

The north side of Gibraltar rises bluffly from the sands of the neutral ground. It bristles with artillery; the dotted port-holes of the batteries, excavated in the rock, are called by the Spaniards '*los dientes de la vieja*,' the grinders of this stern old Cerbera. The town is situated on a shelving ledge to the west. As we approach, the defences are multiplied: the causeway is carried over a marsh, which can be instantaneously inundated. Every bastion is raked by another; a ready-shotted gun stands out from each embrasure, pregnant with death,—a prospect not altogether pleasant to the stranger, who hurries on for fear of an accident. At every turn a well-appointed, well-fed sentinel indicates a watchfulness which defies surprise. We pass on through a barrack teeming with soldiers' wives and children, a perfect rabbit warren when compared to the conventual celibacy of a Spanish '*quartel*.' The main street, the aorta of Gibraltar, is the antithesis of a Spanish town. Lions and Britannias dangle over innumerable pot-houses, the foreign names of whose proprietors combine strangely with the Queen's English:—'*Manuel Ximenez*—lodgings and neat liquors.' In these signs, and in the surer signs of bloated faces, we see with sorrow that we have passed from a land of sobriety into a den of gin and intemperance: every thing and body is in motion; there is no quiet, no repose, all hurry and scurry, time is money, and Mammon is the God of "*Gib*," as the name is vulgarised, according to the practice of abbreviators and conquerors of '*Boney*.' All the commerce of the Peninsula seems condensed into this microcosm, where all creeds and nations meet, with nothing in common save their desire to prey upon each other. Adieu the mantilla and bright smile of the dark-eyed Andaluza! The women wear bonnets, and look unamiable, as if men were their natural enemies, and meant to insult them. The officers on service appear to be the only people who have nothing to do. The town is stuffy and sea-coaly, the houses wooden and druggeted, and built on the Liverpool pattern under a tropical climate. Gibraltar, the garrison-town of Captain Scott, naturally forms the subject of his first chapter, the light division of a forlorn hope. He praises—

The hospitable body of merchants, whose society affords a grateful variation to the but too prevalent "*ours*" and "*yours*" conversation of a meas-

a mess-table. The table, by the way, possesses great attractions to the *bon vivant*, offering him the enjoyment of most of the gastronomic luxuries of the world at a very cheap rate, champagne and claret well iced and free of duty' (i. 29).

Tell not of these sherbets in the parched lines of Spain, too truly *Σπανία*, poverty, want, and starvation. The shell jackets the officers wear, the pomphorish platitudes they utter, the dishes they devour, the wines they drink, and the deeds they do, have been faithfully chronicled in the books of Cyril Thornton and the "Young American."

Gibraltar would be intolerable to an unemployed man as a permanent residence. The eternal row-dow-dow of the drums, the squeaking of the wry-necked fife, the *ton de garnison*, the military exclusiveness of caste, the dagger distinctions of petty etiquette, the tweedledums and tweedledees of Mrs. Major This, Mrs. Commissioner That, Miss Port-Captain A., Miss Civil Secretary B., embitter the *dolce far niente* of a southern existence. Gibraltar, nevertheless, to the passing stranger, abounds in wonders of art and nature,—in the stupendous bastions and batteries, the miles of galleries tunnelled into the mountain, the Dom-Daniel cave of St. Michael, the glorious Catalan bay, the terrific precipices, the heaven and earth sweeping panoramas from the heights,—the hospitality—(a stranger is a God-send)—the activity, intelligence, industry, and taste, which have rendered every nook and corner available for comfort, ornament, and defence. This elaborate hive of busy men is stamped with all the virtue and vice, all the strength and weakness of the *Hercules* of England,—of her power, knowledge, and system of colonization. Her conquest was not marked by any simultaneous erection of temples to her creed. A hundred years were scandalously suffered to elapse, in which millions were expended in gunpowder and masonry, before a church was erected in this sink of Moslem, Jewish, and Christian profligacy. No national history has ever had a fouler blot, than ours shows in the official neglect by our Government of the Protestant Church. The day of reckoning will surely come; the children of our vast benighted and pagan colonies will avenge the misdeeds of their unnatural step-mother—

Delicta majorum immeritus luea,
Romane, donec templa refeceris!

—meanwhile Pluto rivals Plutus as the Baal tzor, the Lord of "*the rock*,"—where there are Devil's tongues, Devil's towers, Devil's bowling-greens, &c.; all that surpasses the power of man is, as usual among the vulgar, ascribed by the Gib Scorpions to the evil principle.

Gibraltar was not inhabited by the ancients. The Phœnician
name

name *Aluba** was corrupted by the Greeks into *Calpe*, *καλπη*, 'a bucket,' to which, defying Nature as boldly as Etymology, they dared to say that the rock bore a resemblance—a tub to a whale. *Calpe* and *Abyla* were the pillars of *Hercules*. It was not settled in the time of *Strabo*, who discusses the subject at length (iii. 259), whether these hills, whose 'high, up-reared, and abutting fronts, the perilous ocean parts asunder,' were metaphorical pillars with which poetry adorned a barren rock, or whether real *στηλοι, βαιτυλια* were erected by *Hercules*, according to the immemorial usage of the east, and observed by *Jacob* (*Gen.* xxviii. 18). It would be hopeless and unprofitable, therefore, now to discuss the question. The modern *Gibraltar*, *Gdjibel Taric*, the hill of *Taric*, is 'doomed to bear the name of its new conqueror,' who landed in the vicinity. Captain *Scott*, not content with having erroneously derived the name of *Tarifa* from this *Taric*, perversely rejects the word where it is the real Etymon, and admitted as such by *Gibbon* (li.), *Conde* (i. 29), and *Xerif Aledris* (p. 37), who, being a Moor, and writing in 1153, may be supposed to understand a Moorish subject.† In defiance of them and all others, Captain *Scott* (i. 24) prefers *Gdjibel—Tar*, 'the hill of the separation.' We scarcely know any hill on either side of the strait to which such a vague description would not equally apply.

Gibraltar was taken from the Spaniards on the 24th of July, 1704. Sir *G. Rooke* was returning from an untoward cruise in the Mediterranean, when it accidentally occurred to him to attack the town, which, with the usual improvidence of Spaniards, was only garrisoned by 150 men, who had recourse to images and relics instead of guns and bayonets. *George I.* was prevented from restoring it at the peace of *Utrecht*, by the expression of public feeling in England. It is a sore in the side of Spain, which wounds her self-love, and lowers her in the estimation of her inveterate foes of Africa. The formidable efforts made for its recovery are the best proofs of the value they attach to this key of the strait. *The Siege* took place on the 13th of September, 1782. The details have been described by Colonel *Drinkwater*, whose indubitable and premeditated prose, surpassing the unconscious prose of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, is exempt from the ephemeral credit which the hydrophobic *Horace* has assigned to the 'aquæ potoribus' and their writings. The floating batteries were destroyed, not by iron sleet, but red-hot shot. *Count D'Artois* (*Charles X.*) was brought even from *Paris* ‡ to have

* *Eust. in Peri. Dion.* 67, 336.

† *Aschbach, Geschichte der Ommajjaden*, i. 29. *Marques de Mondejar, Obr. Chron.*, par. xxi. 248.

‡ The diplomatic *Bourgeois* revels through many pages in the details of. His arrival

have glory thrust upon him by certain victory. He witnessed the utter defeat of the combined Bourbons of Spain and France; he but added by his royal presence to the renown of Elliott; he fled from the contumely of Europe to the cringing courtiers of Versailles, who forgave for a paltry pun the dishonour of a prince. 'La batterie la plus effective,' said the gay hero, 'fut ma batterie de cuisine.' But a sorry jest is the usual safety-valve of Gallic discomfiture; it is not so with the English. 'Beating or beaten, she will laugh the same.'

Gibraltar is a second land of promise to the Jews, where they congregate, in styes, like the unclean animal which it would be cannibalism in them to eat. The Spaniards, dreading their religious contamination, and still more their connection with the Moors, stipulated, at the peace of Utrecht, that the English should not admit them. Their quarter is sufficient to engender the Gibraltar fever, which punishes our non-observance of treaties. The disputes of physicians rival the odium theologicum. The medical world on the rock is divided into endemics and epidemics, contagionists and non-contagionists. Much depends, as in chancery, on the length of the foot in office: thus General Don, to whom Gibraltar was a pet, maintained that it came from the West Indies; and there was no disputing, as was said of Adrian's poetry, with the commander of thirty legions: whenever the fever raged, boards of health met and agreed, while the multitude died, como chinches. This fever is endemic, and is occasioned by the want of circulation and the offensive sewers at low tide. It is called into fatal activity by some atmospherical peculiarity: the average visitation is about every ten years. The alameda, or public walk, one of the lungs of Gibraltar, is ornamented with statues and geranium trees, which, indeed, they are. General Elliott is surrounded with more bombs than he was during the siege, while Nelson forms his companion, emerging, like Jonah, from two huge jaw-bones of a whale. At one end is a shadowy, silent spot, where the bones are laid of those who die in this distant land. This alameda was kept up by a small tax laid on the tickets of the Spanish lottery which were sold in the garrison. When English lotteries were abolished in England, it was decreed by the supreme wisdom of Downing-street that Spanish lotteries should be discontinued in Gibraltar. The tickets are now sold

at San Ildefonso. The return is dismissed in a few lines,—*relicta non bene parvula*.—Travels in Spain, i. p. 81. Ed. 1787.

• Nutwell Court, and Buckland Monachorum, Devon, are enriched with trophies of this day, which harmonise with the banners and goblets presented by Queen Elizabeth to Drake. The present owner, a Peninsular campaigner, knows how to appreciate these heir-looms of his illustrious ancestors.

a mile off at the lines, to the loss, as was foretold, of the funds by which the garden, a source of health and recreation to the garrison, was supported. Forsyth mentions a club instituted at Sienna expressly—*eo nomine*—for the commission of absurdities and extravagancies. We have had, and have, “the thing.” The surface of the rock, bare and tawny in summer, starts into verdure with the autumnal rains. More than three hundred classes of plants flourish on this almost soilless crag. The real lions of Gibraltar are the apes, whose progenitors delighted the wisest of sovereigns (1 Kings x. 22). They haunt the highest crags, have all the caprice of Crockford dandies, are very exclusive, and seldom visible, except when an easterly wind affects their delicate nerves, and drives them to the west end. These exquisites are perfectly harmless. The Gibraltarians, who never see any of their dead bodies, imagine that the deceased are carried by a submarine way (probably the one St. Isidore thought the sun took), to be buried on Apes Hill in Africa, as the good Turks of Constantinople are taken over into Asia for sepulture. The Ronda smugglers rank decidedly next to the apes. Captain Scott describes their bold bearing, manly forms, and picturesque costume. Smuggling, in truth, is the only active commerce in Spain. The contrabandista corrects the absurdities of financiers, whose regulations, opposed to the moral sense of nations, invite infraction.

Captain Scott justly remarks (i. 33) that the folly of the Spanish government is exceeded by the anomalies which emanate from Westminster. Thus Torrijos and a ‘worthless and ungrateful gang of refugees’ were permitted to hatch revolutions in an English fortress against a friendly power. The garrison was in consequence long cut off from any communication with Spain, and the harmony of the two governments interrupted. The encouragement afforded to the manufacture and smuggling of cigars is a more serious and lasting evil: it is contrary to all treaties, injurious to Spain and England alike, and beneficial only to aliens of the worst character. The Americans import their own tobacco into Gibraltar free, of duty, and without re-purchasing British produce. It is made into cigars by Genoese, smuggled by aliens, in alien boats, under the English flag, which is disgraced by the traffic, and exposed to insults from the revenue cutters of Spain, which it cannot in justice expect to have redressed. The Spaniards would have winked at the introduction of English hardware or cottons, objects of necessity, and not interfering with their own manufactures or revenue; but tobacco is one of the royal and most productive monopolies. The Spanish preventive service, directed against

against contraband, throws innumerable difficulties in the way of our legitimate commerce: no matter is more irksome to the British ambassador, whose time and influence, little enough for national questions, is frittered away in unworthy negotiations about transactions which will not bear the light. There is a wide difference between encouraging real British interests and this smuggling of alien cigars. Spain never can be expected to observe treaties towards us while we infringe them on our part. A large portion of its charges might be defrayed by Gibraltar itself, by a tax on this tobacco, by certain duties on wharfage, &c. The whole place requires reform; the officials, civil and military, are in a state of the grossest ignorance of all that passes in Spain, while the Spaniards have accurate information of everything concerning Gibraltar. It is an Augean stable of jobs, abuse, and mismanagement.

The vicinity of Gibraltar affords a change to the officers from the treadmill round of duty. Captain Scott describes pleasantly the gallop through the cork woods; the shooting-parties at 'Long Stables;' the 'Batidas,' conducted by Damien Berrio, a curious character, who could wind a partridge or an olla within a Spanish league. Our author is great on the oft-recurring subject of ollas: his description of the cookery and lodging at the Ventas, the inmates, supper, and chat, are true to the life (see i. 72). We could wish that his compositions were less spiced with those guttural sounds and 'ajos,' of which, indeed, in all cases, there should at most be a *soupçon*. It may be left to the profligate Brantome to write a treatise on Spanish oaths, which are barely allowable on the wild hills, where the modest winds scatter one-half: we suspect, and indeed hope, that Captain Scott does not understand their full meaning; for he properly objects to the habit in others (i. 128): such words are never mentioned in Spain to ears polite, still less deliberately printed at full length, as at i. 190, ii. 27, *et passim*—for we do not care to specify, lest it should be thought that we had been searching for them, as Dr. Johnson told a fair critic who congratulated him on having omitted all improper words in his dictionary. Captain Scott, 'who courted adventures in every possible way,' (i. 96,) never had the good luck to be robbed (except by innkeepers): the truth is, that fire-side readers at home at ease like a tale of terror, which, of course, is provided for them by book-makers. Such events are rare in reality, and by no means diverting to the Spaniards, on whom this pretty interest is thrown away. Travellers who arrive predisposed to be frightened, cry out before they are hurt: Captain Scott tells an anecdote of Jose Maria, whom we are sorry he should call a 'notorious miscreant.' Our friend

friend is gone to his last account—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*—do not let us kick the dead lion, whose name alone, when he was alive, sufficed to make our officers scamper like the legion at Hernani. Some fox-hunters, according to Captain Scott (i. 97),

'perhaps a little thrown out, were making a short cut across a field of young barley, when the owner of the thriving crop, perceiving the mischief the horses' hoofs were doing, and unconscious of the value of the words "ware corn," cried lustily out to the red-coated gentry in his own vernacular, "Fuera! *Jesus Maria Josef! mi cebada!*" &c. The wave of the arm that accompanied this exclamatory "*fuera*" clearly implied "be off;" and the sportsmen, full of the exploits of the dread bandit, translating the words "*Jesus Maria Jose,*" "*By the Lord, here's Jose Maria,*" naturally concluded that the remainder of the sentence, pronounced with much gesticulation, could mean nothing but "save yourselves, or you'll be hanged, drawn, and quartered." They fled, ventre à terre, to the garrison; a report was spread that Jose Maria had made a capture of the whole field, hounds, hunters, and whippers-in inclusive; an express was forwarded to the Spanish general at Algeciras, who despatched horse, foot, and dragoons to scour the country in all directions.'

Jose Maria, and other regular *Ladrones*, were, after all, professed robbers, and laboured in their vocation with halters round their necks. They were not wolves in *sheep's* clothing, with orders at their button-holes, like the men in office of Spain, of whom, according to our author (i. 38), want of honesty is the besetting sin. 'One of the best patriots, Don *Merino Guerra*, confessed to Sir George Don that universal corruption was the source of all Spain's misfortunes—*somos todos corruptidos*. When Napoleon accused Massena of being a thief, he replied, "*Oui, mon Général, je suis un voleur, tu es un voleur, il est un voleur, nous sommes des voleurs, vous êtes des voleurs, ils sont des voleurs.*"' What is true of French geese is true of Spanish ganders, among whom patriotism is too often, as elsewhere, the last resource of a scoundrel. Captain Scott pours out the scalding vials of his contemptuous wrath on the 'crude and hasty innovations of wild theorists, which are undermining the remaining strength of Spain, and preparing for its utter downfall' (i. 6). The only change he ever perceived liberalism to work in the habits of the lower classes was that it induced a freer circulation of the pigskin,— 'thus adding inebriety and its concomitants—brawling, insubordination, and depravity;' (i. 36)—the necessary and universal consequence of licensing men to be drunk on the premises by a liberal beer philanthropy. Captain Scott, in the life of '*Blas el Guerrillero*,' presents the regular process by which such characters are formed: in youth, dissipation, cunning, lying, swindling, and want of filial affection; in manhood, violation of female honour, faithlessness, dishonesty, cold-blooded cruelty, and murder—then selfishness

selfishness under the guise of patriotism, the acquisition of money, and of the foul-breathed applause of the mob; in every stage a blindness of self-love glosses over the most infamous conduct; until the hero, untrue to himself and others, sinks under the just retribution of outraged Providence, into ruin, banishment, and distress—doubtless to close the scene by the hand of the executioner,—the natural winding-up of such gentlemen (ii. 211). This history, so consonant with all we have seen and heard in Spain, is, we have no doubt, mainly founded on facts.

The professed object of our author is Ronda and its mountains. He proceeds to describe the road from Gibraltar to this capital of the sierra, which is situated amid alpine cliffs and green-carpeted valleys. The mule-track is carried sometimes along the beds of rivers, at others on the verge of precipices, along rugged ascents, which can only be compared to a churchyard or a stone staircase after an earthquake. Gaucin, perched on a crag, like a bird of prey, commands the midway pass: here fell *Gusman el Bueno* in a skirmish with the Moors. The old castle seems part and parcel of the rock among whose pinnacles it is placed. The views are magnificent. A few dismounted cannon rust amid the weeds: they are not needed, inasmuch as the fort is defended by *El Niño Dios*, an image of the infant Saviour, clad in embroidered petticoats, which is much respected, because, according to the *san cristan*, *Ese caballero chico ha hecho muchísimos milagros*.—*Anglicè*, this little gentleman has wrought a great many miracles. The road, justly called by the Spaniards one for partridges, continues amid the gnarled and wide-spreading roots of the sierra. On all sides, Moorish villages, still inhabited by Moors, who go to mass, crown the summits. *Tot congesta manu præruptis oppidis saxis*.—Atajate, Benali, Benarabá, Benadalid, &c. The French seldom obtained possession of these dwellings of the mountaineers, whose poverty was their best defence, especially as the inmates, (smugglers, robbers, and good shots by profession,) like all Spaniards, would fight well behind walls. Amid this change of hill and dale rises Ronda (Arunda), renowned for ruddy-checked apples and damselfs, delicacies rare and estimable in Spain. The people partake of the hardy independence of highlanders. The social attractions of Ronda are the fairs and the bull-fights: this mimic war is a magnet to the Rock, and a godsend to the garrison. Captain Scott, of course, runs his course in these '*corridos*,' and makes a '*fourth*' picador, which is one more than ever we saw, read, or heard of (i. 95). We rejoice to see that our gallant author stands up, like a true knight, in behalf of the Spanish dark sex, the butt at which every misogynist calving vents his petty scandal. We have no space for

taurumaquia;

taurumaquin; especially as Captain Scott seems tired with his own torresque reflections, which, as was said to the canon that yawned in the middle of his homily, is our privilege. The magnificent view from the alameda of Ronda—glorious it indeed is!—lures our author from the bulls to spend hours in dreamy speculation and sentimental solitude, the result of which may be found in the first volume, page 127.—Fudge!—The absorbing natural curiosity of Ronda is the stupendous chasm, 'el tajo,' through which the Guadalevi has forced its way. The yawning gulf is spanned by a bridge, which connects a modern suburb with the Moorish town, and 'dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes below! It cannot be adequately described: like Niagara, it is one of the few sights in this world which surpass expectation; and we must say with Wilson at the falls of Terni, 'Well done, rock and water, by Heaven!'

Ronda contains many family houses, 'casas solares,' which are cherished by the descendants of the good Christians to whom they were granted on the expulsion of the Moors. The old castle was wantonly blown up in 1812 by the evacuating French—their usual legacy of spiteful gratuitous mischief. This mountain capital, like a spider, occupies the centre of many alpine communications with the principal cities of Andalusia. The lines are ill chosen, carried through unbridged rivers, ascents, descents, morasses, and every impediment of nature. The Moors in their time were not anxious to make a broadway into their frontier for the Castilians, who, in their turn, pay back the compliment to the garrison of Gibraltar. The communication with Xeres is carried over a wild and dangerous waste of 'ilex and cistus' to Grasalema, a cut-throat den, which is fastened like a martlet's nest on the face of a mountain. The inhabitants beat back an entire division of French, who compared it to an inland Gibraltar. The women, who wash their linen in the torrents, eye the traveller maliciously, as a perquisite of their husbands. The road clammers over the highest range of the Ronda sierra on to Arcos, another eagle's nest, and through the rich plains and breeding farms of the Carthusians of Xeres, whose convent, once decorated with the masterpieces of Zurbarán, now desolate and desecrated, execrates reform. On the banks of the Guadalete, which flows below, the battle in which Roderick the Last of the Goths lost his crown and life was decided on the 26th of July, 711, and not 714, as our author states, differing according to custom from all the highest authorities* (ii/89). The Guadalete, called the river of delight, by the victorious Moors, 'el río del deleite,' has been confounded by Captain Scott with that oblivious stream of Lethe (the Limia near Viana in

* Gibbon, c. li. Conde, c. x. Mondejar, par. 33, 255. Masdeu, Esp. Arab. i.

Portugal), over which the soldiers of Brutus trembled to pass, lest they should forget their wives (Florus, ii. 89). Our troops in Spain, who preferred one drop of eau de vie to all the waters of Babylon, were at least exempt from this hydrophobia, if not from the sad consequences, which cannot be explained on the Tam O'Shanter principle of hydrostatics. Alas! in these days of infidelity, it is what grows on the banks, not what flows between them, that rises from marital memories the 'lang Scot miles,' and the absent dame, 'nursing her wrath to keep it warm.'

Xeres is renowned for good 'sherris sack,' and the double operation of dust and stinks, produced from the unpaved, undrained streets, exposed to a burning sun. Captain Scott, nauseated by these 'cloacal miasms,' compares the city of wine to Cologne, where all the sweets are bottled up, and hermetically sealed for exportation. The talk of the town is of wine, which is to Xeres what Nile water is to Cairo, a pleasure and a profit. The vinology, the pale and brown, sweet and dry, is all in our author's line. His speculations eclipse even the luculent corresponding chapter of Dr. Henderson, and will be more relished at mess-tables than his geographical discussions, the bore of which he at last admits himself (ii. 375). Sherry, as we drink it in England, is an artificial wine; twenty vintages, differing in age, flavour, and colour, are mingled, till a *neat* article is made up. There is not much mischief nor mystery in the way things are managed at Xeres, where there is neither cider, Cape wine, nor Thames water. Xeres was unknown for its wines by the ancients, who praised those of the neighbouring Nebrissa (Sil. Ital., iii. 393)—the city of Bacchus,—

' . . . Who first from out the purple grape
Crushed the sweet juice of misused wine.'

Bacchus has now migrated to Xeres, where the Botegas—his wine-vaults—resemble cathedrals in size, and the divisions, like chapels, bear the names of the saints to whom they are dedicated; and no tutelar deities were ever worshipped by so many, or such true believers. Some of these botegas contain many thousand butts. The hospitable proprietors overwhelm the stranger with libations. They handle the samples as a fond father does a pet baby—

'Tell all the names, lay down the law,—
Que ça est bon! Ah! goutez ça!'

The manufactory is confided to the 'capataz,' the chief butler, who passes this life of probation in tasting. They are generally natives of the Asturias, 'montañeses,' A peculiar degustatory delicacy is required, which, like a fine ear, is a rare quality in garlic-smothered Spain, a land of the Tempest, indeed, but not of its 'sweet airs that give delight.' Sancho Panza boasts his descent from two ancestors of taste, who differed over a cask of 'divine'

Valdepeñas

Valdepeñas—the judicious epithet applied by our author to the precious blood of the Burgundy grape, translated from the uncertain summers of fickle France to the unstinted suns of a La Mancha heaven. One of these tasters only dipped in his tongue, and swore there was a twang of iron: the other only put his nose into the bung-hole, and protested that the wine smelt of leather. On emptying the cask, a key tied to a thong confirmed the papillatory acumen of the ancestors of a true lover of the pigskin.

Sherry in Spain is called '*seco*,' dry. This is the '*Sherris sack*' of Falstaff. It has long been esteemed in England. Howell writes from York in 1645 for some oysters, which he 'promises shall be well eaten with a cup of the best sherry, to which this town is altogether addicted' (sect. v. li.). There is a fashion in wines and dynasties. The York faction now rules *de jure et facto*. The Spaniards drink sherry sparingly, and as a *chasse*; they designate it a '*vino generoso*'—'*lene et generosum*.' It is not much known beyond the immediate vicinity, and probably more of it is swallowed at Gibraltar than in all Spain together: it is very dear. We seldom could procure any good at Seville, and could get none at all at Granada. *A-propos* of wine—Captain Scott falls foul of mine host of the Garter for advertising his sherry sack, '*Aqui se vende buen vino*,' instead of '*Aqui se vende buen vino*.' Scaliger, a tolerable critic in his way, might have taught him that *b* and *v*, always cognate, are licensed to be so in vinous orthography.

Haud temerè antiquas mutat Vasconia voces,

Cui nihil est aliud vivere quàm bibere.

This literal hypercriticism comes with a bad grace from an author whose pages abound with errata which cannot be accidental. A soldier ought not to have spelt Bailen, Beylen (i. 328), nor a lover of the *cachucha* (cachuca, i. 216), Bailarina, Baylarina (ii. 118), and Ballerina in the next page. An eater of ollas ought to have known that it is the *pod pimienta*, and not the plant pimento (ii. 13), which is the correct thing; and having called Batica 'Spain's beauteous daughter,' to talk of '*Olivefero Bætis*' (ii. 91) beats 'the captain bold of Halifax.' Oh, Miss Bætis, unfortunate Miss Bætis! These are trifles, but a straw determines which way the wind blows, and here are trusses of them.

The road from Ronda to Seville passes through Olvera and Moron; the former notorious for bad manners and fare. Here the French were regaled with asses'-flesh, and the cannibalism ever after thrown into their teeth by their restaurateurs—'*Vous avez mangé de l'âne à Olvera*.*' Blanco White describes, with his usual accuracy, a visit to this proverbial asylum of homicides—

* *Rocca, Guerre en Espagne.*

' Mata

'Mata al hombre y vete a Olvera' (Doblado, 183).—Moron was the head-quarters of Jose Maria, who was guiltless of the spoliation perpetrated on the arts by the 'Cal de Moron,'—*carbone notandum*, although omitted by Captain Scott. This fatal whitewash has swept from church and palace the decaying lines of lingering beauty which Time and even Gaul had spared.

An equally bad road leads from Ronda to Ecija, through Saucejo and Osuna. Osuna (Urso, Ursaon), the burial-place of the ducal descendants of Geryon, is the 'sea-port' where Cervantes lands the princess of Micromicon, a sly joke at a gross mistake of Mariana's (iii. 3), which may be thought a bad one by Captain Scott. Ecija (Astigi) bears a blazing sun on its shield, an appropriate blazon for the hottest town, one ycleped 'la sartanilla,' the frying-pan of Andalusia. It was here that St. Paul converted Xantippe,* at whose house he lodged. This miracle of taming a shrew has escaped the researches of Captain Scott—and the author of the *Horæ Paulinæ*.

The road from Ronda to Granada passes through Teba, Antequera, and Loja. Teba is a small city, built on a hill, on which our author wastes many pages (ii. 370) in discussing whether it were the ancient Ategua or not; and what then? He calls it a Roman town; the present name, at all events, sounds Oriental: Teba, the son of Abraham (Gen. xxii. 24); Teba, a hill in the Bæotian dialect of Cadmaean Thebes; Thebes with a hundred gates, &c. &c. More interesting would have been some account of the death of the good Lord James Douglas, on which he is silent. The Douglas perished at the siege of this Teba. Commissioned by the dying Bruce to bear his heart to the Holy Land, Lord James landed directly in Spain, and not on his return from Palestine, according to Bellenden, who, mistranslating Hector Boece, and being grossly ignorant of Spanish history, states that he went to aid the kings of Arragon 'to fecht against the Saracenis, quilkis were coming with great navies to invade his realm,' evidently having no idea of any 'Saracenis' out of the Holy Land. The metrical epitaph of Fordoun (xiii. 20) records that Lord James was killed at 'the camp of Tibris,' which was taken by Alonzo XI. in 1328,† and not, as Captain Scott states, in 1340 (i. 278). Froissart gives the particulars of the death-bed of Bruce, of the landing of Lord James in Spain, who, while waiting for a passage to Jerusalem, assisted at this siege, and was left, like Graham and Beresford, to bear the whole brunt of a battle, unassisted by the Spaniards. The good Lord took the silver-case which enclosed the heart of the Bruce from around his neck, and threw it into the mêlée, ex-

* Flores, Esp. Sagr. iii. Ap. 8, Ribadeneyra, Floz. Sanc. ii. 284.

† Chronica del Rey Alonzo XI., ch. 86, 91,

claiming, 'Pass first in fight, as thou wert wont to do,' and Douglas will follow thee, or die.*

Antequera (Anticaria), famous for many a tragical deed and ditty, is a noble city of the second order, which, lying out of the way, is seldom visited. In the valley below rises the 'Peñon de los enamorados,' the lovers' leap of Spain, where the Christian knight and Moorish maiden plunged into the abyss, preferring union in death to separation with life. The 'shadow of this great rock in a weary land' is thrown wide across the plain where the armies of Ferdinand and Isabella encamped in their advance upon Granada. To the right are the three conical hills of Archidona (Καρχιδων). Loja is delightful. The old castle, rising in the middle of the town, defends this key to Granada; where the Don Quixote, Lord Scales, lost some of his teeth, and assured King Ferdinand that 'He held it little to lose two in the service of God who had given him all;' 'A speech,' says Fray Antonio Agapida, 'full of most courtly wit and Christian piety, and one only marvels that it should be made by a native of an island so far distant from Castille.' In this pleasant town the Great Captain forgot and forgave the cold, suspicious, and selfish ingratitude of the same Ferdinand, for whom he had won the kingdom of Naples. Another mule-track, if possible worse than those we have just mentioned, communicates with Malaga, through El Burgo and Casarabonela.

Such is the character of the serrania of Ronda, which is engulfed in an ocean of mountain, jumbled about in that careless hurry and confusion in which Nature always is when her greatest works lie around her. In proportion as she is grand and luxuriant, Man appears diminutive and poverty-stricken. The miserable ventas are the most destitute; the traveller must bring with him an adamant frame, the activity of the chamois. The roads are provokingly the most impracticable where the scenery is the most magnificent. Yet dear to us is the memory of those Alpine rides, where hardship was forgotten ere undergone—those sweet-aired hills,—those rocks, crags, and torrents,—those fresh valleys, which communicate their own freshness to the heart,—that keen relish for hard fare, earned by hunger, the best of sauces,—those sound slumbers on harder couch, earned by fatigue, the downiest of pillows,—the braced nerves, the spirits light, elastic, joyous,—that freedom from care, that health of body and soul which ever rewards a close communion with Nature, and the shuffling off the frets and factitious wants of the thick-pent, artificial city.

The execrable coast-road from Gibraltar to Malaga differs from these stony 'trochas,' by being heavy and sandy. The line is studded with 'atalayas:' these towers of look-out and refuge

* Froissart, i, 74. (Ed. 1808.)

have always been required on a shore exposed to the pirates of Africa. They are composed of Phœnician concrete, or 'cob,'* and were called, in the time of Pliny (xxxv. 48), the towers of Hannibal. The name of Castille has been derived from their number, of which Livy speaks (xxii. 19). On the hills behind Estepona (a poor hamlet, which exists by supplying Gibraltar with vegetables) lie the baths of Manilba, which our author has described admirably (ii. ch. 6, 7). Few things can be better than the account of the Curate of Cáceres, his *ménage*, his combination of snuff and study, his anxiety regarding his silver spoons and pretty niece, and his not praying for rain unless authorised by the state of his private barometer; and equally good is the description of the 'Hedionda,' the Andalusian Harrowgate. The fetid waters of this Hygean spring are beneficial to the stomach in proportion as they are offensive to the nose and palate. The smell and taste are attributed to the farewell sigh of a water-devil, who, on being expelled by San Jago, evaporated, like a dying attorney, with a sulphureous twang. The truly Spanish character of 'Tio Juan,' the Beau Nash of these brunnen, is cleverly sketched. We recommend this 'Guide' to all curious in regard of the origin of the baths, their great visiters, and greater cures. The medicinal fluid, besides being good for washing, boiling, shaving, and the general cases in which physicians are consulted in vain, occasionally in full seasons removes confirmed sterility. The panacea, like Morison's pills, if taken in sufficient quantity, enables (those who sell it) to live for ever.

The road continues along the coast, and passes over the 'Rio Verde.' This mountain torrent, with rocky, oleander-fringed banks, is ingeniously converted in Percy's 'Relics' into a 'gentle river of willowed shore;' but Spanish rivers perplex not poets and bishops alone—witness Lord William Bentinck's description of the Gaya (Gurwood, xi. 44):—'The river having no water in it, and being only impassable from the steepness of its banks, is passable for infantry everywhere.' Letting that pass, it was on the hills above that Alonzo de Aguilar and his band were destroyed by El Feri of Benastapa. The sad relics of the unburied dead were found many years afterwards, whitening the battle-field, by Diego de Mendoza, who has vainly attempted to rival the page in which his great master paints the arrival of Germanicus on the scene of the catastrophe of Varus.† The neighbouring Marbella, a pretty town with a pretty name, enjoys a Potiphar's wife reputation—*inter alia*—for stealing people's garments,—

'Marbella es bella—no entres en ella!
Quien entra con capa—sale sin ella.'

* Quarterly Review, No. cxvi. p. 537.

Compare *Guerras de Granada*, 368, edit. 1830.—Tacitus, Ann. i. 61.

Malaga lies nine leagues to the east. The coast road passes by Fuengirola (a name offensive to British ears), where Lord Blayney, in 1811, mismanaged an attack. He ate his way through Spain, and proved by his book that a bad general may become a tolerable cook. Here the rebel dupe Torrijos was entrapped, in 1831, by the scoundrel Moreno.

A mountain-road to the left leads through a bosom of beauty to Ojen, a sequestered village, full of fruit and flower, streamlets and singing-birds, which are rare in treeless Spain. Munda—its position whether to the east or to the west, this way or that way—forms an awful item in poor Almanzor's load. Captain Scott appears to have satisfied himself that the battle took place to the north of the present town. Cæsar arrived from Rome in twenty-four days, with Napoleon-like rapidity; his actual presence was the first intelligence of his intention; it was the Waterloo of the age, the 'last of battles'; it left the conqueror without a rival, and gave the world to one master. The narrative of Florus (iv. 2) is both shorter and better than the bulletin of Captain Scott, who belabours Mendoza and Carter as a bad shot rates a good pointer. The contending armies felt the importance of the struggle; a silence and a chill came over them in the midst. The veterans of Cæsar wavered; for a moment he despaired, and meditated suicide (Suet. 36); his personal exertions were incredible; the day was gained by the general, not by the soldiers (Vell. Pat. ii. 55). Cæsar remarked that previously he had always fought for victory, but then for his very life.

Malaga, called Malach by the Phœnicians, from the staple salted fish, the *ῥαπίχαια* of Strabo, is still a city of sweet wine, raisins, and anchovies. The position is beautiful, the climate delicious. The Guadalmedina, the 'river of the city,' still flows as in the time of Avienus—'Malachæque, flumen urbis cum cognomine.' (De Or. 431). It is the bane and antidote of Malaga: the alluvial deposits choke up the harbour; while, an Alpheus in winter, it cleanses the Augean accumulations of the inhabitants. Malaga, like Cadiz, is soon seen: the 'lonja,' or exchange, in the deficiency of ships, colonies, and commerce, has been converted into a cigar manufactory, the only thriving manufactory in Spain. Captain Scott demonstrates by a series of calculations, that Spain 'can only supply her smokers with seven sixteenths of a cigar per ora [horam?] per diem per man' (i. 209). He deplures, while contemplating the magnificent cathedral, 'that large sums of money have thus been vainly squandered, or at best lain profitless for ages, which might otherwise have been beneficially employed in the interests of Christianity.' This is grudging the small pot of ointment with ultra-utilitarian liberalism.

These venerable cathedrals, which the republican Americans never had, and which dissenters and radicals would pull down,—these glorious monuments of a nation's piety—these title-deeds of Christian ancestors, were long the only asylum to the timid, peace-loving arts. Their good and learned founders were the only patrons of music, painting, sculpture, literature, religion,—all that could elevate and humanise a barbarous and warlike age, and soften the tyranny of brute and ignorant force. How could the '*interests of Christianity*' have been more beneficially promoted? what alms more constitute true charity than the giving honest employment? what employment is more ennobling than that which regards the house of God, the practice and dignity of religion? Captain Scott may be assured that when there is no other temple 'but the mighty works of our Maker,' very little practical religion will remain among his creatures.

The mountain-road from Malaga to Granada passes through Alhama, which yields only to Ronda in the chasms on which it overhangs: the Moorish baths deserve a visit. This former key of Granada has sunk into all the picturesque tatters of poverty: the accommodations are abominable; the traveller, attacked by a plague of nameless animalculæ, passes a sleepless night, echoing 'Woe is me, Alhama!' A wearisome ride leads to the luxuriant valley of Granada, 'where plenty leaps with her redundant horn;' where, according to Captain Scott (i. 228), 'the wheat, though not ready for the sickle, was upwards of seven feet high—[leagues?]—the crops of flax and clover were gigantic in proportion;' and equalled only by those gramina in which Captain Lemuel Gulliver was bewildered near Brobdingnag.

We have short remaining space for *our* generalizing Captain, —especially as the Alhambra has been completely done for in Annuals, insomuch that the bright suns and snowy mountains of Granada, lithographised with Highgate effects and Hampstead squalls, encumber even the albums of boarding-schools, astonishing those who have never been there almost as much as those who have: but living artists must live, and tickle up their wares to the taste of those who buy. Captain Scott takes the depreciatory line; with undoubted originality he tells us that 'the low irregular *brick!!* walls, have a mean and very unpromising appearance, like the dilapidated stables and remises of a French château of the old school!!' (i. 241.) There is not a single brick in their composition, nor a stall for a single jackass. The interior is still worse. Captain Scott, after threading 'several long dirty passages,' stumbles over 'twelve nondescript animals, the *Lions* of the Alhambra,' with which, as with the others, he at first is disappointed. The grandiloquent letterpress of the gentlemen who
illustrate

illustrate drawings for printsellers, with their readers' own boyish dreams about this Aladdin palace, may sometimes raise expectations not altogether fit to bear the test of reality. The Alhambra, however, like the *loggie* of the Vatican, grows upon the spectator; and familiarity, instead of breeding contempt, leads to increased admiration. Captain Scott mistakes for genuine Moorish arabesques (i. 295) the Rafaellesque paintings executed in the Tocador de la Reyna by Julio and Alexandro, pupils of Jean of Udina, for Charles V.* We can only ascribe such an almost incredible want of taste and knowledge to his reliance on the slender acquirements of Mateo Ximenes, who, having been immortalised as a servant of all work—Yanlcicé 'a help'—by the easily-pleased Washington Irving, becomes 'a kind of director-general of English travellers in Granada, and his (the Captain's) factotum' (i. 297). The said Mateo, we speak from two years' acquaintance, is a very good-natured fellow, but more tobaccose than topographical. We trace the fac-similes of this factotum in Captain Scott's remarks on Cordova and Seville. Alas for poor Cordova! the birth-place of Morales, the coryphæus, the Leland, of Spanish antiquarians. Captain Scott's accuracy with regard to historical dates will be best estimated by his correctness in matters which actually came under his own observation. He says 'he witnessed at Cordova the grand procession of Corpus Christi, at the commencement of Lent!' (i. 429.)—This, the most solemn of Roman Catholic festivals,—which he describes as 'a heterogeneous, heterodoxical mixture of bigotry and liberty, superstition and constitution, wax candles and fixed bayonets,'—always takes place in Cordova, as in the whole Romish world, on the 21st of June—but he cannot be accurate even by accident.

According to the Captain, 'The date of the foundation of Cordova is unknown: Strabo attributes it to a Marcellus; who, and what, is difficult to determine; but it was built by the Romans to secure their dominion over the country after the expulsion of the Carthaginians' (i. 413). This is too bad: it contains more mistakes than words. Strabo (iii. 207, 243) expressly states that Cordova was the Carthaginian capital, and second only to Cadiz in wealth and traffic. Like Cadiz, Cordova deserted Carthage for Rome; it suffered dreadfully in the civil wars; having espoused the cause of Pompey, it was visited by the vengeance of Cæsar (Seneca ad Cord. 7); the houses and property were confiscated, and divided among the poor nobility of Rome by Marcellus, lieutenant to Cæsar (Mannert. *Hisp.* 311), who restored and rebuilt the city. This asylum of noble paupers was termed 'Patricia'; their pride and poverty have descended unchanged

* Cean Bermudez, Dic. ii. 352.

to modern times. 'La cepa,' the stock of Cordova, is synonymous with the most aristocratic 'sangre su,' the bluest blood: hence it was observed by Gonzalo de Cordova, the Great Captain (and the only great captain Spain ever produced), that there were many other cities in which it was better to reside, but none so good to have been born in as Cordova. Cordova! poetic Cordova! when seen from afar, with its drooping palmas, the banners of the clime, its Moorish towers, walls, and pinnacles, appears beautiful as in the days of the luxurious, high-bred Abde-rahman; but it has sunk into poverty and decay. The mosque, for the Christian cathedral is still called 'la Mesquita,' is perhaps the most extraordinary building in Europe. It is unlike anything we expect or have seen before: it transports the admiring spectator from Spain to Syria, from Cordova to Damascus.

If Captain Scott had 'writ his annals true' of Seville, fascinating Seville, the Athens and Capua of Andalusia, we should say with the Vicomte de Ségur, 'On m'a gâté mon Paris.' His information, however, is more limited than his leave of absence, 'which he admits and deploras' (ii. 239). Neither he nor Almanzor can have ever galloped through the town. At all events, if he did, he lost his seat, and verified the old proverb, 'Quien fue a Sevilla perdió su silla.' The walls, which he describes 'as a patched-up work of all ages and nations,' offer, especially on the northern side, the most perfect and genuine specimen of Moorish circumvallation in all Spain. He is surprised 'at the extraordinary, though perhaps not unsuitable name of the market, 'la plaza de la Encarnacion' [Encarnacion]. Encarnation no more refers to meat than Covent Garden does to Coventry. The market was built on the site of a destroyed convent, dedicated to that mystery. He informs us 'that the tower of the cathedral is called la Giralda, from a colossal statue of Faith.' It is called la Giralda, from the Vane,—'gírar,' to turn round. Our 'faith' in the Captain is, indeed, of that colossal fabric which such etymologies inspire. Thus the 'torre del oro,' according to him, was so termed, 'because the gold of Mexico was kept in it.' This Moorish outwork, gilded by the setting sun-beam, obtained its present name long before Mexico was discovered; nor was anything ever guarded therein, save the guilt or misery of state-prisoners. Captain Scott, in his flying visit to Seville, makes a culinary discovery, which unfortunately escaped our observation during a three years' residence: 'in the entertainments of the nobility, the French style prevails, even to the wines.' So far from this being true, the hereditary loathing of Frenchmen descends even into the kitchens of Spain—'dis moi ce que tu manges, et je te dirai ce que tu es.' Even royalty adhered to the

the old style. Ferdinand VII. fed on puchero ; a gastronomic divorce à mensa (*non thoro*) existed between him and the virtuous Christina, whose macaroni was prepared by a Neapolitan *artiste*. A pleasing connubial contention regularly took place, when each in vain endeavoured to persuade the other to taste their respective messes—'naturam expellas furcâ.' To be asked to eat a Spaniard's dinner is a rare event, and providentially so. Hospitality does not consist, in that temperate land, in boozing and gormandizing, nor is the giving a dinner to those who do not want one thought any particular mark of beneficence by a Spanish gentleman. We can assure Captain Scott, from much dyspeptic experience, that at these noble, and, according to him, Paris-like entertainments, the guest requires a muleteer power of oil and garlic digestion. Enough of this. These crudities of hasty travellers, to be gobbled up indeed during a few days' residence at an inn, form a sorry qualification for decisions on the manners of a nation. The best of all society is everywhere the most difficult of access: the scum floats on the surface; yet the hand-books of passers-by are larded with a conventional idea of Spanish life, which is handed down from one to the other, until, like an imaginary portrait, the false copy passes for a true original. The outside of a country, the face and form of nature, the salient characteristics of the lower orders, the ventas, muleteers, and bull-fights, fall within the compass of every traveller of common observation, and naturally constitute the farrago of all Spanish tours from Mr. Slidell to Mr. Inglis, from Alpha to Omicron. Captain Scott, on such topics, is entitled to rank among the most lively and entertaining. It is to be lamented that he wandered into subjects which he did not understand, and into details of which he was utterly misinformed. He means well, and errs more from the head than heart. To us, his sketches have recalled many pleasurable remembrances of Spanish travel; but there is a satiety even of gaspachos, for which Sancho Panza alone was honest enough to resign office and palace dinnering—and the marrow of such matters has been pithily extracted in a military dialogue of Alexandre Dumas, with which we will conclude.

'Lorrain.—J'arrive de l'Andalousie, et je vous en souhaite des Andalouses—je ne vous dis que ça—quant aux hommes en Espagne, voyez vous c'est un drole de particuliers, des manteaux qui marchent—voilà tout.

Premier Soldat.—Ah! ça—Qu'est ce que ça mange? Ça mange-t-il?

Lorrain.—Ça mange de l'ail au chocolat, ou du chocolat à l'ail, je ne sais pas au juste. Ça se dit noble comme la cuisse d'Abraham. Ça n'a pas le sou dans sa poche. C'est sec comme de l'amadou, noir comme un taupe, et ça fume comme un tuyau de poêle—voilà l'Espagnol!

ART. II.—*The Natural History of the Sperm Whale, &c. &c. To which is added, a Sketch of a South-Sea Whaling Voyage.* By Thomas Beale, Surgeon. London. Small 8vo. 1839.

THE patron who does us the honour to take up this article, as a gentle preparative for an after-dinner nap, may, perhaps, pardon us for reminding him that the light of his lamp is borrowed from the largest of known living animals; that the oil which turns his night into day once formed part of a being whose heart sent out ten or fifteen gallons of blood at every stroke, through an aorta measuring a foot in diameter; and that the creature whose gigantic frame was nourished by this flood of life gambled on the broad back of the ocean, rejoicing in his strength, till the pigmy man, whose head and hand give him dominion over every other living thing, made war upon him in his own dominion, and left the enormous mass inanimate, 'floating many a rood.' Nor is every one acquainted with the dangers and privations borne by those who seek the monster in his remote watery kingdom. A South-Sea whaling voyage often exceeds three years, and hardly ever occupies less than two; and to the sailor employed in this fishery, Sheridan's beautiful lines may, without exaggeration, be applied:—

'The wand'ring tar, who not for years has press'd
The widow'd partner of his day of rest,
On the cold deck—far from her arms remov'd—
Still hums the ditty that his Susan lov'd;
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.'

And here we may notice the high and palmy state to which this branch of our trade has now attained, and how good a nursery for seamen it has become. From the port of London alone an average of seventy sail of fine ships, of a burthen ranging from three to four hundred tons, are annually on the look-out for spermaceti whales. The crews of these ships, which are fully provisioned for three years, and sail from London at all times of the year, consist of from twenty-eight to thirty-three men and officers—including the surgeon—who occasionally condescends to keep an eye also on the culinary department, which, after all, seems to us to be a very commendable species of mixed practice. All the men are, in point of fact, co-adventurers with the owner; for they *go on the lay*—that is, they have a certain share of the produce, instead of the ordinary money-payment. As, for obvious reasons, there are in such expeditions 'no more cats than can catch mice,' the mariner who has been afloat in one of these ships is pretty sure to turn out a crack specimen of his genus—a smart fellow, case-hardened to any climate, expert in all his professional

essional duties, but proverbially so in the use of the oar—endued with imperturbable nerves and quick decision, eagle-eyed, and lion-hearted. The love of distinction, self-interest, self-preservation—all the motives, in short, that can stimulate to exertion, are brought into play. The ardour with which this dangerous sea-hunting is pursued seems to take the strongest possession of the men's minds; and one of their most usual modes of making a heavy hour light is sketching their favourite ship, whales in various attitudes, and the hair-breadth escapes of their companions and themselves, upon the tooth of one of the monsters whom they have seen die, pierced with almost as many darts as the 'monstreux Physetère,' killed by Pantagruel, 'chose moult plaisante à veoir.'

The fishery appears to have been first carried on by a few individuals in our old colonies of North America from their own shores, till, the numbers of the whales diminishing as those of the captors increased, the latter began to find it necessary to pursue their prey to the more distant and secure retreats, whither persecution had driven them. At length, we find the American navigators taking to the fishery in earnest, in the South Atlantic Ocean, as well as the North: so that from the year 1771 to 1775, Massachussets alone annually employed 183 vessels, carrying 13,820 tons, in the North Atlantic fishery; and 121 ships, carrying 14,026 tons, in that of the South. This vigorous proceeding did not escape the penetrating eye of Burke. In his splendid speech on American affairs, in 1774, he introduced a most glowing eulogy of the piscatory enterprise of the New Englanders:—

Falkland Island, which seems too remote for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place for their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both poles. While some of them draw the line or strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed with their fisheries—no climate that is not witness of their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pursued by this recent people—a people who are still in the gristle, and not hardened into manhood.

This stirring appeal seems to have roused the spirit of our merchants and ship-owners; for in 1775 ships were, apparently for the first time, fitted out by them and sent to the South Seas for the purpose of bringing back sperm and other oils. Much success was not, however, attendant on this effort, for the chief haunts of the spermaceti whale had not been discovered by these vessels. In 1776, the government began to try the system of bounties;

bounties; but still, for the reason just given, the success was but trifling: indeed, in 1781, four ships, which had been fitted out for the river St. Lawrence, returned, after an absence of considerable duration, with only six gallons of sperm oil among the whole of them.

France, which seems to have preceded the other European nations in this fishery, but had for many years almost entirely neglected it, again, in 1784, turned her attention towards it, and Louis XVI. sent from Dunkirk six sail on his own account. This example of the king was followed by his subjects, and in 1790, France had forty sail employed in the fishery. Then came the revolutionary storm, and swept away every trace of the trade as far as France was concerned, nor does the French fishery ever seem to have revived. Mr. M'Culloch tells us that, with the exception of an American house at Dunkirk, hardly any one has, of late, thought of sending out a ship from France.

For this country the flourishing period of the fishery is to be dated from the year 1785. In that year our people discovered the haunts of the sperm whale, and, after an absence of about a twelvemonth, many ships returned with from twenty to eighty tons of sperm-oil; so that in 1786, when the bounties were increased, 327 tons of this oil, which sold for 43*l.* per ton, were brought to England. Our success now equalled that of the American whalers. In 1788, ships of increased size (from 150 to 300 tons burthen) were sent from our ports; and we are told that they still continued, like the Americans, to fish on this side Cape Horn, taking the common black, as well as the sperm whales, at such places as the Gulf of Guinea, the coast of Brazil, and Falkland Islands, and looking for sperm whales in particular about the equinoctial line.

We now arrive at the period when the great El Dorado of the whale-fishery in the two Pacifics was opened up, and we cannot but feel proud that this crowning effort was reserved for our countrymen. The discovery forms a grand era in our commercial history. The enterprise of the whalers first opened to us a beneficial intercourse with the coasts of Spanish America: it led in the sequel to the independence of the Spanish colonies. But for our whalers we never might have founded our colonies in Van Diemen's Land and Australia—or if we had, we could not have maintained them in their early stages of danger and privation. Moreover, our intimacy with the Polynesians must be traced to the same source. The whalers were the first that traded in that quarter—they prepared the field for the missionaries; and the same thing is now in progress in New Ireland, New Britain, and New Zealand.

'The grand speculation of sending ships round Cape Horn into the Pacific, in order to extend the sperm whale fishery was reserved for the bold and enterprising mind of Mr. Enderby, a London merchant, who fitted out, at a vast expense, the ship *Amelia*, Captain Shields, which sailed on the 1st of September, 1788, and returned on the 12th of March, 1790, making an absence of one year and seven months, but bringing home the enormous cargo of 139 tons of sperm oil.'

Thirty-one years afterwards, this example having been largely followed and with steady success, another grand impulse was given by the same vigorous speculator. Mr. Enderby then despatched the *Syren*, of 500 tons burden, to explore a new region.

'She sailed on the 3rd of August, 1819, and arrived off the coast of Japan on the 5th of April, 1820, where she fell in with immense numbers of the spermaceti whale, which her crew gave chase to with excellent success; for they returned to their native land on the 21st of April, 1822, after an absence of about two years and eight months, during which time they had by their industry, courage, and perseverance gathered from the confines of the North Pacific Ocean no less than the enormous quantity of *three hundred and forty-six tons* of sperm oil, which was brought into the port of London in safety and triumph, showing a success unprecedented in the annals of whaling, and which astonished and stimulated to exertion all those engaged in the trade throughout Europe and America. The Japan fishery was speedily established, and remains to this day the principal one of both Pacifics. The whole fishery of the Seychelles owes its origin to the extraordinary enterprize of the same gentleman, whose ship, the *Swan*, completed the first voyage to that quarter in 1825.

'During the year 1821, the government, finding that the sperm whale fishery was fully established, thought proper to discontinue the system of the bounties—so that the crews of the various ships which resorted to the fisheries were made to depend altogether upon the success of their own exertions.

'In 1823, the first introduction of sperm oil from the Australian colonies took place, the principal part of which was brought from Sydney; and when in 1836 the imperial measure was introduced, we find that the enormous quantity of sperm oil altogether imported into London during that year amounted to 6083 tons! while the ships that were employed in the fishery were of from 300 to 400 tons.'

Having, we think, stated enough to convince the most sceptical of the value of this fishery, we have now to introduce the reader to the whale itself, and to the most interesting part of Mr. Beale's highly interesting book. It may be necessary to premise for the benefit of the happy uninitiated—we call them happy, for it will be new ground to them—that though the terms fish and fishery are used to designate the animal taken, and the mode of taking it, the spermaceti whale is not a fish. All the *cetacea*, or whales, are warm-blooded; they breathe by means of lungs, suckle their young,

young, and differ in their entire organization from the fishes properly so called. Milton is zoologically correct when, in the well-known magnificent description in the *Paradise Lost*, he speaks of

“that sea-beast,
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream.”

The natural history of *this* whale has long been the opprobrium of zoologists. It would be wearisome to detail all the distressing confessions of almost every naturalist who has approached this wonderful class of animals. Our author is perfectly aware of the difficulties of his subject, on which he is evidently very well read; but the result of his experience is to confirm the opinion hazarded by Baron Cuvier, that there is but one known species of spermaceti whale. He says:—

“It is not my intention, were it in my power, to enter into the inquiry as to the true method of dividing the cetacea into groups, families, genera, or species; but this I can assert in contradiction to Lacépède, and other authorities, that there is no more than one species of sperm whale, and this I say from having particularly noticed their external form, and also their manner and habits, in various parts of the world very distant from each other. The large full-grown male appears the same in every part, from New Guinea to Japan, from Japan to the coast of Peru, from Peru to our own island; while their females coincide in every particular, having their young ones among them in the same order, and appearing similar to all others which I had seen in every respect, merely differing a little in colour or fatness, according to the climate in which they were captured.”

We cannot help wishing that M. F. Cuvier, of whose labours in zoology we have a very high opinion, had, before he published his *Histoire Naturelle des Cétacés*, made inquiry among those who are in the constant habit of seeing the spermaceti whale. The figure copied from his work by Mr. Beale is in itself a proof how little the form of this sea-beast, so well known to the American and Englishman, is known to the Frenchman, as indeed might be expected from the state of the fishery as far as France is concerned. There is hardly a tooth of this whale on which our South-sea tars have exercised their ingenuity—and no ship comes home without some so ornamented—that would not have given him a better figure. We have one of these teeth before us, with spermaceti whales in all postures, every one of them bearing testimony to the accuracy of Mr. Beale's own representations.

The following figure is laid before us in his first chapter; and, in its absence, it would be almost impossible, without much circumlocution, to convey anything like a clear idea of the different parts:—

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 1 represents the outline of the entire form.
Fig. 2, that of the anterior aspect of the head.

Fig. 1—*a*, the nostril or spout-hole; *b*, the situation of the case; *c*, the junk; *d*, the bunch of the neck; *e*, the eye; *f*, the fin; *g*, the spiral strips, or blanket pieces; *h*, the hump; *i*, the ridge; *k*, the small; *l*, the tail or flukes; *B*, a harpoon; *C*, a lance.

Fig. 2—*a*, the lines forming the square are intended to represent the flat anterior part of the head.

We select and abridge a few paragraphs from this chapter. The reader will be pleased to remember, *in limine*, that the full-grown male is often eighty or eighty-five feet in length, and thirty-six in girth!

The head of the sperm whale presents in front a very thick blunt extremity, called the snout or nose, and constitutes about one-third of the whole length of the animal; at its junction with the body is a large protuberance on the back, called by the whalers the "bunch of the neck;" immediately behind this, or at what might be termed the shoulder, is the thickest part of the body, which from this point gradually tapers off to the tail, but it does not become much smaller for about another third of the whole length, when the "small," as it is called, or tail, commences; and at this point also, on the back, is a large prominence of a pyramidal form, called the "hump," from which a series of smaller processes run half way down the "small," or tail, constituting what is called by the whalers the "ridge." The body then contracts so much, as to become finally not thicker than the body of a man, and terminates by becoming expanded on the sides into the "flukes," or tail, properly speaking. The two flukes constitute a large triangular fin, resembling in some respects the tail of fishes, but differing in being placed horizontally: there is a slight notch or depression, between the flukes, posteriorly—they are about six or eight feet in length, and from twelve to fourteen in breadth in the largest males. The chest and belly are narrower than the broadest part of the back, and taper off evenly and beautifully towards the tail, giving what by sailors is termed a "clear run;"—the depth of the head, and of the body, in all parts except the

the tail, is greater than the width. The head viewed in front, as in fig. 2, presents a broad, somewhat flattened surface, rounded, and contracted above, considerably expanded on the sides, and gradually contracted below, so as in some degree to attain a resemblance to the cutwater of a ship.

'In the right side of the nose, and upper surface of the head, is a large, almost triangular-shaped cavity, called by whalers the "case," which is lined with a beautiful, glistening membrane, and covered by a thick layer of muscular fibres and small tendons, running in various directions, and finally united by common integuments. This cavity is for the purpose of secreting and containing an oily fluid, which, after death, concretes into a granulated substance of a yellowish colour, the spermaceti. The size of the case may be estimated, when it is stated that in a large whale it not unfrequently contains a ton, or more than ten large barrels of spermaceti!

'Beneath the case and nostril, and projecting beyond the lower jaw, is a thick mass of elastic substance called the "junk:" it is formed of a dense cellular tissue, strengthened by numerous strong tendinous fibres, and infiltrated with very fine sperm oil and spermaceti.

'The mouth extends nearly the whole length of the head. The throat is capacious enough to give passage to the body of a man; in this respect presenting a strong contrast with the contracted gullet of the Greenland whale. Behind, and not far from the posterior angle of the mouth, are placed the swimming paws, or fins, which are analogous in their formation to the anterior extremities of other animals, or the arms of man; they are not much used as instruments of progression, but probably in giving a direction to that motion in balancing the body in sinking suddenly, and occasionally in supporting their young.

'In a full-grown male sperm whale, of the largest size, the depth of head is from eight to nine feet,—breadth from five to six feet,—depth of body twelve or fourteen feet,—the swimming paws, or fins, are about six feet long and three broad.

'One of the peculiarities of the sperm whale, which strikes at first sight every beholder, is the apparently disproportionate and unwieldy bulk of the head; but this peculiarity, instead of being, as might be supposed, an impediment to the freedom of the animal's motion in his native element, is, in fact, on the contrary, in some respects very conducive to his lightness and agility, if such a term can with propriety be applied to such an enormous creature: for a great part of the bulk of the head is made up of a large thin membranous case, containing, during life, a thin oil of much less specific gravity than water; below which again is the junk, which, although heavier than the spermaceti, is still lighter than the element in which the whale moves; consequently the head, taken as a whole, is lighter specifically than any other part of the body, and will always have a tendency to rise at least so far above the surface as to elevate the nostril or "blow-hole" sufficiently for all purposes of respiration; and more than this, a very slight effort on the part of the fish would only be necessary to raise the whole of the anterior flat surface of the nose out of the water: in case the animal should

wish

wish to increase his speed to the utmost, the narrow inferior surface, which has been before stated to bear some resemblance to the cutwater of a ship, and which would in fact answer the same purpose to the whale, would be the only part exposed to the pressure of the water in front, enabling him thus to pass with the greatest celerity and ease through the boundless tract of his wide domain.

'In young whales the "black skin," as it is called, is about three-eighths of an inch thick, but in old ones it is not more than one-eighth. Immediately beneath the black skin is the blubber or fat, which is contained in a cellular membrane, and which is much strengthened by numerous interlacements of ligamentous fibres, which has induced Professor Jacob to consider the whole thickness of blubber to be the *cutis vera*, or true skin, infiltrated with oil, or fatty matters. Its thickness on the breast of a large whale is about fourteen inches, and on most other parts of the body it measures from eight to eleven inches. This thick covering of skin, blubber, or fat, is called by South Sea whalers the "blanket." It is of a light yellowish colour, and when melted down, furnishes the sperm oil. It also serves two excellent purposes to the whale, in rendering it buoyant, and in furnishing it with a warm protection from the coldness of the surrounding element; in this last respect answering well to the name bestowed upon it by the sailors.'

—pp. 24-32.

Thus this uncouth and apparently unwieldy animal affords another wonderful example of adaptation of parts to the exigencies of the case, and when we come to inquire into the internal organization, we shall have still more cause to admire the work of the Great Artificer. We will first examine how the breath of life enters his nostrils. As, in common with all the other *cetacea*, the blood of the spermaceti whale is aerated by means of lungs—it is of course necessary that he should rise at certain intervals to the surface to take in a proper supply of atmospheric air. The following are the results of Mr. Beale's observations:—

'If the water is moderately smooth, the first part of the whale observable is a dark-coloured pyramidal mass, projecting about two or three feet out of the water, which is the "hump." At very regular intervals of time, the nose, or snout, emerges at a distance of from forty to fifty feet from the hump, in the full-grown male. From the extremity of the nose the spout is thrown up, which, when seen from a distance, appears thick, low, and bushy, and of a white colour: it is formed of the expired air, which is forcibly ejected by the animal through the blow-hole, acquiring its white colour from minute particles of water, previously lodged in the chink or fissure of the nostril, and also from the condensation of the aqueous vapour thrown off by the lungs. The spout is projected from the blow-hole, at an angle of 135 degrees, in a slow and continuous manner, for the space of about three seconds of time;—if the weather is fine and clear, and there is a gentle breeze at the time, it may be seen from the mast-head of a moderate-sized vessel at the distance of four or five miles. The spout of the

sperm

sperm whale differs much from that of other large cetacea, in which it is mostly double, and projected thin, and like a sudden jet; and as in these animals the blow-holes are situated nearly on the top of the head, it is thrown up to a considerable height, in almost a perpendicular direction. When, however, a sperm whale is alarmed or "gallied," the spout is thrown up much higher and with great rapidity, and consequently differs much from its usual appearance.

'In different individuals, the times consumed in performing these several acts vary, but in each they are minutely regular; and this well-known regularity is of considerable use to the fishers—for when a whaler has once noticed the periods of any particular sperm whale, which is not alarmed, he knows to a minute when to expect it again at the surface, and how long it will remain there.

'Immediately after each spout, the nose sinks beneath the water, scarcely a second intervening for the act of inspiration, which must consequently be performed very quickly, the air rushing into the chest with an astonishing velocity: there is, however, no sound caused by the inspiration, and very little by the expiration, or spout; in this respect also differing from other whales, for the "finback," whale, and some others, have their inspirations accompanied by a loud sound, as of air forcibly drawn into a small orifice: this sound is called by whalers the "drawback," and when heard at night near the ship, convinces the listening watch of the species to which it belongs. In a large "bull" sperm whale, the time consumed in making one inspiration and one expiration, or the space from the termination of one spout to that of another, is ten seconds; during six of which the nostril is beneath the surface of the water, the inspiration occupying one, and the expiration three seconds, and at each breathing time the whale makes from sixty to seventy expirations, and remains, therefore, at the surface ten or eleven minutes. At the termination of this breathing time, or, as whalers say, when he has had his "spoutings out," the head sinks slowly, the "small," or the part between the "hump" and "flukes," appears above the water, curved, with the convexity upwards; the flukes are then lifted high into the air, and the animal, having assumed a straight position, descends perpendicularly to an unknown depth:—this act is performed with regularity and slowness, and is called by whalers "peaking the flukes."

'The whale continues thus hidden beneath the surface for an hour and ten minutes. If we, then, take into consideration the quantity of time that the full-grown sperm whale consumes in respiration, and also the time he takes in searching for food, and performing other acts, below the surface of the ocean, we shall find, by a trifling calculation, that the former bears proportion to the latter, as one to seven.'—p. 45.

Mr. Beale then goes into details about the less strenuous respiration of the females and the young whales, and also the variety of the *bull's* operations in this way when under alarm; but these particulars we must omit.

A seventh of the time of this huge animal is occupied, then, in

• Gallow the very wanderers of the dark.'—*Lear*.

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the function of breathing; and when we call to mind the numerous acts of respiration, and the enormous column of air which must rush into the lungs at each act, it is clear that a vast quantity of blood must be aerated. Having secured this supply, the whale can, we see, remain under water for upwards of an hour; but, by what curious mechanism is it contrived that the vast store thus at once laid in shall continue available? A mechanism totally sui generis could alone effect this. The camel is enabled to lay up a supply of water for his desert-journey—and so is the whale of air for its long abode below the waves. The mechanism of our frame only enables us to inhale air enough to oxygenate the blood requisite for a few pulsations: but this suddenly accumulated mass of aerated blood is, in all the carnivorous cetacea, retained in a most complicated arterial plexus, appropriately termed by Professor Owen the *rete mirabile*; from whence it is distributed through the arteries to the system as it is wanted. From this ample reservoir the brain and nervous system draw their stimulus, and the gigantic muscles of the tail their oxygenated blood, so that Leviathan may have his intelligence and activity kept up during his submersion in the great deep,

‘Where fathom-line could never touch the ground.’

In August, 1834, a valuable paper by M. Breschet was read to the French Academy of Sciences, entitled ‘*Histoire Anatomique et Physiologique d’un Organe de Nature vasculaire découvert dans les Cétacés, etc.*’ In September of the same year, Dr. Sharpey, who does not seem to have been aware of M. Breschet’s labours, read to the British Association for the Advancement of Science ‘*Observations on the Anatomy of the Blood-vessels of the Porpoise.*’ These observations are sound, as might be expected from so good an observer; but in the printed ‘Report’ they only occupy about three-quarters of a page. The work of M. Breschet is extremely well executed, and excellently illustrated. He has made the best use of the materials before him; and his memoir, if we are not misinformed, won for him his seat in the Academy: but when *discovery* is talked of, we must be permitted to say a word in behalf of one of the greatest physiologists that ever breathed—whom some that should have known better have thrust down into the second class of comparative anatomists. Have those who so degrade him ever studied that great physiological monument, the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London? Everything that John Hunter did—every line that John Hunter wrote—bears the stamp of extensive physiological views; and he so laboured and so wrote, not for wealth, for he sacrificed all his hard earnings, money, health, everything, to his favourite science—not for fame only, for it is

well known to many that he would pursue and finish an inquiry, and, when he had satisfied his mind, would put his remarks and drawings away: no, he hungered after knowledge, he loved his pursuits for their own sake. We know those who have been heretofore employed on physiological subjects, and who have found in a drawer in the museum of the college that information which they had failed to obtain from the most recently published works.

The existence of the organ in question was first indicated and described by old Tyson, in his 'Anatomy of a Porpessa;' but he took it for a 'glandulous body.' Hunter was the first who determined the exact nature of the plexus, and demonstrated that it was a reservoir of arterial blood. M. Breschet, referring to his description, says it is exact so far as it goes, but too short to be satisfactory. Laconic, however, though it may seem to a modern writer, and particularly to a French *savant* of the new breed, it contains the whole secret of the power of remaining under water possessed by the carnivorous *cetacea*. M. Breschet has admirably followed out what Hunter began; but this is all the praise he can claim.*

The organization in question is not common to all the *cetacea*; and here again we are forcibly struck with the adaptation of means to a given end, illustrating 'the wisdom of God in the creation.' Professor Owen has shown that the *dugong* wants this plexus; and the probability is that none of the herbivorous *cetacea* possess it. They are browsers, existing in comparatively shallow water, where there are facilities for breathing *ad libitum*. They live in a comparatively confined area, and they need it not; but the carnivorous whales, rushing, as they do, at a railroad pace, all over the world of waters, now feeding in the arctic or antarctic circles, and anon spouting in the tropics, could not keep up their steam without it.

But how is the mighty mass of life embodied in the spermaceti whale supported; on what does our leviathan feed?

'The food of the sperm whale consists almost wholly of an animal of the cuttle-fish kind, called by sailors the "squid," and by naturalists the "sepia octopus." This at least forms the principal part of his sustenance when at a distance from shore, or what is termed "off-shore ground;" but nearer land, he has been known, when mortally or severely wounded, to eject from his stomach quantities of small fish. It would be difficult to believe that so large and unwieldy an animal could ever catch a sufficient quantity of such small animals, if he had to pursue them individually for his food; and I am not aware that either the fish

* See Hunter's 'Observations on the Structure and Economy of Whales,' in the Philosophical Transactions. This plexus has also been noticed by M. Desmoulins, and others, in France; and by Dr. Barclay, Dr. Knox, and Sir Wm. Jardine.

he sometimes lives upon, or the squid, have ever been found in shoals, or closely congregated, except in one solitary instance recorded by Captain Colnett.

It appears, from all the observations I have been enabled to make, that when this whale is inclined to feed, he descends a certain depth below the surface of the ocean, and there remains in as quiet a state as possible, opening his narrow elongated mouth until the lower jaw hangs down perpendicularly, or at right angles with the body. The roof of his mouth, the tongue, and especially the teeth, being of a bright glistening white colour, must of course present a remarkable appearance, which seems to be the incitement by which his prey are attracted; and when a sufficient number, I am strongly led to suppose, are within the mouth, he rapidly closes his jaw and swallows the contents; which is not the only instance of animals obtaining their prey by such means, when the form of their bodies, from unwieldiness or some other cause, prevents them from securing their prey by the common method of the chase. The sperm whale is subject to several diseases, one of which is a perfect, or imperfect, loss of sight. A whale perfectly blind was taken by Captain Swain of the *Sarah* and *Elizabeth*; both eyes of which were completely disorganised, the orbits being occupied by fungous masses, protruding considerably, rendering it certain that the whale must have been deprived of vision for a long space of time: yet, notwithstanding this, the animal was quite as fat, and produced as much oil, as any other of the same size. Besides blindness, this whale is frequently subject to deformity of the lower jaw: two instances of which I have seen myself, in which the deformity was so great as to render it impossible for the animal to find the jaws useful in catching small fish, or even, one might have supposed, in deglutition; yet these whales possessed as much blubber, and were as rich in oil, as any of a similar size I have seen before or since.

In both these instances of crooked jaws the nutrition of the animal appeared to be equally perfect; but the deformities were different: in one case, the jaw was bent to the right side, and rolled, as it were, like a scroll; in the other it was bent downwards, but also curved upon itself. It would be interesting here to inquire into the causes of this deformity; but whether it is the effect of disease, or the consequence of accident, I am unable to determine. Old whalers affirm that it is caused by fighting: they state that the sperm whales fight by rushing head first, one upon the other, their mouths at the same time wide open; their object appearing to be the seizing of their opponent by the lower jaw, for which purpose they frequently turn themselves on the side; they become, as it were, locked together, their jaws crossing each other; and in this manner they strive vehemently for the mastery. We can easily suppose the enormous force exerted on these occasions—taking into consideration at the same time the comparative slenderness of the jaw-bone. Some corroboration of the above statements arises from the fact, as far as my knowledge extends, that the female is never seen affected with this deformity.

Mr. Beale conjectures that the prey may be in part attracted by the odour of the sperm whale; but he adds—

It is well known that many kinds of fish are attracted by substances possessing a white, dazzling appearance; not only the hungry shark, but the cautious and active dolphin, both occasionally fall victims to this partiality, as I have had many opportunities of observing. When the Kent South Sea-man was fishing on the "off-shore ground" of Peru, the crew caught a great number of the *sepia octopus* in one night, by merely lowering a piece of polished lead armed with fish-hooks a certain depth into the sea; the *sepia* gathered around it instantly, so that by giving a slight jerk to the line, the hooks were easily driven into their bodies.

'The teeth of the sperm whale are merely organs of prehension; they can be of no use for mastication; and consequently the fish, &c., which he occasionally vomits present no marks of having undergone that process.'—p. 36-38.

Myriads of the smaller species of *sepiadæ* are doubtless engulfed in a single act of deglutition; but if a small proportion of the tales told be true, the whale must not only find a very substantial repast in a dish of cuttles *au naturel*, but occasionally meet with 'an ugly customer,' as Mr. Beale did. There can be little doubt, as Professor Owen observes, that the fears of the diving natives of the Polynesian islands have exaggerated the size of the cephalopods, of which they justly go in dread. But though we hesitate, as Leviathan himself might, to swallow Denys de Montfort's *Kraken*, the gigantic cuttle that was about to make prey of ship, cargo, and crew—the latter of whom prayed for aid to St. Thomas, and suspended their votive tablet in his chapel at St. Malo, picturing the monster with one arm as high as the topmast, and others hulling the ship to some purpose, in gratitude to the saint for delivering them from his embraces; and though we are scarcely disposed to place implicit faith in Dens—not Peter—who averred that he lost in the African seas three men, whom one of these colossal cephalopods abstracted for breakfast—not, however, without losing in the encounter an arm, which was of the size of a mizen-mast, with suckers as big as pot-lids;—though we own that we are somewhat sceptical on these points, there is no doubt that some species of the *sepiadæ* grow to a very large size, and that they must be formidable, if not fatal, to bathers and divers.* Those who are only familiar with the cuttles of our own coasts have but a faint notion of the power and offensive armour of some of the tribe. 'Let the reader,' says Professor Owen, 'picture to himself the projecting margin of the horny hook developed into a long-curved, sharp-pointed claw, and these weapons clustered at the expanded termination of the tentacles, and arranged in a double alternate

* We are aware of the account given in Phil. Trans. of the tentaculum of a cuttle nearly twenty-seven feet long, said to have been taken from the mouth of a whale; and indeed Mr. Beale quotes it (p. 64): *quare tamen*.

series, along the whole surface of the eight muscular feet, and he will have some idea of the formidable nature of the carnivorous *onychoteuthis*.

In Captain Cook's first voyage Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander found a carcase of one of these cephalopods floating between Cape Horn and the Polynesian Islands, a prey to aquatic birds. Parts of this specimen are still preserved in the museum of the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and as Professor Owen says, the animal must have measured at least six feet from the end of the tail to the end of the tentacles. A glance at the preserved parts will suggest what this marine *Old Scratch* must have been; and if any of our readers should have the curiosity to look at them, we recommend a reference to Mr. Owen's description and figure in Dr. Todd's 'Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology.' 'At the extremities of the long tentacles,' writes the professor, 'besides the uncinated acetabula, a cluster of small, simple, unarmed suckers may be observed at the base of the expanded part. When these latter suckers are applied to one another, the tentacles are firmly locked together at that point, and the united strength of both the elongated peduncles can be applied to drag towards the mouth any resisting object which has been grappled by the terminal hooks. There is no mechanical contrivance which surpasses this structure: art has remotely imitated it in the fabrication of the obstetrical forceps, in which either blade can be used separately, or, by the interlocking of a temporary joint, be made to act in combination.'

But we are detaining the reader from our author's adventure, which was sufficiently unpleasant, though he encountered a comparatively harmless species.

'While upon the Bonin Islands, searching for shells on the rocks, I was much astonished at seeing at my feet a most extraordinary-looking animal, crawling towards the surf, which had only just left it. I had never seen one like it under such circumstances before. It was creeping on its eight legs, which, from their soft and flexible nature, bent considerably under the weight of its body, so that it was lifted by the efforts of its tentacula only a small distance from the rocks. It appeared much alarmed at seeing me, and made every effort to escape, while I was not much in the humour to endeavour to capture so ugly a customer, whose appearance excited a feeling of disgust, not unmixed with fear. I, however, endeavoured to prevent its career, by pressing on one of its legs with my foot; but although I made use of considerable force for that purpose, its strength was so great that it several times quickly liberated its member, in spite of all the efforts I could employ in this way on wet, slippery rocks. I now laid hold of one of the tentacles with my hand, and held it firmly, so that the limb appeared as if it would be torn asunder by our united strength. I soon gave it a powerful jerk, wishing to disengage it from the

the rocks to which it clung so forcibly by its suckers, which it effectually resisted; but the moment after, the apparently enraged animal lifted its head with its large eyes projecting from the middle of its body, and letting go its hold of the rocks, suddenly sprang upon my arm, which I had previously bared to my shoulder, for the purpose of thrusting it into holes in the rocks to discover shells, and clung with its suckers to it with great power, endeavouring to get its beak, which I could now see, between the roots of its arms, in a position to bite!

'A sensation of horror pervaded my whole frame when I found this monstrous animal had affixed itself so firmly upon my arm. Its cold slimy grasp was extremely sickening; and I immediately called aloud to the captain, who was also searching for shells at some distance, to come and release me from my disgusting assailant. He quickly arrived, and taking me down to the boat, during which time I was employed in keeping the beak away from my hand, quickly released me by destroying my tormentor with the boat-knife, when I disengaged it by portions at a time. This animal must have measured across its expanded arms about four feet, while its body was not larger than a large clenched hand. It was that species of *sepia* which is called by whalers "rock-squid."'

—pp. 67, 68.

To return to our sea-giant—his gambols and feats when he is refreshed, or when he is terrified, must be a strange sight. Mr. Beale has many amusing pages on these subjects: *e. g.*:

'One of the most curious and surprising of the actions of the sperm whale is that of leaping completely out of the water, or of "breaching," as it is called. The way in which he performs this motion appears to be by descending to a certain depth, and then making some powerful strokes with his tail, which are rapidly repeated, and thus convey a great degree of velocity to his body before it reaches the surface, when he darts completely out. When just emerged, and at its greatest elevation, his body forms with the surface of the water an angle of about forty-five degrees, the flukes lying parallel with the surface. In falling, the animal rolls his body slightly, so that he always falls on his side: he seldom breaches more than twice or thrice at a time, or in quick succession. The *breach* of a whale may be seen from the mast-head on a clear day at the distance of six miles.'—pp. 46-48.

It is not at all clear that this 'breaching' is a mere amusement, or a mode of getting rid of a superfluous quantity of animal spirits after a good cuttle-fish dinner. Mr. Beale thinks it probable that the whale often resorts to this feat, in order to rid itself of various familiars which infest its skin, such as large sucking-fish, and other animals which resemble small crabs, (*Cyamus Ceti*?) in which case our leviathan may be said to be making his toilette; or that he is then striving to escape from the attacks of the sword-fish, or persecutions of the 'thresher,' or from a joint onslaught of both. The 'thresher' Mr. Beale never beheld, but he has seen hundreds of sword-fish; and he alludes to an instance

instance of a whale stranded on the Yorkshire coast, in whose side the broken blade of one of these sea-fencers was found.

We proceed to the familiar life of these herds of *Proteus*; and the intelligent reader will rejoice to find that the schoolmaster is abroad among the whales:—

‘The sperm whale is a gregarious animal, and the herds formed by it are of two kinds—the one consisting of females, the other of young males not fully grown. These herds are called by whalers “schools,” and occasionally consist of great numbers: I have seen in one school as many as five or six hundred. With each school of females are always from one to three large “bulls”—they are called the “schoolmasters.” The males are said to be extremely jealous of intrusion by strangers, and to fight fiercely to maintain their rights. The full-grown males almost always go alone in search of food; and when they are seen in company they are supposed to be migrating from one “feeding ground” to another. The large whale is generally very incautious, and if alone he is without difficulty attacked, and by expert whalers very easily killed.’

In all this our readers will trace instructive analogies—we do not allude particularly either to the Lords of the Creation or to Mr. Scrope’s Athole Deer.

We regret to pass over Mr. Beale’s chapter on the Submarine Nursery and the baby Whales, &c. &c. &c.; but we must leave these and other delicate subjects for the lectures with which our loftiest philosophers now entertain and edify the young ladies of the towns that are so fortunate as to be visited by the Great Association. Science has made such progress in those quarters that no offence will be taken at discussions which we feel reluctant, from old prejudices, to enter on here.

The ‘schools’ of the weaker sex seem to be well conducted, and to consist of a very amiable society; nor can we, without effort, check our malison against the cruel advantage taken of the good feeling of these affectionate monsters:—

‘They may be frequently seen urging and assisting their young to escape from danger with the most unceasing care and fondness. They are not less remarkable for their strong feeling of sociality or attachment to one another: one female of a herd being attacked and wounded, her companions will remain around her to the last moment, or until they are wounded themselves. This is called by whalers “heaving-to,” and whole “schools” have been destroyed by dexterous management, when several ships have been in company, wholly from these whales possessing this disposition. The attachment appears to be reciprocal on the part of the young whales, which have been seen about the ship for hours after their parents have been killed.’—pp. 52, 53.

We cannot give the male ‘schools’ the same good character: they seem to care no more for a wounded companion than the
rest

rest of the scholars do for the unfortunate Durham boy in H. B.'s 'Play-ground':—

'I never but once saw the *young bulls* "heave-to," and in that case it was only for a short time, and seemed rather to arise from confusion than affection.'

These animals, male and female, appear to be highly intelligent, and to have their code of signals:—

All sperm whales, old and young, have some method of communicating, by which they become apprised of the approach of danger, and this they do, although the distance may be considerable, sometimes four, five, or even seven miles. The mode by which this is effected remains a secret.—p. 54.

Now for the style of chasing and killing these marine giants:—

Each vessel carries six whale-boats—combining great sharpness of form, for swiftness of motion, and at the same time considerable buoyancy and stability, to enable them to resist a boisterous sea. They are about twenty-seven feet long, by four in breadth; sharp at both ends for motion in either direction; near the stern is a strong, upright piece of wood called the "loggerhead;" at the head is a groove exactly in the centre, through which the harpoon-line runs out. To each boat are allotted two lines of 200 fathoms in length, with their tubs, into which they are carefully coiled ready for use—three or four harpoons, two or three lances, a keg containing a lantern, tinder-box, &c., to procure light in case of being benighted—two or three small flags, called "whifts," which are inserted in the dead whale, in case the boats should leave it in chase of others; and one or two "drougues," which are quadrilateral pieces of board, with a central handle or upright, by which they are attached occasionally to the harpoon line, for the purpose of checking in some degree the speed of the whale.

Each boat has a crew of six men, two of whom are called the "headsman" and "boat-steerer." Four of these boats are generally used in the chase, and are under the command of the captain and the mates respectively. From the commencement of the voyage, men are placed at each mast-head, who are relieved every two hours; an officer is also, placed on the fore-top-gallant-yard: consequently there are four persons constantly on the look-out during the day from the most elevated parts of the ship. From the commencement of the voyage, also, all utensils and instruments are got ready, although the ships are frequently out six months without taking or even seeing a sperm whale, while on the other hand ships have sometimes, though rarely, fallen in with them close to the mouth of the British Channel.

If the whales should be to leeward, endeavour is made to run the ship within a quarter of a mile of them; but if to windward, the boats are sent in chase—an arduous task. From hour to hour, for several successive risings of the whale, and sometimes from sunrise to sunset, under the direct rays of a tropical sun, do these hardy men endure the utmost suffering and fatigue, unheeded and almost unfelt. The headsman steers until the whale is reached and struck with the harpoon.

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The boat-steerer, also, at this time, pulls the "bow oar;" but when near the whale he ceases rowing, quits the oar and strikes the harpoon into the animal, the line attached to which runs between the men to the after part of the boat, and after passing two or three times round the logger-head, is continuous with the coils lying in the tubs at the bottom of the boat. The boat-steerer now comes aft, and steers the boat by means of an oar passed through a ring attached to the stern called a "grummet;" he also attends the line through all the subsequent operations: the headsmen at the same time pass forwards, and takes the station at the head of the boat, prepared to plunge his lance at the first opportunity, and it requires tact and experience to do this in the most effectual manner. At the moment of lancing, he cries "Stern all;" the oars are then immediately backed, and the boat's stern becoming its cutwater, it is thus removed from danger without the loss of time and trouble in turning. Those young bulls which yield about forty barrels of oil, and are consequently called forty-barrel bulls, are perhaps the most difficult to destroy, and sometimes make great havoc among the men and boats.—p. 160.

The older whales, the Falstaffs and Father Dominicks of the deep, are, of course, less actively locomotive; and it is also probable that their sensations are less acute.

The scenes which occur sometimes during the chase, according to Mr. Beale, defy description; but notwithstanding this modest confession, here is one worthy of Long Tom Coffin himself:—

'Let the reader suppose himself on the deck of a South-Sea-man, cruising in the North Pacific Ocean, at its Japanese confine—he may be musing over some past event, the ship may be sailing gently along over the smooth ocean, everything around solemnly still, with the sun pouring its intense rays with dazzling brightness: suddenly the monotonous quietude is broken by an animated voice from the mast-head, exclaiming "There she spouts!" The captain starts on deck in an instant, and inquires "Where away?" But perhaps the next moment every one aloft and on deck can perceive an enormous whale lying about a quarter of a mile from the ship, on the surface of the sea, having just come up to breathe—his large "hump" projecting three feet out of the water—when at the end of every ten seconds the spout is seen rushing from the fore-part of his enormous head, followed by the cry of every one on board, who join heart and soul in the chorus of "There again!" keeping time with the duration of the spout. But while they have been looking a few seconds have expired—they rush into the boats, which are directly lowered to receive them—and in two minutes from the time of first observing the whale three or four boats are down, and are darting through the water with their utmost speed towards their intended victim, perhaps accompanied with a song from the headsmen, who urges the quick and powerful plying of the oar with the common whaling chant of

'Away, my boys, away, my boys! 'tis time for us to go.'

But while they are rushing along, the whale is breathing; they have yet

yet perhaps some distance to pull before they can get a chance of striking him with the harpoon. His "spoutings are nearly out," he is about to descend, or he hears the boats approaching.* The few people left on board, and who are anxiously watching the whale and the gradual approach of the boats, exclaim "Ah, he is going down!" Yet he spouts again, but slowly; the water is again seen agitated around him; the spectators on board with breathless anxiety think they perceive his "small" rising in preparation for his descent. "He will be lost!" they exclaim, for the boats are not yet near enough to strike him—and the men are still bending their oars in each boat with all their strength, to claim the honour of the first blow with the harpoon. The bow-boat has the advantage of being the nearest to the whale; the others, for fear of disturbing the unconscious monster, are now doomed to drop astern. One more spout is seen slowly curling forth—it is his last, this rising—his "small" is bent, his enormous tail is expected to appear every instant, but the boat shoots rapidly alongside of the gigantic creature. "Peak your oars!" exclaims the mate, and directly they flourish in the air; the glistening harpoon is seen above the head of the harpooner; in an instant it is darted with unerring force and aim, and is buried deeply in the side of the huge animal. It is "socket up;" that is, it is buried in his flesh up to the socket which admits the handle or "pole" of the harpoon. A cheer from those in the boats, and from the seamen on board, reverberates along the still deep at the same moment. The sea, which a moment before was unruffled, now becomes lashed into foam by the immense strength of the wounded whale, who with his vast tail strikes in all directions at his enemies. Now his enormous head rises high into the air, then his flukes are seen lashing everywhere, his huge body writhes in violent contortions from the agony the "iron" has inflicted. The water all around him is a mass of foam, some of it darts to a considerable height—the sounds of the blows from his tail on the surface of the sea can be heard for miles!

"Stern all!" cries the headsman; but the whale suddenly disappears; he has "sounded;" the line is running through the groove at the head of the boat with lightning-like velocity; it smokes—it ignites, from the heat produced by the friction—the headsman, cool and collected, pours water upon it as it passes. But an oar is now held up in their boat; it signifies that their line is rapidly running out; two hundred fathoms are nearly exhausted: up flies one of the other boats, and "bends on" another line, just in time to save that which was nearly lost. But still the monster descends; he is seeking to rid himself of his enemies by descending into the dark and unknown depths of the vast ocean. They next bend on the "drougues," to retard his career, but he does not turn; another and another have but slight influence in checking the force of his descent; two more lines are exhausted—he is six hundred fathoms deep! "Stand ready to bend on!" cries the mate to the fourth boat (for sometimes, though not often,

* Both the ear and the eye of the sperm whale are more complicated and powerful than the corresponding organs in the other whales. We are sorry not to have room for Mr. Beale's very curious account of these matters.

they take the whole four lines away with them—800 fathoms.); but it is not required, he is rising. "Haul in the slack," observes the headsmen, while the boat-steerer coils it again carefully into the tubs as it is drawn up. The whale is now seen approaching the surface; the gurgling and bubbling water which rises before also proclaims that he is near; his nose starts from the sea; the rushing spout is projected high and suddenly, from his agitation. The "slack" of the line is now coiled in the tubs, and those in the "fast" boat haul themselves gently towards the whale; the boat-steerer places the headsmen close to the fin of the trembling animal, who immediately buries his long lance in the vitals of the leviathan, while, at the same moment, those in one of the other boats dart another harpoon into his opposite side, when "Stern all!" is again vociferated, and the boats shoot rapidly away from the danger.

'Mad with the agony which he endures from these fresh attacks, the infuriated "sea beast" rolls over and over, and coils an amazing length of line around him; he rears his enormous head, and, with wide-expanded jaws, snaps at everything around; he rushes at the boats with his head—they are propelled before him with vast swiftness, and sometimes utterly destroyed.

'He is lanced again, when his pain appears more than he can bear; he throws himself, in his agony, completely out of his element; the boats are violently jerked, by which one of the lines is snapped asunder; at the same time the other boat is upset, and the crew are swimming for their lives. The whale is now free! He passes along the surface with remarkable swiftness, "going head out;" but the two boats that have not yet "fastened," and are fresh and free, now give chase; the whale becomes exhausted, from the blood which flows from his deep and dangerous wounds, and the 200 fathoms of line belonging to the overturned boat, which he is dragging after him through the water, checks him in his course: his pursuers again overtake him, and another harpoon is darted and buried deeply in his flesh.

'The men who were upset now right their own boat, without assistance from the others, by merely clinging on one side of her, by which she is turned over, while one of them gets inside and bales out the water rapidly with his hat, by which their boat is freed, and she is soon again seen in the chase.

'The fatal lance is at length given—the blood gushes from the nostril of the unfortunate animal in a thick black stream, which stains the clear blue water of the ocean to a considerable distance around the scene of the affray. In its struggles the blood from the nostril is frequently thrown upon the men in the boats, who glory in its show!

'The immense creature may now again endeavour to "sound," to escape from his unrelenting pursuers; but it is powerless—it soon rises to the surface, and passes slowly along until the death-pang seizes it, when its appearance is awful in the extreme.

'Suffering from suffocation, or some other stoppage of some important organ, the whole strength of its enormous frame is set in motion for a few seconds, when his convulsions throw him into a hundred different contortions of the most violent description, by which the sea is
beaten

beaten into foam, and the boats are sometimes crushed to atoms, with their crews. But this violent action being soon over, the now unconscious animal passes rapidly along, describing in his rapid course a segment of a circle. This is his "flurry," which ends in his sudden dissolution. And the mighty rencontre is finished by the gigantic animal rolling over on its side, and floating an inanimate mass on the surface of the crystal deep, a victim to the tyranny and selfishness, as well as a wonderful proof of the great power of the mind of man.—pp. 161-167.

This soul-stirring pursuit, in comparison to which all other sport seems child's play, has its melancholy as well as its exhilarating hours. The horrors of the night here described, deepened by the death of the 'man overboard,' and by the belief that the captain and two boats' crews had shared the same fate, must have been fearful indeed. But the whale, it seems, was the salvation of those who had been given up for lost, and it is no longer a poetical fiction that—

'The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Moors by his side under his lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.'

In the afternoon of a day which had been rather stormy, while we were fishing in the North Pacific, a "school" of young bull-whales made their appearance close to the ship, and as the weather had cleared up a little, the captain immediately ordered the mate to lower his boat, while he did the same with his own, in order to go in pursuit of them.

The two boats were instantly lowered, for we were unable to send more, having had two others "stove" the day before; they soon got near the whales, but were unfortunately seen by them before they could dart the harpoon with any chance of success, and the consequence was that the "pod" of whales separated, and went off with great swiftness in different directions. One however, after making several turns, came at length right towards the captain's boat, which he observing, waited in silence for his approach without moving an oar, so that the "young bull" came close by his boat, and received the blow of the harpoon some distance behind his "hump," which I saw enter his flesh myself, as it occurred close to the ship. The whale appeared quite terror-struck for a few seconds, and then suddenly recovering itself, darted off like the wind, and spun the boat so quickly round when the tug came upon the line, that she was within a miracle of being upset. But away they went, "dead to windward," at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour, right against a "head sea," which flew against and over the bows of the boat with uncommon force, so that she at times appeared ploughing through it, making a high bank of surf on each side.

The second mate, having observed the course of the whale and boat, managed to waylay them, and when they came near to him, which they speedily did, a "short warp" was thrown, and both boats were soon towed at nearly the same rate as the captain's boat had been before.

'I now

"I now saw the captain darting the lance at the whale as it almost flew along, but he did not seem to do so with any kind of effect, as the speed of the whale did not appear in the least diminished, and in a very short time they all disappeared together, being at too great a distance to be seen with the naked eye from the deck. I now ran aloft, and, with the aid of a telescope, could just discern from the mast-head the three objects, like specks upon the surface of the ocean, at an alarming distance. I could just observe the two boats, with the whale's head occasionally darting out before them, with a good deal of "white water" or foam about them, which convinced me that the whale was still running. I watched them with the glass until I could no longer trace them, even in the most indistinct manner, and I then called to those on deck, that they might take the bearing by compass of the direction in which I had lost sight of them, that we might continue to "beat" the ship up to that quarter.

"It was now within half an hour of sunset, and there was every appearance of the coming on of an "ugly night," as a seaman would say: indeed the wind began to freshen every moment, and an "awkward bubble" of a sea soon began to make. I remained aloft until I saw the sun dip, angry and red, below the troubled horizon, and was just about to descend when I was dreadfully shocked at hearing the loud cry of "A man overboard!" from all upon deck. I looked astern, and saw one of our men, of the name of Berry, grappling with the waves and calling loudly for help. The ship was soon brought round, but in doing so she unavoidably passed a long way from the poor fellow, who still supported himself by beating the water with his hands, although he was quite unacquainted with the proper art of swimming. Several oars were thrown overboard the moment after he fell, but he could not reach them, though they were near to him; and directly the ship was brought up, a Sandwich islander, who formed one of the crew, leaped overboard and swam towards him, while at the same time the people on the deck were lowering a spare boat, which is always kept for such emergencies. I could be of no service except to urge their expedition by my calls, for it was all only the work of a few minutes. The good Sandwich islander struck out most bravely at first, but in a short time, finding that he was some distance from the ship, and being unable to see Berry, on account of the agitated surface of the sea, actually turned back through fear—finding, as he said, that the "sea caps" went over his head. The men in the boat now plied their oars with all their strength, and were making rapidly towards the drowning young man, who now and then disappeared entirely from view under the heavy seas which were beginning to roll: a sickening anxiety pervaded me, as my thoughts appeared to press the boat onwards to the spot where the poor fellow still grappled, but convulsively, with the yielding waters. The boat, urged by man's utmost strength, sprang over the boisterous waves with considerable speed; but they arrived half a minute too late to save our poor shipmate from his watery grave. I saw him struggle with the waves until the last, when the foam of a broken sea roared over him, and caused him to disappear for ever! The boat was rowed round and round

round the fatal spot, again and again, until night fell, and then she was slowly and reluctantly pulled to the ship by her melancholy crew. As they returned, the turbulent waves tossed them about, as if in sport, making the boat resound from the beating of the dashing waters which flew against her bow.

The moment the unfortunate seaman disappeared, a large bird of the albatross kind came careering along, and alighted on the water at the very spot in which the poor fellow was last seen. It was a curious circumstance, and only served to heighten our horror, when we saw this carnivorous bird seat itself proudly over the head of our companion; and which also served to remind us of the number of sharks that we had so frequently seen of late, of the horrible propensities of which we could not dare to think.

By the time we had hoisted in the boat it was quite dark; the winds too had increased to half a gale, with heavy squalls at times, so that we were obliged to double-reef our topsails. Our painful situation now bore most heavily upon us. We had lost one of our men, who had sailed with us from England—the bare thought of which in our circumstances aroused a crowd of heart-rending ideas. Our captain and second mate, with ten of the crew, had also disappeared, and were by this time all lost, or were likely to be so in the stormy night which had now set in; being, too, several hundred miles away from any land. We, however, kept beating the ship to windward constantly, carrying all the sail that she could bear, making “short boards,” or putting about every twenty minutes. We had also, since nightfall, continued to burn blue lights, and we had likewise a large vessel containing oil and unravelled rope, burning over the sternrail of the ship as a beacon for them, which threw out a great light. But although all eyes were employed in every direction searching for the boats, no vestige of them could be seen; and therefore when half-past nine P.M. came, we made up our minds that they were all lost; and as the wind howled hoarsely through the rigging, and the waves beat savagely against our ship, some of us thought we could hear the shrieks of poor Berry above the roaring of the storm: others imagined, in their melancholy, that they could occasionally hear the captain’s voice, ordering the ship to “bear up,” while the boats had been seen more than fifty times by anxious spirits, who had strained their eyes through the gloom until fancy robbed them of their true speculation and left her phantasmagoria in exchange. There were not many on board who did not think of home on that dreadful night—there were not many among us who did not curse the sea, and all sea-going avocations; while, with the same breath, they blessed the safe and cheerful fireside of their parents, which at that moment they would have given all they possessed but to see. But at the moment despair was firmly settling upon us, a man from aloft called out that he could see a light right ahead of the ship, just as we were “going about,” by which we should have gone from it. We all looked in that direction, and in a few minutes we could plainly perceive it: in a short time we were close up with it, when, to our great joy, we found the captain and all the men in the boats, lying to leeward

ward of the dead whale, which had in some measure saved them from the violence of the sea. They had only just been able to procure a light, having unfortunately upset all their tinder through the violent motion of the boats, by which it became wet—but which they succeeded in igniting after immense application of the flint and steel—or their lantern would have been suspended from an oar directly after sunset, which is the usual practice when boats are placed under such circumstances.

‘After having secured the whale alongside, (which we expected to lose during the night from the roughness of the weather,) they all came on board, when the misfortune of poor Berry was spoken of with sorrow from all hands, while their own deliverance served to throw a ray of light amidst the gloom.’—pp. 167-173.

Our limits will not allow us to do more than hint at the account of ‘fighting whales,’ such as ‘Timor Jack,’ ‘New Zealand Tom,’ and others, famed as boat and even ship destroyers; for Mr. Beale tells us that it is a well-authenticated fact, that the American whale-ship ‘Essex’ was sunk by one of these monsters: nor can we enter into the ‘cutting in’ and ‘trying out,’ terms expressive of the important art of securing the spoil and taking off the blubber, a service, in some of its parts, of no small trouble and even danger: nor shall we be turned aside by the odoriferous ambergris, though it conjures up Sinbad and all his wonders to our mind’s eye, and is a ‘sair temptation,’ further than to state, for Dr. Buckland’s gratification, that Mr. Enderby possesses, as Mr. Beale informs us, a fine lump of this coprolite-like substance, which the doctor will, no doubt, carefully examine the next time he comes to town.*

We cannot, however, close our notice of this most interesting book, without recurring to the pride every honest Englishman must feel in contemplating such a character as that of Mr. Enderby. Nor can we drop our pen without once more expressing our delight in the intrepid skill of the seamen employed in our South Sea whaling. It is gratifying to reflect that we have hundreds of these fine fellows constantly afloat; and indeed, looking at things in general, we must confess that we are not of those who dream that our navy is quite in a desperate state. Other countries may be building ships—so much the better:—British blue-jackets must be very much altered if, in the event of a war, they are not building them for us.

* May we take this opportunity of suggesting to Dr. B. the propriety of reforming certain proceedings of the Geological Society, which so frequently brings him, like other lights of the Universities, into our less sequestered scenery of the Strand? Why not give the annual oration before dinner instead of after? We are astonished that an eminently convivial association should have so long tolerated the existing anomaly.

- ART. III.—1. *Letters on Paraguay, comprising a Four-Years' Residence in that Republic, under the Government of the Dictator Francia.* By J. P. and W. P. Robertson. 2 vols. London. 1838.
2. *Francia's Reign of Terror: Sequel to Letters on Paraguay.* By the Same. 1839.
3. *The Reign of Dr. Joseph Gaspardo Roderick de Francia in Paraguay; being an Account of a Six-Years' Residence in that Republic, from July, 1819; to May, 1825.* By Messrs. Rengger and Longchamps. London. 1839.

SOME fifty years ago, we happened to be acquainted with the captain of an East Indiaman—a keen, shrewd Scotchman—who, when any of his passengers had related something bordering on the marvellous, was in the habit of stopping the narrator short, exclaiming—‘Show me the book; I won’t believe it unless I see it in print!’ If being in ‘the book’ were the test of truth now-a-days, even the old captain would have quite enough to believe.

It is far from our intention to impugn the veracity of Messrs. J. P. and W. P. Robertson; but we must suspect, with all deference, that many of their pages are much too highly coloured. Baffled as they were in their mercantile speculations, and expelled from the country where a fine field had opened to their prospects, it is natural enough that their hatred of the tyrant, who had persecuted them and their friends, should have survived even twenty or thirty years; but undoubtedly Mr. Rengger knew Francia much longer and later than they did, and we incline to prefer his more sober statement of facts, as well as of opinions.

The territory of Paraguay, according to Arrowsmith’s map, lies between 21° and 27° S. lat. and 54° to 58° W. long.; or, roughly, is 400 English miles from north to south and 200 from east to west. This fine tract of country is shut in by two magnificent rivers, the Paraguay on the west and the Paraná on the east, the latter of which, taking nearly a right-angled turn at the southern extremity of the province, joins the former, at Corrientes, whence the united flood, continuing its course to the southward, under the name of Paraná, falls into the mighty Río de la Plata: thus three of the sides of Paraguay are completely inclosed by two noble and navigable rivers. ‘With respect to the northern frontier, says Mr. Rengger, ‘no one could attempt to pass in that direction without being amply provided for the journey, for there is a desert of more than one hundred and fifty leagues to be crossed.’ The course of the Paraguay, from its source

source in Matto Grosso, in Peru, to its confluence with the Paraná, is about 1200 miles; that of the united waters to the La Plata 750 miles,—in all about 2000 miles. The numerous branches of the Paraná rise in the mountains of Brazil. The Uruguay, to the eastward of the Paraná, has also its sources in those mountains; and it also falls into the La Plata, after a course about equal to that of the Paraná. These two rivers include the province immediately to the southward of Paraguay, called Entre Rios, or the interfluvial country.

The inhabitants of Paraguay, estimated by some at 200,000, but by others at 300,000, are composed of the old Spaniards, Creoles, and Indians. A very few of the latter are the descendants of those who formed the population of the Jesuit missions, which were dissolved, and the whole fraternity expelled from South America in 1767,—and whose place was supplied by Franciscan friars—a most unfortunate change for the Indians. But the Franciscans themselves were in their turn either secularised, or expelled the country, by Francia.

The soil of Paraguay is generally good—intersected by numberless tributaries of the great bounding rivers. The climate also is delightful, and would be still better if the people were to drain the swamps. The products are various, but commerce has nearly been annihilated, between the caprice of the Dictator and his just-enough jealousies of the Buenos Ayres republic. The chief productions are tobacco, coffee, sugar, Indian corn, yucca-root, lemons, oranges, pine-apples, grapes, apricots, and grain of different kinds; but the most valuable is the *yerba*—the herb—(as it is called *par excellence*), and known generally by the name of Paraguay tea (*Ilex Paraguayensis*). It is chiefly met with in its native state among thick woods, just as the Assam tea, recently discovered, was found intermixed. One of the Robertsons visited the *yerbales*, and gives a long account of the process of preparation, which consists chiefly of roasting quickly the tender branches and twigs over a fire till the leaves are crisp, when they are crushed or pounded into a powder, and rammed into hide bags of 200 lbs. each. This tea, or *maté*, is in eternal use throughout the whole of South America.

Another prime article is the *lapacho*, the most magnificent of all trees, in Mr. Robertson's estimation—superior even to English oak. The trunk of one, scooped out, formed a canoe, which carried eight men, a hundred bales of yerba, twenty packages of tobacco, and a great number of other articles. The grain of the wood is said to be so close, that neither worm nor rot can assail it; vessels built of it, when fifty years old, may still be called young.

young. What name this remarkable tree may bear, in systematic botanical nomenclature, we are not aware. But we must hasten to the two brothers.

Mr. J. P. Robertson sailed from Greenock in December, 1806, then fourteen years of age, anxious, he says, like other ardent young men, to visit a land so often described in glowing colours. His destination was Buenos Ayres; but on reaching the coast, he found the Spaniards had regained their ground there, having taken General Beresford and his army prisoners. The vessel, therefore, made the best of her way to Monte Video, then in possession of the English. Here the youth was well received in the best society, and invited to their evening *tertulias*—to get home from which, after he had torn himself from the señoras, was still, it seems, rather difficult. For, he says,—

‘Around the offals of carrion, vegetables, and stale fruit, which in huge masses accumulated there, *the rats* absolutely mustered in legions. If I attempted to pass near those formidable banditti, or to interrupt their meals or orgies, they gnashed their teeth upon me like so many evening wolves. So far were they from running in affright to their numerous burrows, that they turned round, set up a raven cry, and rushed at my legs in a way to make my blood run chill. Between them and myself many a hazardous affray occurred; and though sometimes I fought my way straight home with my stick, at others I was forced to fly down some cross and narrow path or street, leaving the rats undisputed masters of the field.’—vol. i. pp. 107, 108.

He left Buenos Ayres in December, 1811, being now about nineteen years of age. The expedition was purely mercantile, and the ship that carried his adventure had before her 1200 miles of laborious navigation up the river Paraná, in sailing and warping alternately against a stream running at the rate of three miles an hour. As her passage, he was told, would occupy three months, while the distance might be performed on horseback in fifteen or sixteen days, he determined to travel by land. His equipment was something of the same nature as that of Sir Francis Head when he scoured the Pampas, and his fare on the road was not much different. He also had to pass through the *cardales*, as they are called, ‘higher than the horse with the rider on his back;’ but his brother found the ‘thistleries’ of the Pampas, compared with those of Scotland, as the serried ranks of the Brobdignagians, to a few scattered Lilliputians: ‘they hemmed you in on either side as completely as if you were riding between walls *fifty feet high*.’ But, according to him, the thistles are quite in keeping with everything else; which he illustrates by the reply of General Paroissien, a provincial officer, to a cockney, who asked him what

sort

sort of a country South America was? 'Sir,' said he, 'everything in these parts is on a grand scale. Their mountains are stupendous—their rivers are immense—their plains are interminable—their forests have no end—their trees are gigantic—their miles are three times the length of yours—and then' [here the General took a gold doubloon out of his pocket and laid it on the table] 'look at their guineas!'

Though the face of the Pampas was not very inviting, the curate of Luxan, on his arrival, gave Mr. J. P. Robertson a good solid dinner, consisting of an *olla podrida*, followed by *carne con cuero*, or beef roasted in the skin, which he pronounces to be one of the most savoury dishes he had ever tasted. Proceeding from this place at the rate of ninety miles a day, he came to Santa Fé, distant from Buenos Ayres 340 miles.

'If asked what I saw after I left Luxan, I saw two miserable villages, three small towns, one convent, containing about twenty monks; and the post-house huts. I saw thistles higher than the horse with the rider on his back; here and there a few clumps of the Algarroba tree; long grass; innumerable herds of cattle, wild and tame; deer and ostriches bounding over the plain; bearded biscachas (a sort of rabbit) coming out at evening by groups from their thousand burrows: now the whirring partridge flying from under my horse's feet, and anon the little mailed armadillo making haste to get out of the way. Every now and then I came within sight of the splendid Paraná. But its broad pellucid surface was undisturbed by any bark. I saw a stream two miles broad and ten feet deep at the place from which I surveyed it, and that place was one hundred and eighty miles from the mouth of the Plate and two thousand from its source. There was no cataract to impede navigation—no savages sought to interrupt traffic. The land on both sides was as fertile as Nature could make it. The climate was most salubrious, and the soil had been in undisturbed possession of a European power for three hundred years. Yet all was still as the grave.'—vol. i. pp. 194-196.

All the inhabitants of Santa Fé were sitting in the porches of the doors, or in the street on the shady side, the gentlemen in shirts, white trousers, and slippers, the ladies in 'primitive chemises,' a low vestment, and some loose and transparent upper garment, scarcely at all confining the body; every man, woman, and child either smoking cigars, sipping *maté* through a tube, or eating water-melons. 'Conceive,' he says, 'how much I must have been shocked to see, for the first time, a great proportion of the ladies openly and undisguisedly not only smoking, but smoking cigars of a size so large that those of their male companions bore no comparison with them.' The *maté*, the melon, the shirts, the *chemises*, might have been overlooked, but the large cigar in a female mouth—'oh! it was a terrible shock to my nerves!'

Don Luis Aldao, to whom he had letters of recommendation, received him most hospitably, and, after having rested and refreshed himself, a whole party of both sexes set out on a bathing expedition; and here again our young traveller's nerves were as much shocked as he had been at the large cigars in the lips of the ladies.

'Guess, my friend, if you can, my astonishment, when, on reaching the banks, I saw the Santa Fecina Naiads, who had taken to the stream before our arrival, bandying their jokes in high glee with the gentlemen who were bathing a little way above them. It is true they were all dressed, the ladies in white robes, and the gentlemen in white drawers; but there was in the exhibition something that ran rather counter to my preconceived notions of propriety and decorum.'—vol. i. p. 204.

Returning home, a hot supper, with abundance of wine (notwithstanding the heat), was served up, and the same exhibition of water-melons and cigars was repeated by the ladies. We are now to be entertained by a very extraordinary character:—

'One day, after the siesta-hour, as now half transformed into a Santa Fecino, I was sitting, without jacket or waistcoat, with the family party, under Aldao's porch, there came slowly riding up to us on horseback one of the finest-looking, and most gorgeously-equipped old gentlemen I ever beheld. "There," said Aldao, "comes my uncle Candiotti."

'I had often heard of Candiotti: who had not, that had ever been in that country? He was the very prince of Gauchos, lord of three hundred square leagues of territory, owner of two hundred and fifty thousand head of horned cattle, master of three hundred thousand horses and mules, and of more than half a million of dollars, laid up in his coffers, in ounces of gold imported from Peru.'—vol. i. pp. 208, 209.

Two hundred and fifty thousand head of horned cattle! Three hundred thousand horses and mules! Had the old Scotch captain lived to read this passage, it would have tried his faith in 'the book.' He must have allowed that even the scale of things in Sutherland or Breadalbane was quite outgone. Why, the horses and mules alone, if haltered together and marched in a single file, would reach from John o' Groat's house to the Land's-end.

On the opposite side of the Paraná, which is here about three miles in width, is the *port* of Santa Fé, with its town, Baxada, erected on the summit of a cliff. This *Golgotha of cattle*, as Mr. Robertson calls it, will show in what manner some at least of Candiotti's herds are disposed of:—

'It was quite surrounded by slaughter-grounds and corrales; or rather, instead of these *surrounding* the town, they constituted part of it. The ground was soaked with the blood of the animals; and the effluvia from their offal, from large piles of hides, and from manufactories of tallow, emitted under the hot rays of a burning sun with ten-fold intensity, were nearly insupportable. The air over the site of those corrales

corrales was almost darkened by birds of prey. Vultures, carrion-crows, and carrion-gulls, hovered, skimmed, and wheeled their flight around the carcasses of the slain. Here were a dozen clamorous assailants fixing their talons, and thrusting their curved beaks into the yet warm flesh of an animal, which had yielded its hide and tallow (all for which it was deemed valuable) to the Gaucho executioners of the matadero. There, so many pigs were contending for mastery in the revels; and close by, some ravenous dogs were usurping and maintaining an exclusive right to the prey. Ducks, fowls, turkeys, all seemed to prefer beef to anything else; and such a cawing, cackling, barking, and screaming, as were kept up by the heterogeneous family of quadrupeds and winged creatures which were voraciously satisfying the cravings of nature, was never heard out of Babel. I wended my way to the house of the governor; was received with the pompous, yet awkward decorum of a village chieftain newly elected to office; got my passport signed; and in two hours from the time of my landing I left, at a hand-gallop, the carnivorous Baxada.—vol. i. pp. 226-228.

On the second day's journey he was hospitably received by one of the young Candiotis, who, with five and forty servants, superintended thirty thousand head of cattle, and some fifty thousand horses and mules.

Our traveller having at length crossed the Paraná, proceeded to Neembucú, the first establishment in Paraguay. The difference on the two sides of this river was remarkable.

'The open Pampa was exchanged for the shady grove; the pastures, protected by the trees, and irrigated by abundant streams, were in most places beautifully green; the palm-tree was a frequent occupant of the plain; hills, and more gently-sloping eminences, contrasted beautifully with the valley and the lake. Wooded from the base to the top, those hills and slopes exhibited now the stately forest-tree, and anon the less-aspiring shrub, the lime, and the orange, each bearing, at the same time, both blossom and fruit. The fig-tree spread its broad dark leaf, and offered its delicious fruit to the traveller, without money and without price; while the parasite plant lent all its variety of leaf and flower to adorn the scene. Pendent from the boughs of many of the trees was to be seen, and yet more distinctly known by its fragrance, the air-plant. Squirrels leaped, and monkeys chattered among the branches; the parrot and parroquet, the pheasant, the moight, the toocan, the humming-bird, the guacamayo or cockatoo, and innumerable others described by Azara, inhabited, in all their gaudy variety of plumage, the woods through which I rode.'—vol. i. pp. 259, 260.

The only torment experienced was from the mosquito, but here necessity has pointed out a simple mode of avoiding its nightly attacks. A roofed stage on the top of four trunks of palm trees, about fifteen feet high, is the general sleeping-place for the whole family; and to this height the insect enemy never rise. The children

dren first mounted up the ladder one by one; then up mounted Mr. Robertson; then 'up came Gomez (his companion); up came the host and his wife; up came three peons; and, finally, up came the ladder, in all eighteen persons,' and thus they defrauded a whole swarm of their feast. Nothing could exceed the urbanity and hospitality of the inhabitants on his route to Assumption, the capital. At twelve miles from this place commenced a road embanked on each side to the height of twelve feet. Trees entwined their branches across it, affording a cool and sylvan passage to the town, all its approaches being of the same kind, originally intended as defences against the Indians.

Our traveller alighted at the house of Dr. Bargas, a lawyer and graduate of the University of Cordova, but who, having a vineyard at Mendoza, was also a dealer in wine at Assumption. His first visit was to the government house, where a junta of three members, with an assessor, and a secretary, transacted all affairs. Two of the junta were military officers, who had been mainly instrumental in defeating Belgrano's army, and deposing the Spanish Governor Velasco; the third was a lawyer. Mr. Robertson was received with cold and formal civility, and after a few questions, told he might retire. The Doctor and Gomez were ordered to remain. On their return home they brought intelligence of some awkward reports having reached the government:—that Mr. Robertson, by his large property, had created great jealousy among the native merchants; that he had in his ship munitions of war; that he had been employed in making a map of the country, and other observations of a suspicious kind, &c.: the result being, that they must look to Dr. Bargas for the care of his person, and vigilant observation of his conduct; and that both he and Señor Gomez, as supercargo, must give security in two thousand dollars for the strict observance of all regulations.

When the ship arrived, the cargo was placed under rigid restrictions, and every package strictly examined. However, by cultivating the friendship of the most influential persons, abstaining from all political and religious discussions, everything, he says, went on smoothly, and whatever he undertook prospered. The assessor, Don Gregorio Cerda, became his intimate friend. But our traveller, now twenty years of age, soon made another acquaintance of a more interesting description, whom he introduces with remarkable frankness to his sympathising reader:—

* Don Gregorio introduced me one day to the great-grandmother of one of his comrades or gossips. The old lady was eighty-four years of age; rich, hale, healthy, vigorous, and active; and she was in the habit of riding to Assumption from her country-house and back again on a gallant

gallant palfrey, three times a-week. Though a wrinkled skeleton, and brown as an Egyptian mummy, she was erect; she did not totter at all; and her utterance, even in Spanish, was clear, unbroken, and distinct. Her name (and it was a very old family name) was Doña Juana Ysquibel.—vol. i. pp. 304, 305.

In a few days he received a note from this dowager, intimating that she had heard he wanted a country-house, and that hers, though none of the best ('it was the *very best*'), was open for him whenever he liked:—'I will take no excuse; I shall hold three apartments, and the necessary attendance, at your service.' Mr. Robertson accepted her offer—was entertained *en Prince*—everything was put at his disposal. Her civility and attentions were quite overwhelming. Among her valuables, and they were numerous, whatever he praised was instantly made over to him in such a way that the acceptance of it was unavoidable. An accident brought out the *dénouement* of all this. He had expressed a fondness for the plaintive airs of the Paraguayans, accompanied by the guitar. One day on returning home, he found his amiable hostess under the tuition of a master, 'endeavouring, with her cracked voice, to sing a *triste*, and with her lank, brown, and wrinkled fingers to manage an accompaniment to it on the guitar.' On hearing and seeing this, our merchant of Greenock, whose education had not been finished off in Mayfair, exclaimed 'For God's sake, Doña Juana, how can you, fourteen years after the time when, according to the laws of humanity, you should have been in the grave, either make yourself such a butt for the ridicule of your enemies, or such an object for the compassion of your friends?'

'Down she flung the guitar; she ordered the singing-master unceremoniously out of the house; the servants she sent out of the room; and then, with a fierceness of aspect, of which I little thought her capable, she astounded me by the following address:—"Señor Don Juan: little did I expect such an insult from the man whom I have loved:" and on the latter word she laid no ordinary emphasis. "Yes" (she continued), "*loved*." I was prepared, I am *still* prepared to offer you my hand and my estate. If I was learning to sing, and to play the guitar, for whose sake was it but yours? What have I studied—what have I thought of—for whom have I lived during the last three months but for you? And is *this* the return which I meet with?"'—vol. i. p. 311.

Next morning a reconciliation took place—the Paraguayan Ninon had recovered her senses; admitted she had been very foolish—but 'that is all over'—and as a proof of her forgiveness, proposed to celebrate the day of St. John at her house on Campo Grande by a *fête champêtre*. This *fête* is then painted with
circumstantial

circumstantial minuteness, equal to anything that could be done by the *Morning Post*; and we may add, it was not inferior, by the description, to any *déjeûné à la fourchette* at an English villa.

We must now introduce our readers to a still more important personage than Doña Juana. Not far from her house, Mr. Robertson says, one fine evening, in pursuit of game, rambling into a peaceful valley, he came upon a neat and unpretending cottage. Up rose a partridge; I fired, and the bird came to the ground. A voice from behind called out "Buen tiro"—"A good shot."

I turned round, and beheld a gentleman of about fifty years of age, dressed in a suit of black, with a large scarlet capote, or cloak, thrown over his shoulders. He had a mâté-cup in one hand, a cigar in the other; and a little urchin of a negro, with his arms crossed, was in attendance by the gentleman's side. The stranger's countenance was dark, and his black eyes were very penetrating, while his jet hair, combed back from a bold forehead, and hanging in natural ringlets over his shoulders, gave him a dignified and striking air. He wore on his shoes large golden buckles, and at the knees of his breeches the same. —Vol. i. p. 331.

On the young man's offering an apology for firing so near the house, the owner said there was no occasion for any excuse; that he was welcome to amuse himself in his grounds with his gun whenever he pleased; invited him to sit down, to take a cigar and some mâté. A celestial globe, a large telescope, and a theodolite were under the little portico, and Mr. Robertson immediately inferred that the person before him was no other than Doctor Francia. He showed him over his house and his library, talked freely of the state of Paraguay, contemptuously of the members of the junta and their system of government; but Mr. Robertson could neither recognise in his manner, nor deduce from his conversation, a trace of the sanguinary propensities, or of the ungovernable caprice, by which Francia has in the sequel attained so bad a celebrity.

Mr. Robertson, having made a good speculation in his first voyage, proceeded down the Paraná to Buenos Ayres, laid in another cargo, and in the course of a month set out again for Assumption. Soon after his second arrival, an envoy was sent from Buenos Ayres to endeavour to arrange a treaty of amity and commerce with Paraguay; but such a hatred existed against that Republic, that the envoy was shut up in the custom-house, and remained there till the National Congress, then assembled for the election of two Consuls in place of the junta of three, had resolved to reject all intercourse with Buenos Ayres, when he was

glad

glad to take his departure after the inhospitable reception he had met with. The choice of first consul fell on Francia. In the course of this year (1814 it would appear, but dates are sparingly given), a younger brother, W. P. Robertson, made his appearance in Assumption, and established himself there as a resident. The elder adventurer now meditated a voyage to England, and the port of Assumption being closed against all egress, it was necessary for him to obtain permission from Francia to leave the country. On this occasion the consul laid open his system of non-intercourse with the other provinces of South America, to preserve Paraguay 'from contamination by that foul and restless spirit of anarchy and revolution, which has more or less desolated and disgraced them all.' He expressed his special hatred of Buenos Ayres, and his great wish to promote an intercourse with England, direct; and, pausing, ordered the serjeant in waiting to bring in, emphatically, '*that*.' In three minutes, four grenadiers entered, bearing among them a large hide packet of tobacco of two hundredweight, a bale of Paraguay tea, a demi-john of Paraguay spirits, a large loaf of sugar, and several bundles of cigars, tied and ornamented with variegated fillets. These Mr. Robertson doubted not were intended as a present for himself, a parting manifestation of regard; but the doctor soon undeceived our friend:—

'I desire that, as soon as you get to London, you will present yourself to the House of Commons; take with you these samples of the productions of Paraguay; request an audience at the bar; and inform the assembly that you are deputed by Don Gaspar Rodriguez de Francia, Consul of the Republic of Paraguay, to lay before it these specimens of the rich productions of that country. Tell them I have authorised you to say that I invite England to a political and commercial intercourse with me; and that I am ready and anxious to receive in my capital, and with all the deference due to diplomatic intercourse between civilized states, a minister from the Court of St. James's: I also will appoint to that Court an envoy of my own. Such a treaty may then be framed as shall comport at once with the dignity and interests of the great empire of England, and with those of the rising state which I now rule. Paraguay will be the first republic of South America, as Great Britain is already the first of European nations. Present yourself,' continued he, 'at the bar of the house, and there deliver my message, as of old the ambassadors of independent states delivered theirs to the senate of Rome. According to the reception which they shall give to you, (one of their countrymen, and above the suspicion, therefore, of being a witness in my favour,) shall be the reception (*acogimiento*) which I will extend to their ambassador to this republic.'—vol. ii. pp. 283-285.

A fortnight after this, Mr. Robertson left Paraguay for Buenos Ayres; but, finding that the voyage to England would be prejudicial

dicial to his affairs, he resolved on returning to Paraguay. On this occasion he was consulted by Alvear, the director of Buenos Ayres, as to the probability of Francia's sending men to Buenos Ayres in return for arms and ammunition. As a neutral, Robertson could not accede to be the bearer of a proposal of this kind; but suggested that a sealed letter might go in the same vessel. To conciliate Francia he took with him some swords, pistols, and a few muskets, with the consent of the Buenos Ayres government. These, however, on his arrival at Santa Fé, were taken from him by his old friend Candioti;—the Prince of Gauchos being now the lieutenant-governor of Artigas, who had overrun the province of Entre Rios. In proceeding up the Paraná he took to his boat one day in quest of game, and was seized by 'a company of tattered and ruffian-looking soldiers,' who forced him on board his own vessel.

'Here I was immediately pinioned, and fastened by a rope to a ring-bolt on the deck. What a scene of desolation presented itself to my eyes! The crew of Paraguayans had been all put on shore; the deck was in possession of between thirty and forty of the very worst class of the marauding soldiers of Artigas; the hatches of the vessel were open, and the cases and bales of merchandise, every one of them more or less violated, lay strewed about. My own poop-cabin, which I had left the picture of neatness and comfort, was rendered desolate by every evidence of spoliation and debauch; my scattered wardrobe was partitioned out among the robbers; wine was spilt and glass broken in every direction; one man was lying on my bed in a state of intoxication; by his side sat three more in wrangling contention over a pack of cards; and, as if gambling were not of itself a sufficient excitement, they were quaffing large libations of raw spirits. Every one of the demon-like gang was, more or less, in a state of intoxication; and while, with frequent reference to me, significant gestures were passing from one to the other, commingled with open threats of instantly taking my life unless I discovered to them all the valuable property, and especially the money, they supposed to be in the vessel, I was left in profound ignorance of the cause and origin of so barbarous a violation of law. As you may conceive, neither enviable nor comfortable were my forebodings of what was likely to be the issue of an outrage so ominously commenced. Night came on; sentinels were placed over the crew on shore; I was more tightly bound; and, after witnessing for hours a scene of license and debauch too frightful to be conceived, and too gross to be pourtrayed, I was thrust down into the hold of the vessel, and had the hatches closed over my head. Awful as such a predicament was—hearing over my head, as I did, the clanking of steel scabbards, and the loud jar of contentious words as to what should be done with me and my property—my situation was yet tolerable as compared with what it had been upon deck.'—vol. iii. pp. 75, 76.

Having described the horrible treatment he met with from these marauders,

marauders, he relates an incident of the serio-comic kind, as he calls it, which took place three days after his capture. He happened to have a flageolet on board, on which they compelled him to play.

‘There, seated on the poop of the vessel, in my scanty Artigueno habiliments, was I fain to play duets to the satyrs, savages, and imps around me, among whom dancing to my music became a frequent amusement. But there are few evils without their corresponding alleviation in this life; and in the present case mine was to perceive that the intercourse brought about by an unskilful performance on a little reed, had a softening influence on my captors. I can say that thenceforward the only real inconvenience to which I was put by them was that of being obliged, at their pleasure (how little it could be at my own you need not be told), to “play the flute.”’—vol. iii. pp. 84, 85.

He was now told by the serjeant that his orders were either to shoot him or to take him back to Baxada; and the vessel was steered for that port.

‘I was marched to the small and wretched gaol appropriated to the reception of murderers, robbers, and other felonious caitiffs of the worst dye. There they sat, each upon the skull of a bullock, in chains, in nakedness, in squalid filth, and yet in bestial debauch and revelry. There was a fire lit in the middle of the floor, amid a heap of ashes which had been accumulating, apparently, for months. Around this fire there were spitted, for the purpose of being roasted, three or four large pieces of black-looking beef, into the parts of which already done the felons, with voracious strife, were cutting with large gleaming knives. “Aguardiente,” or bad rum, was handed round in a bullock’s horn; and as the fire cast its flickering glare on the swarthy and horrible countenances of the bacchanals, their chains clanking at every motion of their hands or legs, the picture was truly startling.’—vol. iii. pp. 86, 87.

He remained here but one night:—towards the afternoon of the following day,—

‘A sergeant entered with a coat, shirt, and stockings, which he said had been furnished by my friend, with Hereñú’s permission. When I had dressed myself (for I was *all but* in a state of nudity), the same serjeant told me to follow him. I did so, with not very comfortable forebodings, for I had been told a dozen times during the day that the Englishman (that was myself) would certainly be shot. The sergeant, however, conducted me to a separate cell, in which were a chair, hide, and jar of water. He told me his orders were to place me where no one should have access to me; but that my meals should be regularly sent in twice a day. So saying, he took his leave; and again thrown for comfort upon the resource of contrast, I was glad this time to find it in my favour. The solitude and clothing of to-day, as contrasted with the nakedness and society to which I had been doomed yesterday, made me once more think myself a comparatively happy man. Dreary enough was my cell, but still I was *alone*. I looked through the iron gratings upon the flocks of vultures and gulls which hovered over the dead car-

cases

cases of cattle all round; and truly I wished that, like them, I had wings with which to fly from my bondage, were I even, as a consequence, to live upon carrion.'—vol. iii. pp. 89, 90.

After eight days confinement, an order for his liberation arrived from General Artigas. It appears that an old servant of Mr. Robertson, named Manuel, happening to see his master dragged to prison, immediately set off to Buenos Ayres, and told the story to Captain the Hon. Jocelyn Percy, then commanding the squadron there. The Captain had given Mr. Robertson a licence to proceed up the Paraná, and without delay he now sent a lieutenant to demand his liberation; but to recover the amount of the property seized, Mr. Robertson saw no chance, but from a personal application, backed by a letter from Captain Percy, to Artigas, then at a village on the banks of the Uruguay, called Purificación. In the revolutions and disturbances of the southern provinces of South America this man had played a prominent part:—

'Descended from a good family in Monte Video, he passed his youth amidst smugglers and robbers. The Spanish government, wishing to suppress these marauders, appointed Artigas lieutenant of the chase; and in this capacity he now led the pursuit after his former comrades. During the revolution he was a patriot, and distinguished himself in the war against the Spaniards, and at the siege of Monte Video. He was elected chief of Banda Oriental, and soon kindled the devouring flame of civil war. He made an attack on Buenos Ayres; he invaded Entre-Rios; excited a revolt in Santa-Fé; armed the savage Indians of Great Chaco, and laid waste parts of Paraguay by acts of unheard-of cruelty. His standard was the rallying point for the dregs of the human race. Brigands, assassins, pirates, robbers, deserters, all were equally acceptable to him.'

When Buenos Ayres could no longer maintain its ascendancy over the interior provinces, Artigas, being the most powerful and popular of the insubordinate chiefs, obtained possession of the whole territory between the Paraná and the Grand Chaco, almost to the eastern base of the Andes. At the different towns, Candelaria, Corrientes, Santa Fé, and others, he had now his lieutenants, more savage and barbarous than himself. Rengger says, 'it is fair to add, that, had Artigas been left to himself, he would not have acted so ferociously; but he was surrounded by a set of villains, on whom he was obliged to place some reliance;' and he adds, 'that the most infamous of those was a monk of mercy, who was secretary and privy counsellor to Artigas, and who stifled every sentiment of humanity in his bosom.' His whole army at and near Purificación, horse and foot, consisted of about 1500 tattered followers; their camp was made up of hide huts and mud hovels.

hovels. Mr. Robertson was ushered to the presence chamber, and 'What,' says he, 'do you think I saw there?'—

'Why, the most excellent Protector of half of the New World seated on a bullock's skull, at a fire kindled on the mud floor of a hut, eating beef off a spit, and drinking gin out of a cow-horn! He was surrounded by a dozen officers in weather-beaten attire, in similar positions, and similarly occupied. All were smoking, all gabbling. The Protector was dictating to two secretaries, who occupied, at one deal table, the only two dilapidated rush-bottom chairs in the hovel. It was the scene of the Baxada prison all over, except that the parties were not in chains, nor exactly without coats to their backs. To complete the singular incongruity of the scene, the floor of the one apartment of the mud hut (to be sure it was a pretty large one), in which the general, his staff, and secretaries were assembled, was strewn with pompous envelopes from all the provinces (some of them distant 1500 miles from that centre of operations), addressed to his "EXCELLENCY THE PROTECTOR." At the door stood the reeking horses of couriers arriving every half-hour, and the fresh ones of those departing as often. Soldiers, aides-de-camp, scouts, came galloping in from all quarters. All was referred to "His EXCELLENCY THE PROTECTOR;" and his excellency the Protector, seated on his bullock's skull, smoking, eating, drinking, dictating, talking, despatched in succession the various matters brought under his notice, with that calm, or deliberate, but unintermitted nonchalance, which brought most practically home to me the truth of the axiom, "Stop a little, that we may get on the faster." I believe that if the business of the world had been on his shoulders, he would have proceeded in no different manner. He seemed a man incapable of bustle, and was, in this single respect (if I may be permitted the allusion), like the greatest commander of the age.

'On perusal of my introductory letter, his Excellency rose from his seat and received me, not only with cordiality, but with what surprised me more, comparatively gentlemanlike manners, and really good breeding. He spoke facetiously about his state apartment; and begged of me, as my hams and legs might not be so accustomed to the squatting position as his, to seat myself on the edge of a stretcher, or open hide bedstead, which stood in a corner of the room, and which he desired to be drawn near the fire. Without further prelude or apology, he put into my hand his own knife, and a spit with a piece of beef beautifully roasted upon it. He desired me to eat, and then he made me drink, and presented me with a cigar. I joined the conversation, became un-awares a gaucho; and, before I had been five minutes in the room, General Artigas was again dictating to his secretaries, and getting through a world of business, at the very time that he was condoling with me on my treatment at Baxada, condemning the authors of it, and telling me how instantaneously, on the receipt of Captain Percy's just remonstrance, he had given orders for my liberation.

'There was a great deal of talking and writing, and eating and drinking; for, as there were no separate apartments in which to carry on these several operations, so neither did there seem to be any distinct time

time allotted for them. The Protector's business was prolonged from morning till evening, and so were his meals: for as one courier arrived another was despatched; and as one officer rose up from the fire at which the meat was spitted another took his place."—vol. iii. pp. 101-105.

By-and-by Mr. Robertson seized what seemed a suitable moment 'to intimate his claim for compensation:—

"You see," said the General, with great candour and nonchalance, "how we live here; and it is as much as we can do, in these hard times, to compass beef, aguardiente, and cigars. To pay you 6000 dollars just now is as much beyond my power as it would be to pay you 60,000, or 600,000. Look here," said he, and, so saying, he lifted up the lid of an old military chest, and pointed to a canvas bag at the bottom of it—"There," he continued, "is my whole stock of cash; it amounts to 300 dollars; and where the next supply is to come from, I am as little aware as you are."—vol. iii. p. 108.

Though no money was forthcoming, Mr. Robertson says, 'I obtained from the most excellent Protector, as a token of his gratitude and good will, some important mercantile privileges connected with an establishment I had formed at Corrientes;' and these privileges, he admits, more than retrieved his loss. Artigas gave him an escort of two of his own body-guard, and a passport to Corrientes, which procured him every thing he wanted—horses, entertainment, lodging, on the whole route of four days' journey. From hence he determined to proceed to Assumption; but on his way thither he received a letter from his brother, entreating him not to come on, as Francia was exasperated against them both, and he, the junior, was ordered to quit Paraguay in two months at farthest. Francia, it would seem, had some cause for this proceeding. It will be recollected that Mr. J. P. Robertson recommended the letter of Alvear, which offered Francia arms in exchange for recruits, to be sent in his ship, the *Inglesita*. Artigas had got hold of this letter, and caused a report to be circulated, that Francia was selling Paraguayans like dogs for muskets, all of which was duly reported to the Doctor. He had expressed to Mr. W. P. Robertson great indignation on hearing that the arms intended for him had been seized at Baxada. He told him, if the English could not guarantee a free trade in arms, he would not allow a commerce in English rags. 'Artigas,' he continued, 'is a scoundrel, a robber, a highwayman; but I know how to make him repent of his rashness in meddling with my affairs. But, sir, both you and your brother must leave the republic. Go to your naval commander—go to your consul, and tell them from Francia that they are fools!' But the finishing blow to the Robertsons was the letter from Alvear:—

"See," said he, "what your brother has had the insolence and hardihood

hardihood to do! He has trafficked with the vile Alvear for arms against the blood of the Paraguayans! He has offered men for muskets!—he has dared to attempt to sell my people! Let him beware!—let him at his peril tread this republic! Write to him never to set foot on it again!—and, as for yourself, depart immediately with what you have. The world shall still see that, whatever be the provocation, justice and leniency towards neutrals preside over the counsels of Francia.”—vol. iii. p. 122.

Mr. W. P. Robertson asked for time to wind up their affairs. ‘How long,’ he asked, ‘would it take?’—‘Two months,’ was the answer. ‘Very well, in two months from this day, or sooner if you can, you will leave the republic.’

The elder brother would not take the younger’s warning—he went on, speedily arrived, and insisted on waiting on Francia to exculpate himself. He was admitted. ‘What’ (said Francia to him, without further prelude than a scowl) ‘has emboldened you to come into my presence, after receiving express orders from me not to dare to set your foot upon my territory?’ While attempting to explain, Francia burst forth—‘The letter, Sir!—the letter!—what have you to say to that?’ The adventurer made some effort to vindicate his conduct, but he was cut short with ‘Look ye, Sir!—see that, at the expiration of forty-eight hours, you are no longer to be found in Paraguay, or beware—beware of the consequences!’

Thus ended, in the year 1815, all the mercantile transactions, the flourishing schemes, and promising prospects of the two brothers in Paraguay. Of the occasional profits of a commercial intercourse with this now prohibited territory, Mr. Robertson affords us some extraordinary examples. For instance, a friend of his took to Paraguay, as ballast, a quantity of salt which cost two hundred dollars. Immediately on his arrival he sold it for four thousand dollars. Another merchant, who had an exclusive licence from the Dictator to export two cargoes of produce, sold one-third to the other, who had an English passport as a protection against the Artigueños, for which he paid a trifle more than the produce of his salt just sold. On reaching Buenos Ayres, ‘the two cargoes sold for the incredible sum of two hundred and sixty thousand dollars; and, after a variety of heavy charges and duties paid, the two hundred dollars’ worth of salt yielded a clear profit of *more than sixty thousand dollars!* After this statement we may readily conceive the grievous disappointment of the two brothers, and the indignation felt by them at the treatment they received from Francia. And now that more than twenty years have passed over their heads, they have, to be sure, drawn his portrait in characters of blood. Of his caprice and tyranny, we presume there can be no doubt; but still we strongly suspect

suspect that the Robertsons have painted the devil blacker than he is. *Dr. Francia's father was a Frenchman; he received his education at the university of Cordova, and was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Theology, but his studies were chiefly confined to jurisprudence. On returning to Assumption he took up the profession of an advocate. 'He distinguished himself,' says Rengger, 'by a degree of courage and integrity which nothing could surmount. Never did he sully his function by undertaking an unjust cause. He readily defended the weak against the strong—the poor against the rich.' An instance is mentioned by the Robertsons of his volunteering the cause of his enemy against his own intimate friend, because he saw it to be a case of oppression and injustice, and he carried it against his friend. His habits were retired and unsocial—apparently very studious. 'He had the misfortune,' says Rengger, 'to be subject to fits of hypochondria, which sometimes degenerated into madness. His father was known to have been a man of very singular habits; his brother was a lunatic; and one of his sisters was out of her mind for many years.'—(p. 7.)*

Mr. Robertson says this poor brother was subject to fits of insanity of a harmless character; but the Doctor became jealous (of what?), and immured him in one of his prisons; that there the mental malady, heretofore only slight and occasional, became confirmed and incurable; 'and there his ruthless and most unnatural brother left him to expire.' But the writer adds, 'This was many years after my departure from Paraguay.'

When Paraguay had defeated the Buenos Ayrean troops, the inhabitants proceeded at once to assert their independence, and established a triumvirate government, of which Francia was the secretary; but, in point of fact, the prime mover of all their proceedings. Francia, however, retired in disgust; and the reigning junta, or senate, acknowledged the necessity of a change. A congress of one thousand deputies were summoned for the purpose, as already stated, of electing two consuls. Dr. Francia, from his superior intelligence, as Rengger says, but, according to the Robertsons, by intrigue, was elected one of the consuls, and Don Fulgencio Yegros, a member of the late junta, the other, for one year. The new consuls took their posts in the senate-house, where two curule chairs had been provided, on one of which was inscribed the name of Cæsar, on the other that of Pompey. Francia at once sat down upon Cæsar, and left Pompey to Yegros—a tolerably broad hint. In the plan of the constitution, however, they were declared to be equal: all the troops, arms, and ammunition, equally divided between them, they were to preside over the tribunals alternately, for four months at a time each, with the title of 'Consul in turn,'

turn, and not 'Consul presiding,' lest that designation should give rise to mistakes.' Francia, however, as Cæsar, took the first turn, by which he, of course, got eight months, leaving only four for Pompey. Sir Woodbine Parish, in his lucid and interesting volume on the 'Provinces of Rio de la Plata (and, when *chargé d'affaires* at Buenos Ayres, he had to do with the first consul), says:—

'Francia, having thus obtained one-half the power he aimed at, was not long ere he secured the other. When the thousand deputies met, in virtue of the 13th article of the Constitution, it was intimated to them that the substitution of one governor for a pair of consuls would be a great improvement; and Don Gaspar was, as a matter of course, elected sole Dictator of the republic of Paraguay. His nomination in the first instance was for three years; at the expiration of which time he took care to have his power confirmed for life. The deputies who passed this act, in their simplicity, returned to their homes exulting in an arrangement whereby they were saved all further trouble, whilst the tyrant they had set up commenced a reign which, for systematic selfishness, cruelty, and unrestrained despotism is almost unparalleled in the history of any country.'

Having, in fact, thrown out defiance to Buenos Ayres, to Artigas, and to all the neighbouring states, and resolved to play the despot among his own subjects, Francia found himself surrounded by enemies on every side; but, like another Richard, he resolved never to yield:

'I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.'

One measure, however, which he took during his three years' dictatorship, gave great satisfaction—he abolished the Inquisition. Rengger says, 'As the bishop of the place was so shocked by the revolution as to have his reason disordered, Francia directed that his vicar-general should perform all the duties of the episcopal office.' The Robertsons improve on this:—'Harassed, jaded, insulted, and alarmed by Francia's daily invasions of the prelatical jurisdiction, by his open ridicule of the church, and by his hostility to its members, the bishop was driven to insanity, superseded by a vicar-general, and died in a state of mournful imbecility and destitution.' There is no doubt of Francia's fixed hostility to all monks and friars; nay, he once said to Rengger, 'If his holiness the pope should come to Paraguay, I should make him merely my almoner.'

We think it just to our readers to give, by way of specimen, one incident as stated by Rengger, who was in the country, and by the Robertsons, who had left it several years. Rengger says that, in order to stimulate their natural ability in the artisans of Paraguay, Francia had recourse to intimidation:—

“He caused a gibbet to be erected, and he threatened a poor shoemaker to hang him up, because he had not made some belts of the size he required. Thus it was that out of blacksmiths, shoemakers, and masons he created a race of whitesmiths, saddlers, and architects.”

From this brief text the brothers spin the following amusing history: having previously told us that Francia had erected a gibbet before his window, they proceed thus:—

“In came, according to custom, one afternoon, a poor shoemaker, with a couple of grenadiers’ belts, neither according to the fancy of the Dictator. “Sentinel!” said he; and in came the sentinel; when the following conversation ensued:—

“Dictator.—“Take this bribonazo” (a very favourite word of the Dictator’s, and which, being interpreted, means “most impertinent scoundrel”)—“Take this bribonazo to the gibbet over the way: walk him under it half a dozen times; and now,” said he, turning to the trembling shoemaker, “bring me such another pair of belts, and instead of walking under the gallows, we shall try how you can swing upon it.”

“Shoemaker.—“Please your Excellency, I have done my best.”

“Dictator.—“Well, bribon, if this be your best, I shall do my best to see that you never again mar a bit of the state’s leather. The belts are of no use to me; but they will do very well to hang you upon the little framework which the grenadier will show you.”

“Shoemaker.—“God bless your Excellency, the Lord forbid! I am your vassal, your slave; day and night have I served and will serve my lord; only give me two days more to prepare the belts; y por el alma de un triste zapatéro” (by the soul of a poor shoemaker), “I will make them to your Excellency’s liking!”

“Dictator.—“Off with him, sentinel!”

“Sentinel.—“Venga, bribon!” (“Come along, you rascal!”)

“Shoemaker.—“Senor Excelentísimo, this very night I will make the belts according to your Excellency’s pattern.”

“Dictator.—“Well, you shall have till the morning; but still you must pass under the gibbet: it is a salutary process, and may at once quicken the work and improve the workmanship.”

“Sentinel.—“Vamonos, bribon; the Supreme commands it.”

“Off was the shoemaker marched: he was, according to orders, passed and repassed under the gibbet; and then allowed to retire to his stall. Whether the electric shock which he had undergone strung his nerves anew, or whether his genius was quickened by a keen perception of the danger of being a sloven, or an ignoramus, in a vocation so important as that of belt-maker to his Excellency, it is very certain that the shoemaker appeared the next morning before Francia with a couple of belts, so entirely to the Dictator’s fancy, as to save the operator’s neck from the halter, and to procure for him the station of belt-maker-general to the army.

“The example was so salutary, that blacksmiths, gunsmiths, architects, tailors, tambourers, cap-makers, all became better tradesmen. The “Tradesmen’s gibbet” was the terror of them all, and a single peep at

it, even in the distance, sent every man home to his respective calling, with a combination of alacrity, fear, and dexterity, which I doubt much if any other stimulus, however exciting, would have produced.'—vol. iii. p. 314-317.

Sheridan's post-boy from Northamptonshire, with a double knock at the door, fails in comparison with this as a bit of circumstantial narrative.

The Robertsons inform us that a friend of theirs, Mr. Okes, proceeded to Assumption on a mercantile speculation. He waited on the Dictator, and informed him that in his cargo were some very fine mathematical and astronomical instruments. 'Ah, that is good! that is good!' said Francia, with great glee. 'I must see them: do you understand the use of them?' Okes bowed. 'Very good, very good; I am extremely pleased to hear it. Go now, arrange your business; you have perfect freedom to trade here. You appear to be a man of sense and education: meddle not with state affairs; mind your own matters; and, whenever I may send for you, endeavour to come and give me a little of your time.' He did so; gave lessons in mathematics and practical astronomy; and was treated as a friend. In three months Okes wound up his affairs, and obtained permission to return a second time from Buenos Ayres. In parting he said, 'You have no doubt heard, and perhaps are inclined to believe, that my government is despotic and unnecessarily severe; but, believe me, Don Henrique, I had only a choice between this severity and the anarchy of my country. But,' he went on, 'judge by yourself; you have come here freely—freely you depart; and I shall always be happy to see you in this republic.'

Nothing could be more civil and reasonable. Mr. Okes, in a few months after his return to Buenos Ayres, died. On hearing this, Francia sent to seize all the property he had left with one Zelaya, as being that of a deceased foreigner whose estate had lapsed to the treasury. Zelaya's books showed a large property under his charge belonging to a native of Paraguay, then in Buenos Ayres; what more was discovered we are not told; but charges were brought against the stranger in Buenos Ayres and Zelaya as an accomplice. 'Without form or process the unhappy victim, amid the heart-rending cries of his family, was dragged to the front of Francia's window, and there, in his sight, *butchered* by his janissaries. The whole of the property under the murdered man's charge was confiscated to the state by the *murderer*.'

Francia had his public prisons and state prisons, both of which are described by Robertson, and also by Rengger: the latter says:—

'We frequently visited these frightful prisons, either to see some sick prisoner,

prisoner, or to give an opinion on some question of forensic medicine! There might be seen confounded the Indian and the mulatto, the white man and the negro, the master and the slave; there were mingled all ranks and ages, the guilty and the innocent, the convict and the accused, the highway robber and the debtor; in fine, the assassin and the patriot—and in several instances it happened that they were bound by the same chain. But what completes this frightful picture is the ever-increasing demoralization of the great majority of the prisoners, and the ferocious joy which they exhibit on the arrival of a new victim.

*The female prisoners, of whom there are fortunately but few, occupy an apartment in an inclosure divided from the principal court by a pallisading. They have, however, more or less, an opportunity of communicating with the other prisoners.

*Women of a respectable rank, who had drawn upon themselves the anger of the Dictator, are there confounded with prostitutes and criminals, and exposed to all the insults of the male prisoners. They are also loaded with irons, an exemption from which is not granted even to those in a state of pregnancy.—pp. 139, 140.

These prisons had always, according to our authors, a standing gibbet attached to them; but the most common mode of execution was by musketry on a stage, or *banquillo*. Rengger says the Dictator allowed no more than three men for each execution; so that sometimes an unhappy victim was despatched by the bayonet: that Francia was a witness of those scenes of horror—that they took place always beneath his window, and frequently in his presence. W. P. Robertson mentions one Chilabar being shot, mangled, and hung upon a gibbet;—he adds, 'The Dictator, with his snuff-box in his hand, gazed from the window of his room on the bloody proceedings which went on before him.' This, we conceive, wants authority. Who would venture to look at Francia, in his window, with his snuff-box in his hand, after the following order, which Rengger says was given by the Dictator to the sentinel, in consequence of a poor woman looking in at his window?—'If any passenger should dare to fix his eyes upon the front of my house, you will fire at him; if you miss him, this is for a second shot (handing him another musket, loaded with ball); and, if you miss again, I shall take care not to miss you.' There is no accounting, however, for tastes. The conduct of Francia, in looking at an execution through his window, is not more atrocious than that of Savary, who from the ramparts was a needless and voluntary spectator of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien.

Man is the creature of circumstances, and those in which Francia found himself placed would no doubt, in his own opinion, furnish him with as plausible a plea, as Cromwell and his 'Praise-god Barebone's Parliament' set up for the murder of their

their sovereign, or for any of the many atrocious assassinations sanctioned and committed by such agents of this canting crew, that had usurped the government, as the brutal Kirke and the sanguinary Jefferies. Francia, the elected Dictator of Paraguay, had some pretext for his severities. Surrounded by enemies within and without, he determined at all hazards and at every sacrifice of friends and foes, to preserve the integrity and independence of the country intrusted to his government.

So early as the year 1820, he was apprised of a conspiracy to effect a revolution in Paraguay, in favour of Buenos Ayres: one of the conspirators, at confession before a Franciscan friar, revealed the plot. Every person named was immediately apprehended—among others, Fulgencio Yegros, formerly Francia's brother-consul. At first Francia contented himself with sending the whole of them to prison and confiscating their property. But by-and-by a letter of Ramirez, the lieutenant of Artigas, addressed to Yegros, fell into Francia's hands, and convinced him of the truth and extent of the plot;—and upon this the prisoners were sent for examination to the 'Chamber of Truth,' or, as the Robertsons call it, the 'Chamber of Torture,' where confession is said to have been extorted by blows of a leather whip on the back. The examinations being ended, they proceeded to execution, when the accused were shot by four or eight at a time. One young man, not mortally wounded, rose up to give orders for a fresh discharge; another individual resolved to exempt himself from torture and execution by an act of suicide. The following words, says Rengger, traced in charcoal, were found on the walls of his dungeon—"I know that suicide is contrary to the law of God and of man; but the tyrant of my country shall not strengthen himself with my blood." Here we have another instance of the high colouring of the Robertsons:—

Three demons were alone accessory to the inquisitorial investigations of the Chamber of Torture—Francia himself, a legal functionary, and a registrar. No one but these ever knew the result of the examinations. That result was only revealed to the public by the corpses of the prisoners, as day after day they perished on the banquillo—glutted the eyes of the despot—tempted to voracity the birds of prey—and, after exposure to these for a whole day, were conducted in the evening, often mangled, by their despairing relations, to a dark and silent grave. Poor Don Fulgencio Yegros was first shot and then bayoneted; Don Fernando de la Mora followed in the same way; Galvan, Yturbide, and fifty others, all went in succession.—vol. iii. pp. 331, 332.

About the same time the Dictator had, or thought he had, reason to suspect the old Spaniards, the most respectable inhabitants

habitants of Paraguay, and determined at once to strike a blow that would remove them from all future suspicion. All those who inhabited Assumption, and places within a league of it, were ordered to assemble at the square in front of the government-house. When about three hundred were collected, they were marched to prison—crowded together in fifties—the rooms having one general door and one corridor for all: he called them his *recluses*. After some time those of poor and humble condition were released, but compelled to withdraw several leagues from the capital; the more affluent were kept in prison nineteen months. Many, in the mean time, died in prison—among whom was Velasco, the old Spanish governor previous to the revolution, an inoffensive, humane, and charitable man. In December, 1822, those that remained were set at liberty on condition of paying to the state a fine of 150,000 piastres.

It is not surprising that, after these and many other enormities, the fear of assassination should have seized upon the tyrant. That busy monitor, conscience, is able to shake the nerves of the most hardened criminals—even of those whom the world styles heroes. The description which Hume has given of Cromwell answers so exactly to Francia, that it is only necessary to transcribe it:—‘Each action of his life betrayed the terrors under which he laboured. The aspect of strangers was uneasy to him. With a piercing and anxious eye he surveyed every face to which he was not daily accustomed. He never moved a step without strong guards attending him: he wore armour under his clothes, and further secured himself by offensive weapons, a sword, falchion, and pistols, which he always carried about him. He returned from no place by the direct road, or by the same way which he went. Every journey he performed with hurry and precipitation.’

At home the Dictator was equally anxious as to the persons he allowed to approach him. He never, says Rengger, admitted into his room more than one person at a time, nor must he approach nearer than six paces. His arms must be held close to his body, with the hands open and hanging down. ‘At our first audience, as I was not acquainted with this etiquette, it happened that my hands were not in the position required by the Dictator, when he gruffly asked me if I was endeavouring to draw a poniard from my pocket. On my replying that such was not the custom among the Swiss, he became appeased and continued the conversation.’ The same writer tells us he is pleased when the person addressing him looks him straight in the face and returns prompt answers. ‘Speaking on this subject one day,’ he says, ‘as I was about opening the body of one of the natives, he told me to

see if his countrymen had not one bone more than the usual number in their necks, which prevented them from holding up their heads and speaking out.

We strongly suspect that the Dictator, like the rest of his family, is subject to fits of insanity, which Mr. Rengger calls hypochondria. The Swiss surgeon says it is during these paroxysms that he is most prone to order arrests, and to inflict the severest punishments; that he then thinks nothing of issuing a sentence of death; and he adds that, when the wind is north-east, accompanied by sudden and frequent rains, the Dictator is most subject to such fits; but that his good humour is restored when the wind changes to the south-west: then he sings, laughs to himself, and chats very readily with all persons who approach him. Neither is he deficient in acts of generosity—one of which was displayed towards his great enemy, Artigas. This hero being hard pressed by his lieutenant, Ramirez, who attacked him with eight hundred of his best cavalry in the Entre Rios, had been forced to retire, with about a thousand followers, to the left bank of the Parana, near which was one of the posts of Paraguay. The once Most Excellent Protector sent, in his distress, begging the Most Excellent Dictator to receive him under his protection. A squadron of horse was despatched to bring him, and such of his followers as remained, into Paraguay; but most of the latter had dispersed to follow their old occupation of plunder. Artigas himself had the treatment of another Themistocles. He was placed in the Convent of Mercy for a few days, and thence sent, without obtaining an audience, to the village of Curuguaty, eighty-five leagues north-east of Assumption. Here his old foe assigned him a house and land and a liberal stipend in money besides; orders were sent to the governor to treat him with great respect, and to furnish him with whatever additional accommodations he might require. And here, Mr. Rengger says—

‘Artigas wished to expiate, at least in part, the course of iniquity in which he had so long wallowed. At the age of sixty he cultivated his farm with his own hands, and became the father of the poor of Curuguaty; he distributed the greater part of the produce among them, gave up all his pay in relieving them, and afforded all the assistance in his power to those of them who laboured under sickness.’

Thus terminated the political and marauding career of the Protector Artigas.

The last alleged atrocity of Francia that we shall mention is his capture and detention of M. Bonpland, the friend and fellow-traveller of the celebrated Humboldt. The French government had not been able, on the return of these two naturalists, to offer to M. Bonpland any situation worthy of his acceptance.

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He therefore embarked for Buenos Ayres, and from thence proceeded into the interior, and settled himself for some time at Candelaria, on the southern side of the Paraná, in the territory of Entre Rios. Here he set about forming plantations of the *yerba*, to supply the southern provinces with an article difficult at all times to be procured from Paraguay. His little colony of Indians soon became a model of industry, order, and happiness. In the course of two years, however, (at the close of 1821) this rising prosperity was arrested:—

At midnight, a body of *four hundred men*, which had been gradually and silently gathered on the opposite shore, passed over in canoes from Ytapua to Candelaria. With drawn sabres and loaded muskets they rushed upon the colony of M. Bonpland. Amid the cries and shrieks of the inmates, the soldiers *massacred* all the male Indians of the establishment; they beat and wounded the women; they set fire, in every direction, to houses, implements, crops, plantations, and reduced the whole to a heap of black and smouldering ruins; they stunned M. Bonpland with the blows of their sabres; they loaded him with irons; they dragged him from among the corpses of all the faithful servants, who, three hours before, had surrounded him in health, happiness, and affection; they mocked his mental anguish on witnessing the horrors, which surrounded him; they heeded not the agony of his bodily sufferings; but, pushing and thrusting him on board of a canoe, they carried him across the Paraná to the town of Santa Maria.—vol. iii. p. 278.

So say Messrs. Robertson. The following is Francia's own account given by himself to Rengger, who, on his return from a country excursion, waited on him:—

After some questions, he informed me that Mr. Bonpland was his prisoner some days. "Mr. Bonpland," said he, "formed an establishment for the preparation of the herb of Paraguay, with the Indians, who, after Artigas's submission, settled themselves in the ruined missions of Entre Rios. He wanted to establish relations with me, and came twice for the purpose to the left bank of the Paraná, opposite Ytapua, with dispatches from the Indian chief, written in his own hand. Now I could not allow the herb to be prepared in those countries, which, besides, belong to us—it would injure the commerce of Paraguay; and I was under the necessity of sending four hundred men there, who destroyed the establishment, and brought away several prisoners, among whom was Mr. Bonpland." I endeavoured, adds Rengger, to excuse the celebrated traveller, but he immediately imposed silence on me, adding, in an angry tone, "It is not for attempting to prepare the herb upon my territory that I feel offended with him; it is because he has made an alliance with my enemies, the Indians, whom you yourself, during your captivity amongst them, must have well known. In short, I found amongst Mr. Bonpland's papers two letters, one from Ramirez, the other from his lieutenant, Garcia, who commands at Baxada, both corroborating my suspicions, that this establishment was formed for no other purpose than to facilitate the invasion of Paraguay."

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‘From what I have since learned, I perceive that the Dictator told me only half the truth—for he suppressed the fact, that his soldiers had massacred a party of Indians—that Mr. Bonpland, without the least provocation, received a blow of a sabre from one of them—that his property was plundered—and that, without any pity for his sufferings, they conducted him with irons on his feet to Santa Maria, the chief place of the missions, on the left bank of the Paraná.’—pp. 80, 81.

Rengger adds, that as soon as the Dictator was informed of the treatment which M. Bonpland had received, he ordered his irons to be removed, restored the property which had escaped the plunder of the soldiers, and assigned him a residence near the town of Santa Maria, at a spot called Cerrito, or the little hill; and here, with philosophic resignation, he fixed his abode, until the year 1831, when, just as suddenly and unexpectedly as at Candelaria, the Dictator a second time reduced him to beggary. The Robertsons say:—

‘He was visited one evening by the commandant of Santa Maria, or one of his officers, with a few men, and he was told that an order had just come down from Assumption to remove him from Paraguay *that very night*. He was allowed to take with him a few clothes, as much money as would pay his expenses to Corrientes, and *nothing more*. All the rest of his property was abandoned, and to this day he has never received a farthing of it. He was conducted in darkness and in solitude to the banks of the Paraná; a canoe lay ready to receive him; he was taken across to the Entre Ríos side, under the escort of soldiers; there they landed, and there they left him. Such was the conclusion of M. Bonpland’s nine years’ detention in Paraguay.’—vol. iii. pp. 288, 289.

But the most extraordinary part of the story is, that in 1832, when Bonpland returned to Buenos Ayres, Messrs. Robertson conversed at length with him, and so far from expressing himself with dread of Paraguay and horror of Francia, the Frenchman spoke of the latter with philosophic serenity, and only regretted, over and over again, that there was no chance of the Dictator’s *allowing him to return to Paraguay*.

Mr. Parish, the British chargé d’affaires at Buenos Ayres, in the early part of 1825, in writing to Francia to acquaint him of the recognition by England of the new American Republics, solicited permission for the English *détenus* to be allowed to leave the country with their effects; in consequence of which, twelve Englishmen removed to Buenos Ayres. Soon after this, passports were given to Messrs. Rengger and Longchamps, accompanied with an order on the public treasury for the services the former had rendered in his medical capacity, with permission at the same time, rarely granted, to take their money out of the country, and also to carry away their collections of natural history.

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‘We thus (says Mr. Rengger) after a sojourn of six years in Paraguay, during four of which we were forcibly detained, were granted permission to quit it. It is only justice to state, that Dr. Francia never directly threw any difficulties in the way of our researches; but, on the contrary, gave us, more than once, proofs of his good will. Would that I could speak as favourably of his administration! To the conduct of the inhabitants of Paraguay, both Creoles and Spaniards, towards us we can only allude in terms of praise; and we shall always recollect with gratitude the hospitable reception which they gave us.’—p. 120.

Mr. Rengger gives a brief account of the private life of the Dictator. He dwells in the house of the ancient governors of Paraguay: his establishment is four slaves, a negro, one male and two female mulattoes, all of whom he treats with great mildness. The negro and mulatto are his valet and his groom; one of the mulatto women is his cook, the other has charge of his wardrobe. His life is extremely regular; he rises with the first rays of the sun; he washes, dresses, and prepares his *maté* himself. He then walks in the interior peristyle, looking into the court, and smokes a cigar, which he always unrolls to ascertain that there is nothing dangerous in it. At six his barber arrives—a filthy, ragged, and drunken mulatto, who has his confidence. He then puts on his calico dressing-gown, and walks the outer peristyle. At seven he enters his closet; at nine the officers and public functionaries bring their reports and receive his orders. At eleven his secretary attends him, and writes from his dictation till noon. He then dines alone on the frugal fare he has himself ordered: his meal ended, he takes his *siesta*, drinks his *maté*, smokes a cigar, rides out, inspects the public works, visits the barracks, returns towards night, retires into his library, and reads till ten, when he goes to bed, taking care to fasten all the doors himself. When not in one of his paroxysms of insanity, for such they unquestionably are, ‘You perceive him,’ says Rengger, ‘to be a man of great talent: he turns the conversation upon the most varied subjects, evinces considerable powers of mind, great penetration, and very extensive acquirements.’ Disinterested and generous, his private fortune has not been increased by his elevation: he has never accepted a present, and his salary is always in arrear; and Mr. Rengger says that, on several occasions, he has proved that gratitude was not a stranger to his breast.

Such is the outline of the character of this extraordinary personage, drawn by one who, during six years, had frequent access to him, and occasionally in his medical capacity. He must now be about eighty years of age; and great is the wonder that, if half or the tenth part of the stories told be true, he should have managed

managed to live so long. In the course of nature he cannot hold out much longer—and whenever he dies, it is probable that Paraguay will once more join the confederation of her sister provinces—if that confederation be not already dissolved. Meantime, it is only fair to observe that stern as this despot's sway may have been, the country subjected to it has escaped thereby a thousand evils to which the other Spanish colonies have been exposed during the same period. It must be confessed that neither Rengger nor the Robertsons afford us much really valuable information on the internal history of Paraguay, as compared with that of the other states in the same quarter of the globe; but we should not be surprised if it were to turn out hereafter that, on the whole, this district, hermetically sealed by its half-crazy Dictator, has made more progress than any of the rest.

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- Art. IV.—1. *India; or, Facts submitted to Illustrate the Character and Condition of the Native Inhabitants, with Suggestions for Reforming the Present System of Government.* By R. Rickards, Esq. London. 1839.
2. *History, Antiquities, Topography, and Statistics of Eastern India, comprising the Districts of Behar, Shahabad, Assam, &c. &c., in relation to their Geology, Mineralogy, Botany, Agriculture, Commerce, Religion, Education, &c., surveyed under the Orders of the Supreme Government, and collated from the Original Documents, with the permission of the Hon. Court of Directors.* By Montgomery Martin. 1838.
3. *Special Report on the Statistics of the Four Collectorates of the Dekhun.* By Lieut.-Col. Sykes, F.R.S. 1838.
4. *Observations on the Law and Constitution and Present Government of India, &c.* By Lieut.-Col. Galloway. 2nd edition. 1832.
5. *China Opened; or Display of the Topography, History, Manners, &c., of the Chinese Empire.* By the Rev. C. Gutzlaff. 1838.
6. *China: its State and Prospects, &c.* By W. H. Medhurst, twenty years a Missionary to the Chinese. 1838.

WHENEVER a nation far advanced in civilization, and having, of consequence, a society of numerous gradations, re-models its political government on any other principle than that of conformity to the actual constitution of the society to be governed—when it makes classes dominant in the political which are servient in the social system—the consequences invariably have

have been, weakness in the government, discord and intolerance among the people. Society has laws of its own, the result of man's nature and position, and therefore referable only to the will of the Creator: it is not ruled by statutes, nor is its structure a human contrivance, although by legislation that structure may be materially influenced. It is governed in its decisions by public opinion, or the award of that portion of the community which, by a sort of universal suffrage, is invested with the power of pronouncing the national sentiment; and this class is that which, by birth, wealth, education, and high moral standards, possesses primary consideration in the state. Popular opinion, again, is that of the unintelligent, uninfluential classes, and in tranquil times generally follows, and adopts, public opinion; in times of turbulence only does it assume precedence.

We are paying at present the penalty of having violated this great law of social order. We have let loose ignorance, conceit, and fanaticism, to a perilous extent. This great nation, during a period of peace and prosperity, has been consigned to domestic warfare and contention;—the rival sects boil over with animosities;—the courtesies of life and the charities of religion are abeyant; coarse and vulgar ribaldries best suit the temper of the disputants; and men seem to agree in nothing else than that to be a good hater is the surest indication of right principles. Even the Quakers, now only 23,000 in number, who profess to aim by their discipline at eradicating the passions, are become an organised body of propagandists, whose object is to disturb social repose by withdrawing measures of great difficulty, and requiring unusual discretion, from the decision of the intelligent orders, that they may be determined by the excited passions of the multitude.

While such is our position at home, the phenomena exhibited on the great theatre of the world have assumed an importance and an interest, which must, under other circumstances, have arrested national attention. Unpropitious as the time is, we propose making an attempt to divert public attention from the acrimonies of political and sectarian contention, to the magnificent developments of those general laws of Providence by which the free agency of man is circumscribed, and by which he is led to results far beyond the sphere of his foresight.

When we survey the condition of our species, we perceive Europe and America to be advancing in wealth, population, and civilization—Asia and Africa to be in that stationary condition in which they have continued from immemorial time. In the two former, industrial production is in advance of population; in the two last, population is ahead of production. These are the two master principles, which, by the proportion in which they

stand

stand to each other, indicate the prosperous or adverse condition of mankind.

Of Africa and its prospects we must say little at present. Unhappy in its geographical formation, it seems destined to be for ever astern of the other quarters of the globe, in civilization. Little impression can be made on the great negro race (perhaps amounting to not much under a hundred millions of people) by the English colony at the Cape, or that of France at Algiers. As for Sierra Leone, which Mr. Wilberforce once described as 'the morning star beaming on the breast of Africa,' it is become a charnel-house for Europeans; and a nest of kidnappers and dealers in negro slaves.* This colony has cost, from 1792 down to 1830, 3,350,000*l.* in civil expenses, and in naval 1,630,000*l.*, or together, 5,000,000*l.* sterling;† without any one of its objects having been in any respect attained. Mr. McCulloch concurs in the now common opinion that the slave trade can only be suppressed by the great European powers declaring it piracy to engage in it. Yet no writer has illustrated more successfully than he the futility of all endeavours to prevent smuggling of goods by severity of penalties; and how the thousands of leagues of African and American coasts are to be watched by cruisers so as to render capture probable, not to say inevitable, we have seen no attempt to explain. But already one consequence of our greater severity has taken place—the horrors of the middle passage are revived; and when the slaver is overtaken, the wretched victims are put into casks and sunk in the sea, to prevent confiscation of the vessel by destroying the evidence of her occupation. In 1807 the slaves exported from the Western coasts of Africa amounted to 86,000; and lately the number has been stated, on plausible authority, at 170,000, notwithstanding the entire cessation of the supply to the British colonies, into which scarce a slave has been introduced these thirty years, so effectual has the system of registration proved. But registration must be the willing act of the importing country; and so much have the slave states of North and South America been alienated and alarmed by our recent precipitate measure of emancipation, that their co-operation is for the present hopeless. This slave emancipation act has given an extraordinary impulse to the slave trade—has weakened the hopes of seeing it crushed;—and should the production of sugar

* That the slave trade has been extensively carried on at Sierra Leone is a fact which the evidence has unhappily placed beyond the reach of controversy.—Lord Goderich's official letter of Jan. 18, 1832.

† Speech of Mr. W. K. Douglas (now Lord William Douglas) in the House of Commons, July, 1831.

in our islands give way, the mischief must be far greater, and our emancipation will rank, next to Las Casas's origination of the slave trade, as the greatest calamity ever inflicted upon humanity. It may fail suddenly. At best, its success must be long problematical.*

There can scarcely be imagined an event touching more nearly the prospects of mankind than the manner in which the New World is to be occupied. Once accomplished, nothing similar can occur again. The rate of Asiatic and European advancement must greatly depend on the races by which those vast and fertile countries of America are peopled. From its geographical structure, the rivers of America run towards the east, and its plains slope in the same direction: hence its commercial action has chiefly been exerted on Europe and Africa, from the last of which, however, it has only imported human beings. On Europe, the influences exerted by the rapid production of wealth and increased consumption in America have been very great, and are continually increasing. By the discovery of the New World, Europe procured tropical produce by a six weeks' voyage, in place of a six months' one to India; but, above all, by transferring part of its people to America, it laid the foundation for future nations of industrious habits, whose demands on European production increase annually, and form a continual stimulus to the industry of the Old World. Had none but Africans been permitted to settle in America, how little would mankind have profited by the discovery of Columbus! The negro has great physical strength, though bred in a noxious climate: he is good-humoured, cheerful, and affectionate, but evidently, of all the varieties of our race, he approaches the nearest to specific difference from the others. No African community has ever reached that degree of civilization exhibited by the empires of Montezuma and of the Incas. Ample allowance being made for the untoward circumstances under which the free blacks are placed, both in America and Europe, their want of proficiency in any science or art (except the art of cookery) is only explicable by the consideration that, among nations, as among families, some are gifted with greater intellectual and physical capacities—some

* We do not enter here upon the very great slave trade which has from all time prevailed on the Eastern side of the African continent, and to which our efforts to suppress that by the Atlantic, if at all effective, could only lend a new stimulus. Among his other mercantile speculations, the Pacha of Egypt has taken up this odious trade upon a gigantic scale. He employs regularly a considerable part of his army in marauding expeditions into the interior of Africa—and is at this moment by far the greatest stealer and seller of Negroes in the world. The compunction of a French adventurer, who had spent several years in this horrible service, has produced an appalling revelation of the facts, which M. Leon de Laborde has made public in a most striking tract entitled *Chasse aux Negres*: Paris, 1833.

with less. In America, the negro race may be taken at eight millions, the European at twenty; and so little tendency towards an incorporation of the two into one mixed race has hitherto manifested itself, that if ever the blacks of North and South America succeed in establishing independent states, a long succession of internecine wars will probably ensue.

Three hundred and forty years have elapsed without the appearance of a single Asiatic colonist in the New World, although Asia contains two-thirds of the human race, and its population has ever been in that state of penury and discomfort which disposes mankind to emigration. Had Asia been in the process of emerging from the stationary condition, the discovery of America would have enabled it to break its chains: there would perhaps have been, ere now, fifty millions of Asiatics in South America, thriving and civilized nations, whose reaction on the parent countries must have raised them to a far higher rank than they now occupy. But Asia was then completely stationary, and had scarcely any means of intercourse with the New World. It has therefore continued in its previous state, until now that America, in conjunction with Europe, has commenced its powerful action upon it; and if we carry forward our speculations to what another century may effect, we may at least conclude with certainty that when the United States shall contain a hundred millions of people, and Australia its millions too, the free intercourse of the Asiatic with his brethren of the other quarters of the world will be completely established, and it will long have ceased to be a question among politicians, whether one nation is justified in interdicting the natives of another from making use of the right which God has conferred on all his creatures—that of bettering their condition by voluntary emigration. To imprison eighty or ninety millions of human beings as if they were no better than rats in an iron cage—to debar the Hindoo from exporting himself, as well as the fruit of his labour—to make his doing so depend on the pleasure of the people of England—is an attempt so wholly at variance with right and reason, that, under present circumstances, it promises no better result than that of Xerxes to fetter the sea. In this age of misnomer, however, much may be done by giving to anything a name which ought to denote its opposite. Many a sane dog has lost his life from being called a mad dog; and, in this case, it is endeavoured to affix the opprobrious epithet of slave trade to the act of conveying a labourer from Bengal, where slavery exists and is legal, to Guiana or Australia, where it does not exist, is not legal, and where the difficulty experienced is to do justice to the rights of the master. But this emigration, to be an efficient means of extensive good, must be purified from all association with violence and

and fraud. The annual emigration from Europe to America may be estimated at 100,000 to 150,000; so that, including negro slaves, 300,000 persons are transferred yearly from the Old to the New World; and if Asia had free access to this means of relief from over-population, that number might be indefinitely augmented, and a real, natural, and effectual counter-agent to the African slave trade be set in motion. In the event, too, of a famine in India, the lives of 50,000 or 100,000 natives could be saved, were the means of transport in readiness, and the people familiarised, as those of Ireland are, to expatriation. Is it so shocking a thing to benevolent feeling, that a man should be taken, of his own free will, from a country where day's wages are twopence, and conveyed to another, where he can earn above a shilling?

Besides all this, there is another consideration worthy of attention. Recent investigations lead us to conclude that the subjugation by the Brahminical Hindoos of the previously existing population of India was of a very savage description. The remains of the vanquished tribes, now termed aborigines, were reduced to that deplorable state of degradation in which we still find them, and from which every one must desire to see them delivered. This people bear different names in various parts of India—Beels, Coolees, Ramoosees, Mangs, &c.; and their numbers are estimated at betwixt 2,000,000 and 3,000,000. Driven to desperation by the Hindoos, they have retaliated by organising themselves into societies for the purposes of robbery and murder. The systems of decoity, or gang robbery, and that of thuggery, have of late attracted notice in Europe by their atrocity, extent, and combination with religious feeling. Could this unhappy race be induced to emigrate to Australia, or the banks of the La Plata; there is every reason to conclude that they would abandon their vicious habits, and enter upon the career of industry and order. Such a measure would, however, exact a large expenditure, and, unfortunately, our philanthropy is parsimoniously disposed. £20,000,000 were, it will be said, given to the West Indian slave-owners; but this touched no individual's purse—it was only an additional bucket of water thrown into the ocean of the national debt. Yet, even in that case, if time had been allowed, it was intended to have agitated the country against any compensation whatever. The casuistry was ready, the petitions were ready, and the texts; but the promptitude of Lord Stanley in getting the vote of the Commons frustrated all opposition to the measure.

That kidnapping is more prevalent in India than in any other country cannot be questioned. We propose (says Mr. Macauley in his *Penal Code*), 'to make the punishment of kidnapping peculiarly severe, when it is committed with murderous intentions;

intentions; as in the case of those subjects of the company who were lately carried into the Jynteah country for purposes of human sacrifice. Did the opposition to Coolie emigration extend no farther than providing against deception and violence, it would have the support of every man of feeling and humanity, and of none more cordially than of those who look upon the free circulation of mankind as just as beneficial as the free exchange of commodities, and upon all impediments thrown in its way as contraventions of those provisions for the progression of human society, which emanate from the Supreme Governor of the universe.

In estimating the assailing forces now in operation against the institutions of Asia, we should advert to the relations in which that continent stood to the rest of the world, prior to the opening of the trade with Britain, in 1814. That measure might not have produced effects so contrary to the anticipations of many, had it not coincided with the general peace in Europe, and the consequent fall in the cost of producing articles of commerce. From the time of Pliny, who estimated the bullion annually sent from the Roman Empire to the East, at 400,000*l.* down to 1814, India had been the great recipient of the precious metals. According to Humboldt's calculation, above thirty years ago, 25,500,000 dollars were yearly sent to Asia (i. e. 5,418,750*l.*); of which 17,500,000 went round the Cape of Good Hope, 4,000,000 by the Levant, and 4,000,000 from Russia.* This bullion trade has almost entirely ceased, and given place to an exportation of commodities. Since 1814 the restoration of the monetary systems of Europe and North America to their former metallic basis has occasioned a demand, according to Lord Ashburton, for from 80,000,000*l.* to 100,000,000*l.*; and in addition to this the produce of the American mines has diminished to half their previous amount. Owing to these circumstances, the cessation of the bullion trade to Asia has produced no derangement in the market of the world.

The opening of the trade with India has been followed, not only by a great increase in the commercial relations of Europe and Asia, but in the trade of India with China to the eastward, and with the Red Sea and the Gulph to the westward. Signs of change in the national habits have become manifest, and it is already evident that in Asia the circulation of new ideas, as well as of new commodities, is set in motion.

Turkey had, for ages, been the wall of brass which separated European from Asiatic institutions—but it is a barrier no longer, and it is becoming the advanced post of the European system.

* Vide McCulloch's 'Commercial Dictionary,' art. 'Precious Metals.'

Egypt has felt the same influences, and probably no long time will elapse before a ship canal, cut below the level of mean tide in the Red Sea, will conduct its waters, by an imperceptible descent, into the Mediterranean, and reduce the voyage from England to Bombay from 14,000 miles, and upwards, to 7200.

When to those powerful agencies of mutation, we add the rapid increase of wealth and of demand for tropical productions in Europe,—the establishment of European colonies in Australia, and the great effects which must result from steam-navigation of the Indian rivers, nothing but blind, apathetic incredulity can hesitate to admit that against so many and such powerful causes of change no human efforts can avail. Were the rulers of all the nations of Europe and Asia to combine against this movement of our species, impelled as it is by nature, and aided by a concurrence of circumstances equally new and important, they might retard but could not repress the progress of mankind towards a happier and more advanced position. But the transition from the artificial institutions of Asia to a natural structure of society, as it is likely to be a rapid one, so it must be a painful process to a large portion of its people; and considering the strength of the powers conspiring against the stationary condition, much may be apprehended from the councils of violent and ignorant innovation, as in the revolution of France. Persons who bring nothing but good intentions, claims to common sense and common experience, as credentials of capacity for legislation on extraordinary occasions, are unworthy of national confidence, and have done infinite mischief by their incapacity and presumption, their proneness to regulate and meddle with everything. The true lawgiver,' says Mr. Burke, 'ought to have a heart full of sensibility. He ought to love and respect his kind, and to fear himself.'

It must, under such circumstances, be of paramount importance to understand the great features of the Asiatic social system, and to discover the causes which produce the stationary condition. With the view of bringing those topics into discussion, we avail ourselves of the appearance, so long wished for, of Dr. Francis Buchanan Hamilton's *Statistics of Bengal*, drawn up about thirty years ago, and now abridged and edited by Mr. Montgomery Martin, under the authority of the East India Directors—who will, we hope, sanction and patronize the publication of several other surveys known to exist among the archives of Leadenhall-street. Mr. Martin might, with advantage, have very much abridged the selections from his original, so as to have retained what is adapted to the European student of Indian institutions, rejecting topographical and other details of local

local interest only. But such as it is, the work is a valuable one; and would have been more so, could the editor have repressed his *besoin de faire parler de soi*, which he has indulged by prefixing certain uncalled-for prolegomena, in which he retails his own speculations, and passes his own projects in parade. Having performed his *ko-tow* to the Direction by a laudatory dedication, he turns round to reproach the people of England with apathy towards, and misgovernment of, India—as if the English people were primarily responsible for the administration of Indian affairs, and the Directors not responsible at all. He gives his projects of a grand Indian bank, &c., and his calculation, ‘never impugned,’ showing that England, during the last fifty years, has robbed India, in tribute, of 8,400,000,000*l.* sterling money—a calculation which speaks for itself—and for Mr. Martin too! Far be it from us ‘to impugn it,’ or to hurt a hair of its head. From the public journals we learn, that at a meeting in Glasgow, got up by the Society of Friends, Mr. Martin served up to his audience all these dishes warmed over again, and concluded the entertainment by assuming the attitude of a Jupiter Tonans; intimating, that should the British nation continue deaf to the voice of a charmer who charms so wisely, it might expect another visitation from *cholera morbus*, along with *epidemic hydrophobia*—very much in the way that Lord Peter consigned his brothers to the devil, if they presumed to doubt that the crust of bread he helped them to contained ‘the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard.’ We have nothing further to say of the editor’s cargo of ‘Notions,’ to enter into an examination of which would be firing at carrion crows not ‘worth powder and shot;’ but as this publication must be intended for that numerous, influential, and instructed section of the public, which cultivates and appreciates political economy, we ask Mr. Martin whether such commodities as he has here brought to market are likely to suit the taste of such customers, and whether *they* can be expected to approve of the attempt to enlist that science in the ignoble service of Quaker and Baptist agitation? He evidently belongs to that class of persons who assume to themselves to be the organs of common sense, and who consider an acquaintance with any subject as useless, just in so far as it exceeds the limits of their own. Of those persons Archbishop Whately has remarked, that although the sailor, the physician, the architect, or musician may coincide in the claim of common sense to decide questions of political economy, the sailor treats its authority in questions of navigation with contempt, and so do the others in respect of their several professions. The bulk of people of common sense believe that the sun moves round the

earth, and that antipodes are impossible. One of them was that worthy sailor of the Centurion, quoted by Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, who, after premising that, having been round the world with Anson, he must needs know all about it, declared that it was just as flat as the table before him.

We proceed to give some extracts from Dr. B. Hamilton. In the Appendix to vol. ii., we find several statements, furnished by his native assistants, of the expenditure of Hindoo families of various ranks in Dinajpore. These we shall give in an abridged and tabular form. The house-rent, ornaments, and furniture are estimated by adding, to the ordinary rate of interest on the capital originally invested in them, that sum which is required to keep them at the same value.

I. Expenditure of a Hindoo family of high rank, consisting of 10 persons. II. Expenditure of a family of some consideration, consisting of 8 persons.

	Rupces.	Anas.	Rupces.	Anas.
House-rent	78	0	56	0
Furniture	118	12	40	13
Ornaments	162	0	62	14
Clothing	210	0	72	0
Table	334	13	174	0
Servants	216	0	60	3
Religious Expenses	586	0	140	0
Education	6	0	4	0

Rs. 1711 9

Rs. 609 11

III. Family, in easy circumstances, of 6 persons. IV. Family of an artisan, of 4 persons. V. Family of a common labourer, of 4 persons.

	Rupces.	Anas.	Rupces.	Anas.	Rupces.	Anas.	Pigs.
Lodging	24	0	2	4	94	0	7
Furniture	16	7	1	3	31	0	10
Ornaments	12	12	0	4	6	0	8
Clothes	37	8	3	6	0	0	2
Food	128	2	30	0	0	0	16
Servants	15	0	0	0	0	0	0
Holydays	63	0	6	8	0	0	0
Guru, &c.	0	0	0	8	0	0	0
Barber	0	0	0	8	0	0	0

Rs. 296 13

Rs. 44 2 7

Rs. 22 30 0

The Rupee being equivalent to 2s. sterling, these figures denote a tenth of the number of pounds. No. I. is 1711. 2s., and so with the others.

There is another estimate of the expenditure of an artisan in easy circumstances, amounting to 116 rupees 14 anas, but it is unnecessary to give it. These details suggest many reflections. There is no religious establishment in India, and here we see how much the ryot's condition is deteriorated by being under the voluntary system, since the common labourer has to pay 9 per cent. of his annual expenditure of two guineas either to his guru, or in festival charges. In No. I. this charge exceeds 30 per cent.; in

No.

No. II. it is about 23 per cent. ; in No. III. above 21 per cent. ; and in No. IV. above 14 per cent.

The expense of refashioning gold and silver ornaments is another striking feature of those tables ; and it fully explains what has become of the billions of treasure poured during ages into India, without calling in the aid of Mr. Martin's tribute. The goldsmith is a member of the Aulway of every Hindoo village ; and as there are 234,000 villages in the Bengal Presidency alone, there must be at least 500,000 in the peninsula, with each its workman in gold and silver. The consumption of these metals must therefore be excessive ; and thus we find that the retention of so much treasure by India, so far from enriching it, as by the mercantile theory it should have done, terminates in the whole being volatilized and dissipated in the goldsmith's crucible.

Tobacco and betel constitute the chief luxuries of the ryot population. Spirituous liquors were then less used than Colonel Galloway represents them to be now.

'Many persons,' says the Doctor, 'consider that vegetable food, highly seasoned with capsicum and water for drink, is the diet best adapted to a warm climate ; but I am persuaded that they are mistaken. Whoever has travelled much with the natives, and been witness to the weakness of their constitutions, in resisting the changes of air and water, will agree with me in saying, that those who enjoy a diet which includes animal food and strong liquors in moderate quantities, are best able to resist the influence of unhealthy climates and sudden changes of air.'

.... 'Those called moralists' in their eagerness to appear uncommonly virtuous, are apt to extend their declamation from the abuse to the moderate use of good things ; but the present state of morals in Dinagepoor, under a water regimen, seems very little favourable to the wisdom of those who wish to deprive the people of the use of strong drink.'—vol. ii. p. 701-2. 'Nothing,' he adds, 'can be quieter than a drunken native.'

Upon this subject we may observe that all over Asia, where wine and spirits are forbidden by religion or custom, we find recourse had to opium, which is certainly no improvement ; and that the use of that drug has of late been rapidly increasing among the lower orders in Britain. Temperance Societies are harmless if not beneficial manifestations of that excited moral temperament which at the present period characterises this nation. The upper classes have given up hard drinking without the aid of such societies, and have had recourse to recreations more intellectual and more congenial to a social structure in which females occupy a more important station. The fine arts, especially music, are very efficient antagonists of inebriety, and their influence is now descending to the lower orders. We hear of societies for promoting education and temperance, when the tendencies of society at large have

have set in irresistibly in their favour, and need no one's assistance.

Bengal is, of all countries in the world, that in which population is the most excessive, and, of course, its checks are chiefly of the description called positive by Mr. Malthus. Second marriages are, indeed, restrained by the expense of nuptial ceremonies. A tradesman of pure birth must spend eighty rupees, and 'even a Bhumi Mali, the lowest of all castes, must spend seventeen,' of which the bride's father pays five. The higher Brahmins, however, receive a price from the bride's father. But universal opinion, as in China, requires of all to marry at least once, and widows may re-marry by a ceremony called Nika—a contract of fidelity, but dissolvable by consent. Girls are affianced before ten years of age, and married at thirteen; boys at sixteen. The result of such a state of things is very striking. Dr. B. Hamilton says, 'The moralist who, with a view of checking vice, should succeed in introducing early marriages, would, I am persuaded, produce great injury. The breed of men not only would degenerate, but vice would become more predominant.' Early marriages are unfruitful, as Dr. Hamilton remarked, in Bengal; and Colonel Sykes, in his valuable work on the statistics of the Deccan, states the proportion of children to each marriage to be there 2.48, that in France being 3.72, and in England 3.55. Even landlords' families in easy circumstances, the Doctor says, seldom maintain themselves for above three generations; and hence, as in China, recourse is had to *adoption*—the natural remedy of this artificial social condition. The Bengalese suffer greatly from cold, for want of sufficient clothing; and from the poverty of their fare and lodging may be truly described as being constantly in a state of famine. They are so predisposed to disease by those privations, that no one familiar with this subject will read the Doctor's details of the mortality among the natives with surprise, however much it may shock his feelings. 'Fever makes such ample havoc, that little room seems to be left for other diseases.' 'In fact there are few who escape with less confinement than one month in the year, and the whole are a sickly people.' 'Leprosy seems to occupy in Bengal the place of scrofula, being nearly as common as that malady in the colder parts of Europe. In a native of India, on the contrary, I have never seen a clearly marked case of scrofula.' Elephantiasis is not unfrequent. Statistical inquirers have of late endeavoured to ascertain the laws which regulate sickness as well as death; and Mr. McCulloch has summed up, with his accustomed ability and judgment, the most important results of those researches in his *Statistical Account of the British Empire*, under the head of
Vital

Vital Statistics. In England there are two persons always sick for each annual death, or one twenty-third part of the nation is always under sickness. In India, we imagine, sickness bears a higher ratio to death than the duplicate, and that the same is true of Ireland. In countries of low civilization, such as those two, the mortality of children under five years is always very great, as Dr. B. Hamilton found it in Bengal, and Colonel Sykes in the Deccan, and the mean duration of all lives is low. The great movement throughout Europe during the last half century towards a higher degree of civilization has everywhere been accompanied by an extension of the duration of life, and especially of infant life. Mr. McCulloch thinks that the deaths under five years, which in England are now a third of the births, were double that proportion a century ago. Along with this, there is a prolongation of adult life. According to Mr. Edmonds, there are of persons of 60 years old, for each 100 living betwixt the ages of 30 and 60—in England and Wales 27.5, in Scotland 28, in Ireland 15.7, in Belgium 30.3; hence the mortality between those ages is twice as great in Ireland as in Belgium. Like Bengal, Ireland is ever in a state so little removed above destitution, that in any other country of Europe it would be called one of famine; but this being its habitual condition, the term is restricted to those extraordinary cases when signal failures of potatoes occur. The Duke of Wellington lately observed in parliament that since he first took office, in 1806, there had not been a single year in which government had not been uneasy, at one period or another, about the subsistence of the Irish people. In Bengal, dearths are much aggravated by the deficiency of internal commerce; and Dr. Roxburgh tells us he had, in one year, seen rice in the husk at eight rupees per maund, and in another at two rupees—a difference which has not occurred in England since Plantagenet times, and which we should call famine. In Ireland, again, potatoes are sometimes six times as dear as at others. It is well known that famines become less frequent as cultivation becomes more skilful, and as more capital is expended on the soil; rich land, too, is less liable to failure than inferior soils; and hence Bengal is seldom visited by actual famine than the interior, for drought is not there followed by a total failure of the crops. Dr. B. Hamilton, writing in 1808, says, there had been only two famines in Bengal within the memory of man,—the one in 1769-70, the other in 1787. In the former, he says, 3,000,000 people perished.

A fanciful theory has lately been advanced, by which the non-occurrence of utter famine in Bengal, of late years, is attributed to the 'perpetual settlement' of the revenue, in 1792. The

Turkish

Turkish miri, or land-tax, has been fixed for ages, and at an extremely low rate, yet it has had no efficacy in averting famine. In China the land-tax is fixed according to the common calculations of the Chinese, at under two per cent—so Mr. Medhurst informs us—yet famine does not spare the Celestial Empire, where cultivation is much farther advanced than in Bengal, and the government retains annually in the provinces several millions of quarters (28,000,000 bushels of grain, and 12,000,000 of rice) as a precautionary measure.* The espousers of this theory have the hardest of all tasks to perform, in showing the necessary connexion between their cause and their effect. Rammohun Roy, in his written replies to questions put to him, in 1831, by a committee of the Commons, stated that, 'there is in practice no fixed standard to afford security to the cultivators for the rate or amount of rent demandable from them, although such a standard is laid down in theory.' In reply to the query 'Is the condition of the cultivator improved within your recollection of the country?' he says, 'According to the best of my recollection and belief, their condition has not been improving in any degree.' Query, 'Have the cultivators any means of accumulating capital?' 'Certainly not; in short,' he added, 'such is the melancholy condition of the agricultural labourers, that it always gives me the greatest pain to allude to it.' The Rajah further stated, 'But there are occasionally strong natural checks to this superabundance. The vast numbers carried off, of late years, by cholera morbus, having greatly relieved the pressure of surplus population, the condition of the labourer has been much improved in comparison with what it was before the people were thinned by that melancholy scourge.' (Appendix to Report on India, August, 1831, p. 691.)

The competency of this witness is as unquestionable as the decisive character of his testimony; and if it be near the truth, the perpetual settlements claim to having averted famine from Bengal, may be placed beside that of Tenterden steeple to having caused the Godwin Sands.

Had our limits permitted it, we might have entered into a comparison of the actual state of academical education in Bengal, as given by Dr. B. Hamilton, with that prevalent in Europe during its period of fixation, viz., the middle ages. The late learned orientalist and most amiable man, Professor Matthew Lumisden, used to contend that the only branch of human science in which the Oriental could claim precedence over Europeans was universal grammar; and when we turn to Dr. B. Hamilton's account of the course of study at Hindoo academies, we find ten years devoted to grammar, and one, or one and a half, to the dictionary,

* Vide Lettrow Edificantes, for an account of the famine in 1738, p. 283.

which is not alphabetically arranged, after which follow many years devoted to poetry and law. No great wonder, then, that the minds of many students become confused, by the abstract nature of these investigations, and many of them are considered, by the vulgar, as little better than fools. (vol. ii. p. 717.)

The Chinese are truly described by Mr. Davis 'as the most cheerful, industrious, orderly, and wealthy people in Asia.' They have enjoyed exemption from war longer than any other people; their taxation is light, and by some theoretical reasoners national depression is referred chiefly to over-taxation. They possessed for centuries anterior to Europeans a knowledge of the mariner's compass, of paper, printing, and gunpowder—which inventions, we have been ten thousand times told, caused the conversion of our own ancestors from a semi-savage into a civilized state. In China there is a registration of landed properties, labour is little interrupted by holidays, there is no religious establishment, no censorship of the press. Books, Mr. Medhurst says, 'are multiplied at a cheap rate, and to an almost indefinite extent, and every peasant and pedlar has the common depositories of knowledge within his reach. It would not be hazarding too much to say, that in China there are more books, and more people to read them, than in any other country of the world.' If to this be added the possession, for above a thousand years, of a system of education, so much favoured, that all state employments are given by competition, as school and college prizes, to the best scholars, this must evidently be the country to go to for instruction in science, in morals, and in the useful arts. It began its career long before us, and has pursued its course more systematically than we. How is it to be supposed that Europe, with half the population of China, can have anything to communicate in science to the celestial philosophers? The schoolmaster has ruled over China ever since our Anglo-Saxon Heptanarchy was at its climax of confusion. The Marquis of Lansdowne, in debating the Reform Bill in October, 1831, told us that the prosperity of Scotland, which Lord Liverpool had termed 'the best-conditioned country upon earth,' was produced wholly by its parochial schools, and in spite of its vicious political system. Can a president of the Queen's council be mystified? And if not, what must be the felicity of China, which has had parish schools for ten centuries, while Scotland has only had them since 1696? Since the establishment of this system of education in China, we discover two notable inventions—printing, and dwarfing of the women's feet—which are said to have been contemporaneous. China, according to the theories of the enlightened seers, who pretend to discern the signs of the times, ought to be the farthest advanced of all countries;

countries; but, somehow or other, the naked, indisputable matter of fact is, that it is in a semi-barbarous state, and that it neither has progressed for centuries, nor shows any tendency towards progression. It is one of the most stationary countries in the world. About 500 years ago, it is true, the construction of the grand canal gave an impulse to the empire: its cultivation was extended, and its population increased—but its institutions continued the same; the habits and intelligence of its people underwent no change. The consolidation of the empire is due, as in India, to foreign conquest; the Tartars and Turcomans subdued and moulded into one the petty states of China and India, and have held them in submission during many centuries. China, with its 361,000,000 of people, is ruled by barbarians armed with bows and arrows: the appearance of a single frigate in its waters throws the government into an agony of apprehension. So greatly is war become scientific among nations of the European race, and such is the inferiority of the Chinese, that they will be obliged to hire European or American seamen, as the Romans, in the decline of their empire, enlisted legions of barbarians.

China exhibits the extreme limit of advancement to which a people, arrested in the patriarchal condition of society, can hope to attain. Its laws are, indeed, corruptly administered; but this does not proceed from law wanting power, but from the magistracy wanting integrity—for not all the jealous provisions of its penal code, nor the frequent removals to other localities, nor the *espionnage*, nor the *coups de bâton* put in practice to prevent those *savans* from selling justice, have hitherto succeeded in making them honest. Where there is a natural aristocracy, there is a body, to which a large share of the administration of the law may be committed, without apprehending corruption, even where no recompense is given by the state. But in China there is no such body, nor is any qualification of property required from those appointed to office; so that the magistrates, (who do not covet money less from having been clever boys at school,) being poorly paid, (their usual salary is £50 sterling,) and without ancestral patrimony, very naturally employ their talents in devising the most effectual and safe means of extortion. Official rank is universally coveted, not only as leading to wealth, but as conferring distinction—just as in Russia military rank is coveted, and in the United States rank of any kind, it being the artificial substitute for a natural noblesse. Notwithstanding all this, there is, as Mr. Davis says, evidently a fair degree of security in China, as is distinctly proved by the fact, that the houses of the peasantry are not aggregated in villages, as everywhere else in Asia, but disseminated singly over the country. There is a great deal of publicity given to acts of government

government in China; but there is no body to discuss those acts corresponding to our *public*, consisting of the natural chiefs of society; and to this state of things Hume's observation is correctly applicable, that 'the absence of an hereditary aristocracy may secure the intestine tranquillity of the state, by making it impossible for faction or rebellion to find any powerful heads.' There is no other aristocracy in China than the government *employés*, who constitute a despotic bureaucracy, highly centralized, and of which the emperor is merely the hereditary chief. Lord Bacon observes in one of his Essays, that a monarchy without a nobility is ever an absolute despotism like that of the Turk—that 'a great and potent nobility addeth majesty to a monarch, but diminisheth power.' There has never, therefore, been a free polity in Asia, nor can there be, so long as its social institutions remain in force, by which despotic power is given to every head of a family. Nothing can be more in accordance with their social system than vesting despotic power in the head of the state. An Asiatic cannot even be made to comprehend our term of 'freeman.' They usually understand by it a holy man—one who has subdued his passions, and freed himself from the domination of vice.

Public meetings convened by advertisement for addressing the magistracy are, Mr. Davis says, sometimes held; but in China the mob orator has a difficulty to contend with, so very singular, that it merits a digression: it arises out of the barbarity of the oral language. Mr. Gutzlaff says,

'The poverty to which the spoken language is reduced is such, as to occasion misunderstandings in sentences of the most frequent occurrence, and to make conversation so exceedingly monotonous, as to comprise only the ordinary objects of life. Whenever any attempt is made to discuss more abstruse subjects, recourse must be had to ink and paper, and the speaker is obliged either to define the sounds by synonymes or write them down. There are no orators, nor do the masters in schools give oral instructions. Nothing tends so much to counteract the progress of civilization as the poverty of the oral medium, and the consequent paucity of ideas. No new subject of any importance can be introduced.'

Had they a parliament, the orators must, he thinks, print their speeches. This, it should be observed, is the state of the great instrument for communicating thought, after China has been schooled for 1000 years. Legal proceedings, too, are all in writing.

The oral language consists of 483 sounds, which, by variations in tone, are increased to about 1400 monosyllables. The written language, again, is quite unconnected with the oral. Sir G. Staunton says:—'Its written symbols realize the seemingly visionary theory of an orthography expressive, according to an established and received classification, of the ideas as they arrive in the

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the mind, disregarding wholly the sounds employed to give them utterance. The theory is beautiful, and the practice no less perplexing and inconvenient. As this written language, with its 214 roots, is capable of great extension by new combinations, and is, like musical notation, an universal system, independent of oral language, its superiority over the latter for affairs of state was manifest, especially after the empire became so extended as to comprehend provinces using various dialects. This preference being once decided on, a national system of schools followed, of course, from the great numbers to whom practical acquaintance with the written symbols must be communicated, and from their artificial nature.

The oral language indicates the state of Chinese society when first arrested in its growth, and the written one is the measure of whatever improvements it has since received.

That the population is in a very depressed condition is quite certain. Mr. Medhurst says:—The extreme poverty of the people in the south of China is well known to all who are acquainted with those regions, and the piteous scenes presented in winter, by whole hosts of peasants almost destitute of food or fuel, are enough to affect most deeply the minds of the compassionate. Common wages are, according to the same authority, 4*d.* a day, and the pay of a private soldier the same. This seems more correct than those other accounts which make day-wages 7*d.* and 8*d.* a day. An Indian sepoy costs ten guineas a year, or not quite 7*d.* a day.* Sir G. Stannion says that infanticide is in China chiefly confined to the lower orders, and is extenuated in some measure 'by the wretched and desperate condition to which they must, by the universal and almost compulsory custom, of early marriages, often be reduced, of having large and increasing families; while, owing to the already excessive population of the country, they have not the most distant prospect of being able to maintain them.

The description Mr. Gutzlaff gives of the habitations and food of the Chinese peasantry cannot fail to remind an English reader of Ireland:

'Millions of people live in small mud hovels. . . . The interior of the houses of the poor is wretched. They consist of one room, which serves the purposes of kitchen, sleeping apartment, parlour, and stable, the floor not being paved. In the cold regions a fire runs along the room, which serves as an oven for cooking the victuals and warming the apartment. The pigs lodge in the snugest corners; and goats, asses, and colts share the dwellings of their masters.

Let no one, however, imagine that happiness is not to be found

* Select Committee of Commons on India, 1832. Sir J. Malcolm's evidence.

in the Chinese or Hindoo hovel, miserable as it seems, or conclude that, as

Ward tried on puppies and the poor his drop, so we may try all manner of political and social experiments on a people so lowly situated in the scale of enjoyment. They do not so consider their own lot, nor have they ever authorised, nor will they ever authorise any man or body of men to try experiments with their little ails and with their lives, in order to obtain a chance of great benefits to posterity. Contentment reigns. Mr. Gutzlaff tells us, even among the wretched. They sit down to a meal, consisting of a little boiled grass and potatoes, with cheerfulness, because they know no better. However poor, they are fond of inviting a passing stranger, and offering him a share of their meagre repast. Mr. Medhurst gives the following account of one Chinese peasant's visit to another:

Complimentary cards are presented, and polite answers returned, all vying with each other in the display of humility and condescension. On the arrival of the guest, considerable difficulty is found in arranging who shall make the lowest bow, or first enter the door, or take the highest seat, or assume precedence at table, though the host generally contrives to place his guest in the most elevated position. When conversation commences, the mutual assent to every proposition, the scrupulous avoiding of all contradiction, and the entire absence of every offensive expression or melancholy allusion, show what a sense these people entertain of politeness.

Excessive population, although a very usual attendant upon the stationary condition of nations, does not appear to be an invariable one: since the peasantry of European Turkey, of Anatolia, and even of Persia, though stationary, are represented by recent travellers as being in comfortable circumstances.

The most remarkable phenomena of the stationary condition are these:—The production of wealth does no more than replace its annual consumption. No new natural grades can, therefore, be added to the society, for these originate in additions to the national capital. There is a great tendency towards professions becoming hereditary, and to fixed lines of demarcation between the various classes of which society is composed. Forms of intercourse, from being conventional, are regarded as the natural signs of mental disposition. 'Forms and ceremonies are so interwoven with the real business and pursuits of life, that it is not deemed tyrannical that they are enforced by the highest authority.'—Sir G. Staunton, 'Penal Code,' s. 173. The relations betwixt grades being no longer affected by the innovating influences of new creations of property, and those relations having become immutable, every one acquires a knowledge of them as they acquire their mother tongue—by imitation, and of necessity. When the

rules

rules of intercourse are precise, and universally understood; no one is at a loss how to behave himself in presence of inferiors or of superiors—and the precedence of one rank to another is not, as with us is often the case, a matter of doubt. Hence arises that characteristic of Asiatics, the absence of awkwardness and of bashfulness: hence, too, their mildness, urbanity, general self-possession. It no more lowers them in self-estimation to repress their resentment in conversing with superiors, than, with us, a soldier is lowered in character by submission to his commanding officer, or a man by giving precedence to a woman.

In India a man's social rank is fixed for ever by his birth: he can no more elevate himself from a low to a superior caste, than a Knight at chess can become a Rook.

The human mind is arrested in all its aspirations after things more perfect—it loses its motive power—as running water does by congelation. Hence that want of individuality so often noticed by European travellers. ‘When,’ says Mr. Medhurst (p. 79), ‘a man has studied the main features of the Chinese character in one place and one person, he has studied them all; and when he has discovered a train of argument that will silence the philosophical and superstitious objections of one individual, he has provided himself with materials that will be serviceable on all occasions.’ He adds—‘This uniformity and invariableness of the Chinese mind is to be traced to their possessing one set of opinions on philosophy and religion;’ but here is no solution of the problem to be solved—namely, whence this uniformity of thought, this coincidence of opinion on religion and philosophy? Nowhere is Wieland’s observation as to the rarity of original minds so applicable as to China—‘There are in this world so many echoes, and so few voices.’ The Chinese are evidently not deficient in mental capacity: we must, then, search for the explanation of their want of originality in the circumstances they are placed under. When once a nation ceases to advance, it does not simply stop, but a set of new phenomena commence. Habit derives its power from that original quality in our nature by which things done repeatedly are done more easily; and joined to this is the tendency of the human mind to associate things which often occur together as being necessarily related to each other. There are certain expressions of affection, anger, and other mental states, which are understood everywhere by the adult, the child, and even by some animals, such as the dog. These are natural signs. The forms of salutation, again, are in Europe variable conventional signs; but in Asia they have long ceased to be so, and have become invested with the same authority as natural signs. We know that all that salutation can
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ever express may be expressed in many different modes; but were we in the stationary condition we should obey its laws: our dress—our modes of salute—our language—our ideas would become fixed, as if enchained to the same spot—we should be what our ancestors had been. It may be even found, on investigation, that the prevalence of fatalism all over Asia is a consequence of the Asiatic being under the dominion of habit and authority to such a degree—that, finding so very few things subject to his individual decision, and almost everything determined independently of him—finding himself so generally an actor in scenes in which his part is prescribed, he is led to conclude against his having freewill at all.

We are accustomed to speak of imagination as if it was subject to no law at all, but it conforms itself as readily to stationary laws, as any other faculty that partakes in this paralysis. 'The faculty of imagination,' says Dugald Stewart, 'is the great spring of human improvement. As it delights in presenting to the mind scenes and characters more perfect than those with which we are acquainted, it prevents us from being ever satisfied with our present condition. . . . Destroy this faculty, and the condition of man will be as stationary as that of the brutes.' Invention, in a stationary society, disappears—not because mankind are less endowed at one time with inventive powers than at another, but because invention has no longer an object. If an improvement is discovered, it can bring neither fame nor profit to its author, unless it has the consent of society to its practical introduction; and this every one feels would be denied in such a state as China now is, where the great end of government, social and political, is, to repress all disturbing forces that might interfere with the mental repose of the nation. We are naturally enough surprised that the Chinese should not have invented canal-locks, considering their superiority over the inclined plane, and there are a thousand other such examples of the same thing; but the Chinese have never yet adopted European inventions when made known to them—we need not wonder then at their not having invented what could be of no practical utility. Were all mankind to turn Quakers, would there be so many endeavours to discover new scarlet and crimson dyes? or to improve gunnery?

In this social state literature loses its courage and its energies: it does not aim at extending its empire, being content to work up, to polish, and to veneer the former stock of materials. We are then in the age of vamped epitomes, of small, creeping criticism, of sentimentality, of conceits, of anagrams, and so forth. It is as if whole nations were breathing the atmosphere of some one enervate *boudoir*. The drama is old in years, but in character a child.

child.* In music no progress has ever been made. The Asiatic might be easily taught musical notation, but that would do nothing towards advancement in the art. Painting is just as lifeless; yet this is not from ignorance of higher achievements in those arts, for they have had these communicated to them by Europeans; nor from want of capacity—but from the people of whom they form a part, and whose social system they obey, having lost the use of those faculties conferred by Providence upon man as instruments of progression.

Language invariably follows social advancement; nor does the cultivation of a foreign literature appear to give momentum to a stationary people. During the dark ages, Latin was generally understood by a large portion of the influential classes of Europe, but they *thought* in their mother tongues, which were barbarous, and hence their compositions were feeble and tame. Germany did not assume her rank among literary nations, until her language became the written, as well as spoken, medium of communicating thought. The Slavonic nations must cease to speak French and German, before they can have anything worthy to be called a literature. The language of literature is always the dialect of the upper classes, constituting the *Public*, and is nowhere vernacular. Italian is not the dialect of Rome, nor French the patois of Paris, nor is English the cockney of London. In China the Mandarin dialect is nowhere vernacular. In Bengal the Procrit is not the common speech. A language is improved as those who speak it require to express new objects of thought—it is fashioned by man—it cannot take the lead in national progression.

There is little circulation of persons. The equality of condition is such, that the wants of families being few, and for home productions, are supplied by their own vicinity. Roads of communication are few and bad; and where population is everywhere superabundant, the labourer cannot better his condition by seeking employment at a distance. He is, for this reason, very dependent on his employer; and, in return, the latter considers his servant as his peculiar charge: so that, in this state

* In Java (where alone, in Asia, dancing is a genteel accomplishment) we find, from the descriptions given by Mr. Crawford and Commodore Downes, that they possess the *fantecini*; and, besides, all the rude elements of the Italian opera—the most artificial, refined, scientific, and intellectual of human amusements. Like the *Commedie dell' Arte* of Italy, their plays are sketched in outline, or *scenarii*, and the dialogue is in *improptu*. Masks are generally used; the manager frequently recites the speeches, and the actor accompanies him by gesture, while a band of music contributes its aid to the performance. No later than 1758, or eighty years ago, M. Grosley (who is known to have written the 'New Observations on Italy by Two Swedish Gentlemen') saw at Venice in a court of law the same separation of declamation from gesture—the lawyers acting the part of gesticulators, and attended by relators, who recited their briefs.

of things, the important relation of master and servant, is on a much more agreeable footing than in a country of rapid progression, as in England just now, and still more so in the United States, or Australia, where the servants and masters are perpetually in collision, and where the former seldom remain a twelve month in the same place. In Asia, again, the duties of the servant are exactly defined—he knows what he has to do and he does it—he has no thoughts of quitting one master for another—he has no motives to do so—and mutual good feeling and mutual interests are the results. We may trace throughout the laws which govern the moral world the uniform proportion which kind feeling on the part of those we are dependent upon bears to the degree of dependence on the other side. The affection of the mother for the child is of all human affections the greatest, and it increases whenever the child is sickly, and requires it most: the nurse's attachment is next to the maternal. Among the lower animals this affection, so powerful at first, ceases altogether when the age of independence is attained by the progeny. Where there is no dependence, there we find no natural affection. As we are incomparably, all of us, more dependent on God than we can be on our fellow-creatures, so it is our consolation to believe that his beneficent disposition towards the beings of his creation very far exceeds the maternal affection for the child.

Such are the leading features presented by a people that has long been in a state of fixation. Our explanation of the phenomena will consist in showing that the structure of human society is not of human but of divine origin; that it is naturally progressive, from the agency of certain motives inherent in all men, by which they are impelled to improve their position—that the means are provided by which they may effect that object by industry;—that man has no power to advance in civilization but by those means ordained by his Maker, nor can he alter or suspend the laws of his nature;—but as a free agent he may decline availing himself of those means, and try devices of his own, in which case his error is punished by his remaining where he was, or rather by being placed in a worse position;—that no nation ever yet was stationary, where mankind allowed free scope to these divine arrangements, nor ever progressive where the natural incentives to individual exertion were circumscribed or withheld. We propose next to explain how society, all over Asia, was arrested in its march at a very early period, and why it has so continued. The exterminations by the Hindoo conquerors,—the devastations of the Moslem invaders,—the intestine wars among Indian rulers,—the misgovernment of England, of which Lord Cornwallis's *Perpetual Settlement* is by much the most prominent

example that can be given;—all those events, though very important in their consequences, lose much of their interest in an investigation which terminates in proof, that it is to other and very different causes we must refer the depressed condition of Asia, with its six hundred millions of mankind. The causes just enumerated can never explain the fixation of China or Japan, and therefore they must be set aside in an inquiry into the cause of the fact that Asia, once in advance of Europe, has fallen so far behind it.

Adam Smith, after stating that we never think of referring the movements of a watch to the spring or the wheels, but to the contrivance of the watchmaker, or the circulation of the blood to the blood itself, continues,—

‘But though, in accounting for the operations of bodies, we never fail to distinguish, in this manner, the efficient from the final cause—in accounting for those of the mind, we are very apt to confound those two different things with one another. When, by natural principles, we are led to advance those ends which a refined and enlightened reason would recommend to us, we are very apt to impute to that reason, as to their efficient cause, the sentiments and actions by which we advance those ends; and to imagine that to be the wisdom of man, which, in reality, is the wisdom of God. The man of system, on the contrary, is apt to be very wise in his own conceit, and is often so enamoured of the supposed beauty of his own ideal plan of government, that he cannot suffer the smallest deviation from any part of it. He goes on to establish it completely in all its parts, without any regard either to the great interests, or to the strong prejudices which may oppose it. He seems to imagine that he can arrange the different members of a great society with as much ease as the hand arranges the different pieces upon a chess-board: he does not consider that the pieces on the chess-board have no other principle of motion beside that which the hand impresses on them; but that, in the great chess-board of human society, every single piece has a principle of motion of its own, altogether different from that which the legislature may choose to impress upon it. If those two principles coincide and act in the same direction, the game of human society will go on easily and harmoniously, and is very likely to be happy and successful. If they are opposite, the game will go on miserably, and the society must be at all times in the greatest disorder.’—*Moral Sentiments*, ii. s. 2.

There would be no end to quotations from eminent men to the same effect. From Burke alone we might borrow to any extent. To regulate by an artificial system the structure of society, the forms of intercourse, dress, amusements, and manners, is still more barbarous than to attempt the regulation of property or population. It will ere long be advocated by those only who would imitate the Chinese in dwarfing the women's feet, and encouraging the growth of their nails.

Man

Man is by nature fitted for a much higher condition than that of a savage; he has appetites and desires after objects external to him, which are placed within his reach, but on one condition, and that condition is labour. The earth is endowed with the power of yielding, not merely the seed committed to it by the sower, but a large increase. But for this there could have been no capital, no classes of men exempt from labour of body, no science or civilization. By labour man can not only provide for his own subsistence, but can accumulate what is over and above his consumption, until he can afford to hire others to labour for him. But he will not labour unless he is sure of enjoying exclusively the fruit of his exertions: he will not toil for others, or for the universal happiness principle. If he is to reap the harvest as one of many, and to have only an aliquot part of it, he limits himself to do no more than what the others do; and when society is composed of joint-stock labourers, it is stationary all the world over. Here is to be found the source of Asiatic fixation. Without increased labour there can be no increase of population, except that to a certain extent the annual produce of food may support more people, by putting them individually on shorter allowance. Without increased labour there can be no accumulations of capital, no progression; and if the natural incentives to labour be withheld, no artificial substitutes are of the slightest avail. The labourer must have entire confidence in being protected by law, so that none shall take from him the produce of his labour by violence, and he must be allowed entire control over it, or he relaxes into idleness. 'The property which every man has in his own labour, as it is the original foundation of all property, so it is, of all others, the most sacred and inviolable.' Although these words of Adam Smith may seem merely to state a truism, yet it is very certain that no community can be named in which the natural inducements to exertion have been allowed free scope; and this is the reason why, after man has inhabited this globe for 6000 years, it is very far from being yet occupied by him. There is in India one-third part in jungle, or waste, much of it never yet cleared, and probably the territory of the United States will be all cleared and occupied before that of Hindostan. All over Asia, China excepted, population is distributed in villages, and, in India at least, those villages seem to have been originally Byacharry, or coparceny communities, where the land was held in minute portions, jointly and severally liable for the whole rent and taxes. The exactions of the Mussulman rulers, by ruining those corporations, have greatly diminished their number, so that many are now held by single proprietors, or in severalty by more than one. In Bengal, what was left undone by the Mussulman in this

spoliation, was accomplished by Lord Cornwallis's perpetual settlement,—*Quod non fecerunt barbari fecere Barberini*. As far as this system extended, it need not be insisted upon that it completely repressed national prosperity. It is a community of liability, not of goods. A community of property has never had any other than the same consequences. Crete and Lacedæmon in ancient, Mexico and Peru in modern times, show its uniform operation under circumstances the most dissimilar. As to China, Sir G. Staunton informs us, that 'the ancient annals of the empire testify that for a long period of time the earth, like the other elements of nature, was enjoyed by its inhabitants almost in common. Their country was divided into small equal districts; every district was cultivated conjointly by eight labouring families, which composed each hamlet, and they enjoyed all the profit of their labours, except a certain share of the produce, reserved for public expenses. It was true, indeed, that, after a revolution deplored in all the Chinese histories, which happened prior to the Christian era, the usurper granted all the lands away to the partners of his victories, leaving to the cultivators of the soil a small pittance only out of the revenue which it yielded. Property in land also became hereditary; but in process of time the most considerable domains were subdivided into very moderate parcels by the successive distribution of the possessions of every father equally among all his sons, the daughters being always married without dower.'

We have here placed before our eyes the process by which the degradation of Chinese society was effected; and in France the agricultural population are now in the act of transition, by the same agency, to the same deplorable condition, notwithstanding the counter-agency of a flourishing external commerce, and great manufacturing activity in the large towns.

An equal division of property in cases of intestacy is of small importance, if the power of testamentary bequest be left free, as the example of Kent sufficiently proves; but to take from a testator, by the force of statutes, religion, and custom, the power of apportioning his property among his children and relations as he deems best, is a signal violation of the social laws, and it is severely punished by them—that people ceases to thrive. As soon as land is all appropriated and is become valuable; condensation of population ensues; to increase the productive power of the soil an expenditure of more capital, or accumulated labour, is necessary;—for cultivation begins by throwing into the earth a quantity of human food, and it proceeds by expending food on horses and labourers, all which must have been previously stored up: it ends by the replacement, six months afterwards, of this expenditure by the reproduction of an equal quantity of food, and

* Staunton's Embassy to China, ii. p. 131.

somewhat more, which is termed profit. The capacity, therefore, of any nation to increase its production of food will mainly depend on its stock of moveable capital, and this, again, upon high wages of labour, enabling the operative to save part of his earnings. But wages cannot be high under a law of compulsory equal partition, which gives an artificial bounty to numerical increase. In the slave, serf, and metayer states of society this preponderance of population is checked by the power and interests of the proprietor; but in those of the ryot, and cottier of Ireland, this check operates feebly, or not at all, as Professor Jones has shown.* It is insecurity of possession which in Asia decides the retrocession of population. With a fair degree of security cultivation may be extended, as has lately been the case in India and in Ireland, but the condition of the ryot and cottier is not raised thereby, nor is the culture of the soil improved. Cholera or typhus may thin the population and raise wages for a time, but its numbers are speedily reproduced.

Another effect of this system has been overlooked—it is its tendency to produce community of property in families. Both in China and India subdivision has been carried so far that heirs find it inconvenient or impossible to partition the succession any farther; the eldest son acts as head manager or trustee, and in this way common proprietorship goes on, often for several generations, until disputes arise, terminating in one of those hundred thousand suits which fill the files of Indian courts of justice. It is owing to this community of goods that in China, Sir G. Staunton informs us, three families frequently lodge in the same house, one room of which serves for a common eating apartment, and that there are so very few households, compared to the population.

In Asia none are allowed to gratify the natural desire, so dominant in the European capitalist, of founding a family, whose chief, by possessing a landed property under the law of primogeniture, should be one of a permanent body of gentry. There can be no natural gradation of ranks between the throne and the cottage, no chateaux, no gentleman's mansion, no opulent tenantry—and all this is because Asiatics are not permitted to dispose of their own property as they please. It would be in contradiction to what has ever proved true in other parts of the world were Asia, with such laws of property, progressive in wealth and civilization.

This village system, which not only pervades Asia, but has been distinctly recognised in many parts of Europe,—even in Italy,

* Essay on the Distribution of Wealth, by Rev. Richard Jones, book i. c. 5. This able and original thinker appears to us to attribute more than its due influence to political government, which, in Asia, is the natural result of the social system of the people.

in the earliest Roman times,—was probably the remedy adopted in a rude state of society against insecurity from neighbours and wild animals. Exactly in proportion as civilization proceeds we find that man has regained his natural rights over the produce of his labour. His powers over it enlarge until he can do with it what he chooses, provided he neither injures individuals nor society. This is social freedom—a thing incomparably more valuable than political liberty, which last is founded, not on right, but on expediency and convention, for no one can have a natural right to govern other people.

By these means the career of Asiatic advancement was arrested some thousand years ago. It is an idle thing to seek for its actual depression in over-taxation, or tribute, or fiscal or political causes, which at best explain depression in one part, not in another, and are practically all delusive, by withdrawing attention from the true solution of the whole appearances. Nothing like proof has yet been adduced that India was ever more prosperous than it now is. The notion of a Hindoo empire, ruled by the mild and paternal sway of one native sovereign, is evidently a fiction. According to Arrian, Megasthenes found 122 independent states in India. There is no more evidence of this Hindoo empire than of the existence of Prester John, or of the voyages of Sindbad.

To the arrestation of productive industry it is not indispensable that there should be what is commonly understood by community of goods, but only that the labourer should be obliged to share with another the produce of his exertions. The slave, the serf, the metayer, are nowhere industrious; and in the case of tithes we know how much production is increased by individualizing the interests of the parties, so that if the farmer lays out more capital, as his is the venture, so his shall be the gain.

When additional production has ceased, population (which has laws of its own quite independent of those of property) proceeds on its course. Food remaining as before, and the consumers of it annually increasing, the portion of each individual is reduced until it comes to the minimum sufficient for existence, and such is the Bengal ryots' condition. Then follows that social conformation which we have endeavoured to sketch in outline; and once reduced to such a state, society has no intrinsic powers of regaining the path of prosperity and progression. There is no length of time it may not continue stationary if left to its own energies.

The principles we have endeavoured to establish respecting the arrestation of nations would receive many confirmations from an inquiry into the transition process, by which they pass into the progressive state; but this we cannot go into. Hereafter we hope

to give a sketch of its laws—its phenomena—and the important suggestions thence deducible, in regard to the line of conduct, on the part of Great Britain, the best suited to the interests of India, and for conducting it unstained by anarchy and crime through the perilous crisis which awaits it.

Here we should have ended—but there is yet a particular topic of great interest to India, on which we wish to make some observations, because we deem its agitation to be at the present moment especially ill-timed, injudicious, and calculated to misdirect public attention. We allude to a revival of the plan of extending the *perpetual settlement* to the Upper Provinces of Bengal, comprising a population of about twenty-three millions—nearly equal to that of our British Islands.

The general reader may require to have an outline of this perpetual settlement laid before him, but we hope to avoid entering into the intricate controversies to which this *texata questio* has given birth. In 1793 Lord Cornwallis promulgated, by proclamation, his definitive arrangement of the land revenue in Bengal, the basis of which was a relinquishment by government of the power of augmenting that revenue in future; the *zumeendar* was invested with the property of the soil, but the cultivating ryots were guaranteed in their possessions so long as they paid their *then* rents to the *zumeendar*. The difference between the amount paid by the *zumeendar* to government, and that received by him from the ryot, was supposed to be one-third. The waste lands (one third of the province) were given as a *douceur* to the *zumeendars* at no rent. They had till then been fiscal officers, removable, and though the son generally succeeded, there was no equal division of the office as in succession to property. Lord Cornwallis made them liable to the law of equal division, and he took from them the power of enforcing payment from the ryot by summary process and ejection. There were no pains taken to fix the *zumeendar's* claims on the ryot, and these proved to be vague and litigable beyond all previous conception. But his lordship had made up his mind.—‘I must declare that I am clearly of opinion that this government will never be better qualified, at any given period whatever, to make an equitable settlement of the land revenue;’ (Minute, 3rd February, 1790;) and he affirmed that if the measure were postponed, in order to obtain more information, ‘the commencement of the happiness of the people, and the prosperity of the country, would be delayed for ever.’ His lordship was not of Fielding’s opinion, who entitles one chapter of *Tom Jones*, ‘An Essay to prove that an Author will write the better for having some knowledge of the subject on which he writes.’ The result of the experiment corresponded with the incapacity

incapacity and self-sufficiency displayed in its contrivance. The zumeendars, unable to enforce payment from the ryots, were ruined, and their zumeendaries sold by auction in great numbers. Some were fraudulently brought to sale, and repurchased, in order to annul the ryot leases, which by another blunder were not good against purchasers. In 1799 the zumeendars were re-invested with the power of ejectment, and then came the ryots' turn. They could only oppose to this power the slow remedy of a suit-at-law against a person armed with wealth and authority. Fictitious claims were preferred against them—ejectment followed, and innumerable families of those poor people were deprived of their little properties, and ruined. The zumeendars in the end obtained higher rents by getting rid of the ryot rights of property, and they have profited by the great increase of cultivation and its extension to the waste lands. But the operation of the law of equal division is gradually reducing them to poverty, and threatens, ere long, to involve the system in new difficulties.

The lower province (Bengal, Behar, &c.) has a population of 36,000,000, and pays about 3,000,000*l.* sterling under the permanent settlement. When acquired by the company in 1765, it paid 4,620,000*l.* Mr. Colebrooke, more than twenty years ago, states the cultivated and assessed land in Bengal and Behar at 95,000,000 of beegahs, (of one-third of an English acre,) the assessment at 2,500,000*l.*, or 15*d.* per English acre. There are in the whole lower province 162,000 square miles, or above 100,000,000 of acres, and if we assume 40,000,000 only as being now cultivated (the rest being waste or exempt from taxation)—at the low rate of 3*s.* per acre—the zumeendars draw 6,000,000*l.* sterling from the ryots, of which they pay one-half to the company. Bengal, styled in the Imperial Firman the Paradise of the Earth, being so low taxed, the other provinces have to contribute disproportionately. In the Deccan Colonel Sykes found the assessment averaged 2*s.* 9*d.* per English acre. Notwithstanding the inferiority in soil and population of the upper or western provinces, which are not under the permanent settlement, they pay as much land-tax as the lower, and have been increasing in prosperity and cultivation much more rapidly (until the famine of 1837) than Bengal.

After the masterly exposure by Mr. Rickards of the misery inflicted by the permanent settlement on the ryots of Bengal, we little expected to hear of its reproduction; but there are, as Dugald Stewart observes, certain notions which come round at stated intervals like the tunes of a barrel organ, and it would seem that it is come to the permanent settlements' turn. A new set of variations have been composed, and have been repeatedly rehearsed in Leadenhall-street. Of these alterations we only know one—
namely,

namely, that the waste lands are to be reserved, which must disappoint the rajahs of the western provinces, and make them unwilling to accept the measure. That the proposers of the plan are persons of capacity and the best intentions, and that many of its supporters are so, we in nowise doubt. But this is not a question of capacity or intention. It concerns many millions of our species, and no effort ought to be untried to avoid acting in ignorance when knowledge is attainable. If the ryot is to be protected, his lease should be as precise as is possible; his rent and tenure ascertained for every field, and an alternative given him of paying a fixed sum of money. When an English proprietor's estate is out of lease, he gets a plan and valuation made of his farms. There is scarcely a European state that has not found it necessary to have a trigonometrical survey, accompanied by minute statistical reports, in order to avoid injustice in levying their territorial imposts. The company has prosecuted, since 1759, such a survey of the South of India under Colonels Lambton and Everest, which Major Jervis tells us, on General Salmon's authority, has cost 1,400,000*l.*; adding, that it embraces a total amplitude of 23°, and, with a topographical survey connected with it, might be finished in seven years, comprehending the Company's entire territories. Can it be imagined by any body of competent persons that a revenue assessment would not be better executed with those aids than without them?

When science and deliberation have done all that can be done, we expect nothing beyond a very imperfect attainment of the object in view. Every one knows how difficult it is to realise a regular income from a numerous poor tenantry, as in Ireland, and that when middlemen are employed, rack-renting is the consequence. In India the company has at least seven millions of ryot tenants, for the most part in great poverty: it is, therefore, vain to pretend that any system can be devised by which the revenue is to be raised without giving occasion to oppression by the numerous agents employed in collection. Were the ryots under landlords, the same evil would present itself: it is inseparable from the vicious system of Hindoo society, by which the peasant is crushed and enslaved. Even in Europe it is deemed necessary to levy taxes by summary process, and in India this power must be delegated to the farmers of the revenue, or (in the ryotwar system) to the subordinate agents of government. So completely does this place the ryot at the disposal of those agents, that he rarely attempts resistance. Twenty years ago an inquiry took place at Madras into the enormous peculations of Cass Chitty, continued during several years, and the report (believed to have been drawn up by Sir T. Munro) states, that

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out of 30,000 ryots who must have submitted to this man's exactions, not above twenty complained of them. Such is the value of the legal remedies provided for the ryot, and such the efficacy of the safeguards devised in Leadenhall-street, and represented as adequate to their object.

Rammohun Roy was of opinion that the perpetual settlement had operated advantageously for the revenue in comparison with the ryotwarry system; the whole revenue of Bengal having increased 100 per cent. between 1792 and 1827, whereas that of Madras had only increased 40 per cent.; but he has made no comparison between Bengal and the upper provinces, which have partaken of the same progression in wealth and numbers, although *not* 'permanently settled.' This fact is decisive of the impropriety of referring the rise in landed property in Bengal to the settlement, unless in so far as it was coupled with the throwing the waste lands into the market—a thing quite distinct and separate. The Rajah says the arrangement was still more beneficial to the zumeendars, landed estates having risen to ten times their value in 1793, which he attributes solely to the cultivation of waste land and to exaction of higher rents from the assessed land. This last source of zumeendarry revenue is in contravention of the perpetual settlement. Lord Cornwallis, in his minute, 3rd Feb. 1790, says, 'Every abwah or tax imposed by the zumeendar, over and above that sum, is not only a breach of that agreement, but a direct violation of the laws of the country.' 'Whoever cultivates the land, the zumeendar can receive no more than the established rent.' 'The rents of an estate can only be raised by inducing the ryots to cultivate the more valuable articles of produce, and to clear the extensive tracts of waste land which are to be found in almost every zumeendarry in Bengal.' These are unequivocal expressions, nor is it a doubtful matter that the Eighth Regulation of 1793 (Art. 2, s. 60) was framed to give them practical effect.

Rammohun inclined to the opinion that the additional wealth of Bengal was owing to foreign commerce, but that 'it is confined to landlords and dealers in commodities.' 'When we reflect,' says he, 'on the extent of overwhelming poverty throughout the country—(towns and their vicinity excepted)—we cannot admit that increase of wealth in general has been the cause of the actual rise in the value of landed estates. To those who have ever made a tour of the provinces, either on public duty or from motives of curiosity, it is well known that, within a circle of one hundred miles in any part of the country, there are to be found very few, if any (besides proprietors of land), that have the least pretensions to wealth, or independence, or even the common comforts of life.' It is not, then, surprising that the Rajah denied the claim of

of the settlement to having benefited the ryot population, or, in other words, the people of India.

The onward movement in the Gangetic empire is manifestly due to foreign intercourse—just as the still greater rate of increase in the cottier population, and in the rental and cultivation of Ireland, has its source in the augmented demands of Britain for Irish produce—the ryot can pay rent for waste land, because a new demand has appeared for his exportable commodities, which are purchased for the foreigner, or to supply the increased consumption of the commercial towns: were this extraneous demand withdrawn, he could pay rent no longer, or only a lesser one; so with Ireland, were the abolition of the Corn Laws followed by the substitution of a continental supply of grain to England in place of the Irish one, the cottier's means of paying his rent would cease, or be greatly diminished.

Bengal, like Ireland, exports grain, notwithstanding the great wretchedness of its cultivators; but, among the benefits of the perpetual settlement, we do not hear of greater comforts among the poor, or the conversion of mud cabins into stone dwellings.

That the Bengal ryot is rack-rented is certain, and to him it must seem a mockery to be told that he is benefited by the perpetual settlement: the zumeendar's claims on him have no other limit than his capacity to pay. After forty years have expired, the pledge to limit the ryots' rent is unredeemed, and instead of talking of redeeming it, we hear only of repeating the same pledge to the ryots of another province. It is surely a reasonable demand that the promise made in Bengal shall be fulfilled before any more promises are made. In all countries impolitic arrangements, when long endured, are somewhat mitigated by natural remedial processes; but most of all is this the case in stationary conditions of society, and from thence we may deduce an additional reason for exacting from the proposers of extensive mutation the most intimate knowledge of their subject. The British people are now immersed, as it were, in an atmosphere of exciting influences. Unknown to, and unperceived by ourselves, we are actuated by a restless activity, which seeks gratification in change for its own sake, and makes little account of obstacles opposed to its projects by the nature of man and by the general laws of the universe. Deeply will it be felt by the people of India for ages, should this appetite for innovation, unaccompanied by discretion and self-distrust, acquire the ascendancy in our Eastern legislation.

It remains only to add a few sentences respecting Mr. Rickards' theory, that over-taxation is the radical evil of India. He had levelled the pretensions of the zumeendarry and ryotwarry systems

systems with the ground,—in so far, his work is ‘une réponse sans réplique’—and yet this most acute and candid investigator has completely failed in constructing a theory qualified to explain the facts of his own selection. He has given a quotation from Volney, where it is stated that the miri, or assessment, of Syria was fixed by Selim I., that it was accompanied by a registration, was extremely moderate (*‘infiniment modérée’*), and made perpetual. Volney proceeds to detail the extra cesses and exactions by which Selim’s perpetual settlement was rendered a dead letter, and Mr. Rickards remarks on the parallelism betwixt the history of this ancient settlement and the Indian mode of procedure; but it never seems to have occurred to him that, merely to lower the government rent—so that it shall be *‘infiniment modérée’*—is to do nothing for the ryot, who has then to pay so much more to the pasha’s agent, or some other middleman. If he had adverted to the actual condition of the lackerage, or rent-free lands of Bengal, which are of vast extent, and in fully as miserable a state as those assessed, he must, one would imagine, have seen that, whatever be the cause of the depressed condition of the Indian peasantry, it certainly cannot be explained by over-taxation; but when once a ruling idea has remained for some time in quiet possession of the brain, the stationary condition is very apt to ensue, and it maintains its ground against the strongest assaults. Colonel Galloway (p. 124), on the authority of the Ayen Ackburee, states that Akbar’s revenue from all Hindoostan was 116,000,000*l.* sterling, although he had made very great remissions of taxes, and among them the jizeeah, or capitation on non-Moslems, which infidels were compelled to pay ‘in a humble and abject posture,’ and which produced 10,000,000*l.* sterling, according to the Colonel’s calculation. That Akbar ever realised anything like this revenue we cannot credit. According to Mr. Fraser, in his *History of Nader Shah*, the Mogul drew from all India 37,700,000*l.* at the beginning of last century. As the Company’s territories comprehend two-thirds of the Mogul empire, and their revenue is 22,000,000*l.* or 23,000,000*l.*, it is abundantly clear that, to explain the depression of India by the exactions of the Company, is to take up a false position, and one which cannot be maintained.

Sooner or later, we shall arrive at the conclusion, that the evils of India, like those of Ireland, are social evils, and to be dealt with as such. The art of Irish agitation consists in representing all the ills of Ireland as political grievances. The delusion of many persons versant in Indian affairs is to consider the evils of India as fiscal evils—they seek for the living among the dead.

Art. V.—*Life of Thomas Telford, Civil Engineer, written by Himself; containing a Descriptive Narrative of his Professional Labours; with a folio Atlas of Copper Plates. Edited by John Rickman, one of his Executors; with a Preface, Supplement, Annotations, and Index. 4to. London. 1838.*

THIS very valuable and instructive work, which may be considered as unique in its kind,

originated very naturally when Mr. Telford began to withdraw himself from undertaking new professional engagements, and, from a growing infirmity of deafness, felt himself uncomfortable in any mixed company. In this predicament, it was obvious to suggest to him, that, in his intended transition from activity to leisure, he might yet do good service to the public, without too much fatigue to himself, if by degrees he renewed acquaintance with all his accumulated papers, making such a selection from them as, aided by his own recollections, might display to the public all the great works executed under his superintendence, and all the improvements introduced by him during the third part of a century of extensive practice in his profession.

‘Mr. Telford was advised to indite his work in some degree biographically, writing in the first person, as more agreeable to the reader, easier to himself, and not requiring classification of subjects; often a fruitless labour, in which no man can precisely satisfy himself, and which may be advantageously supplied for the convenience of the reader by a good index to any volume, in whatever manner the materials may be arranged for publication.’—*Preface, pp. v. vi.*

The dimensions of the Atlas, says the editor, * will be deemed by many too large for convenience; but Mr. Telford was always favourable to a large scale, as capable of distinct admeasurement in all its parts, and leaving no room for doubt or expensive recourse to the object itself of which the exact dimensions may be hereafter required. Profit from publication was not in Mr. Telford’s contemplation; he anticipated a very different result—and herein his executors have gone as far as was deemed justifiable in fulfilling the known intentions and expectation of the deceased.

Thomas Telford was born in the parish of Westerkirk, in the county of Dumfries, August 9, 1757. His father, who was a shepherd in the pastoral district which divides the counties of Dumfries and Roxburgh, died before the child was four months old. His mother’s name was Janet Jackson: she lived till the year 1794, enjoying always, as she well deserved, the dutiful and affectionate regards with which this, her only son, testified his sense of the care which she had bestowed upon his infancy and growing years. He is said to have written all his letters to her in printed characters, that she might read them herself without assistance.

assistance. In those days the schoolmaster was not abroad, but, what is much better, in Scotland he was at home. Burns tells us that his father's 'dearest wish and prayer was to have it in his power to keep his children under his own eye till they could discern between good and evil.' 'There being no school near us,' Gilbert Burns says, 'and our little services being useful on the farm, my father undertook to teach us arithmetic in the winter evenings by candle-light, and in this way my two elder sisters got all the education they received.' The school-house at which Hogg obtained the little that fell to him was almost at his parent's door. Young Telford received the rudiments of education at the Westerkirk parish-school, and in the summer season assisted his uncle as a shepherd-boy. In that occupation bodily labour is not required, and, being furnished with a few books by his village friends, he had time for applying his acquired power of reading to very good purpose; indeed it became a habit which always recurred when he was not too closely occupied with his profession. So sensible was he of the benefit which he had derived from these poor opportunities, that he left in his will a thousand pounds to the minister of Westerkirk, in trust for the parish library, the interest to be annually expended in the purchase of books, and a like sum for the like purpose in trust to the minister of Langholm. 'It might have excited a smile,' says the Editor, 'in many of his friends, and probably Telford himself thought so, as he never hinted at the fact, that the earliest distinction he acquired in life was as a poet.' A poem entitled *Eskdale*, which he reprinted at Shrewsbury when about thirty years of age, is very properly placed in the Appendix to this work. Many poems which evinced less observation, less feeling, and were in all respects of less promise, have obtained university prizes. His sense of local attachment was very strong. He says,

'I ever recollect with pride and pleasure my native parish of Westerkirk, where I was born, on the banks of the Esk, in the year 1757, and where also were born that eminent brotherhood of the Malcolm family, four of whom have risen to high rank, and the honour of knighthood, in the service of their country; of whom two have been made Grand Crosses, and one a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath. I was for some years a school-fellow of the elder brothers of that distinguished family. Colonel Pasley has since emerged from the same neighbourhood: it was left for him first to demonstrate the folly of squandering the reputation of the English army in desultory expeditions. The failures at the Helder, at Quiberon, at Ferrol, even at Walcheren, had occurred in vain, when Pasley employed his classical pen in convincing the public of the wisdom of enabling the Great Captain to fight the French in successive campaigns; supplies of men and of money were no longer stinted by imprudent parsimony, and the Peninsular

War

War terminated in the southern provinces of France. Nor ought I to omit that Colonel Pasley has applied the test of experiment to the pressure of earth, and other materials, and, by thus rectifying the unfounded theories heretofore prevalent, has rendered essential service to the civil as well as the military engineer.'—pp. 14, 15.

The early part of Telford's life was spent in employment as a mason, chiefly in his native Eskdale, a pastoral district, and therefore thinly peopled, where masonry operations mostly consisted in building farm-houses, with the necessary appendages, varied only as the farm might be pastoral or arable. The greater part of the country is the property of the Buccleugh family, and within Telford's memory 'the good Duke Henry, the kind father of his tenantry and the benefactor of the district, caused it to be intersected by roads, and assisted in the improvement of the farm-houses upon his extensive estates. Most of those houses had till then consisted of one story of mud walls, or rubble-stones bedded in clay, and thatched with straw, rushes, or heather, the floors being of earth, and the fire in the middle, having a plastered erect chimney for the escape of the smoke, and, instead of windows, small openings in the thick mud walls admitted a scanty light.' Such a house was that in the ruins of which Burns was in some danger of being buried soon after his birth. Under 'the good Duke Henry's management these mud-hovels disappeared, and were replaced by comfortable dwelling-houses with convenient offices, the walls of stone and lime-mortar, slated roofs, masonry chimneys, and boarded floors.' Encouragement was afforded by paying the prime cost of the timber, slates, and lime, the tenant performing the carriage, and paying for the workmanship; and, such expenses being considered at the end of the lease, he was thus enabled to effect desirable improvements, without employing too much of his own capital. The duke's surveyor furnished the plan, and the building was erected under his inspection. Most of the materials were readily procured, the lower parts of Eskdale abounding with sandstone, limestone, and coal; and, though in the upper parts of the country argillaceous schistus (not a very durable material) predominated, yet, being conveniently situated and easily quarried, it is generally employed for the bulk of the fabric, with sandstone dressings for the doors, windows, tablings, and skews of the roof.

The parish-churches in the district are plain and simple, and the manses of the ministers differ little from the best kind of farm-houses:—

'In all these convenience and usefulness only are studied, yet peculiar advantages are thus afforded to the young practitioner; for, as there is not sufficient employment to produce a division of labour in building, he

he is under the necessity of making himself acquainted with every detail in procuring, preparing, and employing every kind of material, whether it be the produce of the forest, the quarry, or the forge; and this necessity, although unfavourable to the dexterity of the individual workman, who earns his livelihood by expertness in one operation, is of singular advantage to the future architect or engineer, whose professional excellence must rest on the adaptation of materials and a confirmed habit of discrimination and judicious superintendence. My readers may not dissent from these observations; but few of them, unless practical men, will feel their full force. Youths of respectability and competent education, who contemplate Civil Engineering as a profession, are seldom aware how far they ought to descend in order to found the basis of future elevation. Not only are the natural senses of seeing and feeling requisite in the examination of materials, but also the practised eye, and the hand which has experience of the kind and qualities of stone, of lime, of iron, of timber, and even of earth, and of the effects of human ingenuity in applying and combining all these substances,—is necessary for arriving at mastery in the profession: for how can a man give judicious directions unless he possesses personal knowledge of the details requisite to effect his ultimate purpose in the best and cheapest manner? It has happened to me more than once, when taking opportunities of being useful to a young man of merit, that I have experienced opposition in taking him from his books and drawings, and placing a mallet, chisel, or trowel in his hand, till rendered confident by the solid knowledge which experience only can bestow, he was qualified to insist on the due performance of workmanship, and to judge of merit in the lower as well as the higher departments of a profession in which no kind or degree of practical knowledge is superfluous. For this reason I ever congratulate myself upon the circumstances which compelled me to begin by working with my own hands, and thus to acquire early experience of the habits and feelings of workmen; it being equally important to the civil engineer, as to naval or military commanders, to have passed through all the grades of their profession.'—pp. 2, 3.

At the age of twenty-three Telford considered himself to be master of his art, as it was then practised in Dumfriesshire, and, having thus completed that practical education by which he afterwards profited so greatly, he had an opportunity of visiting Edinburgh. This was in 1780, soon after those improvements had commenced there, which have since been extended in every direction, till the Scotch metropolis has become one of the most splendid cities in Europe, as it is in other respects one of the most striking. This visit, he says, opened to him a new and extensive field for observation, where architecture is appropriated to the purposes of magnificence as well as utility. Even in his most ambitious moods Telford could not as yet have dreamed of such distinction as it was his fortune to attain; but it is evident that he had conceived a well-founded hope of raising himself to a higher station

station in society by his professional skill. With this view he acquired a general knowledge of drawing, and particularly of its application to architecture, the art of delineating architecture upon paper, he says, having long been practised in the northern metropolis. He studied also all that was to be seen there connected with the profession, for the higher branches of which he was now diligently preparing himself.

‘I found,’ he says, ‘practical illustrations of various styles of architecture in the rude features of the ancient Pictish castle, and in the lofty, tower-like dwellings, crowded along a narrow ridge under the protection of the castle; slight attempts at Roman architecture by Inigo Jones, in Heriot’s Hospital; and that style more distinctly developed by Sir W. Bruce, in rebuilding Holyrood Palace after the restoration of Charles II. In the ruins of its once magnificent chapel I found varieties of Gothic architecture, from the plain Norman circular intersecting arches to the highly pointed style; for, although founded in 1128, yet the western entrance, and the other parts, denote the style prevalent in the fourteenth century; that is to say, on the outside flying buttresses, with canopied niches and highly-pointed arches upon clustered columns in the interior, thus exhibiting successive improvements.’
—p. 16.

At this time too he made a diligent study of Roslyn and of Melrose; and in the year 1782, after having, as he modestly says, ‘acquired the rudiments of his profession,’ he considered that his native country afforded few opportunities of exercising it to any extent, and therefore judged it advisable, with many of his countrymen, to proceed southward, where industry might find more employment, and be better rewarded. With these views he made his way direct to London, and was fortunate in getting employed at the quadrangle of Somerset-place Buildings, where he acquired much practical information both in the useful and ornamental branches of architecture. Two years’ residence in London gave him opportunities of examining the great public buildings there, and he had the advantage of becoming known to the two most distinguished architects of that day, Sir William Chambers and Mr. Robert Adam. The former he describes as haughty and reserved, the latter as affable and communicative; and a similar distinction of character, he says, pervaded their works, Sir William’s being stiff and formal, those of Mr. Adam playful and gay; and, though he derived no direct advantage from either, his interviews with both ‘convinced him that his safest plan was to endeavour to advance, if by slower degrees, yet by independent conduct.’

The next step in Telford’s professional career was the superintendence of a house which was ordered to be built in Portsmouth dock-yard for the resident commissioners, and, being of

considerable magnitude, in contemplation of future visits of the king, involved some degree of responsibility. The house was designed by Samuel Wyatt, one of a numerous family of architects. He built it by contract, and the superintendence afforded Telford experience in house-building of a higher class and on a greater scale than he had previously been intrusted with. During three years that he attended the building of the house, and of a new chapel for the dock-yard, he had opportunities of observing the various operations in the foundation and construction of graving docks, wharf-walls, and similar works, which afterwards became his chief occupation. The dock-yard works, under his superintendence, having been completed in 1787, Sir William Pulteney, who was originally a border Johnstone of the family of Westerhall, in Telford's native parish, invited him into Shropshire to superintend some alterations in Shrewsbury castle. Sir William at that time represented the town of Shrewsbury in parliament, and wished to fit up the castle as a temporary residence. It was built by Roger de Montgomery, a kinsman and favourite of the Conqueror, on the site of a rude fortress, the work either of the Britons or Saxons, it is uncertain which. He is said to have demolished some fifty houses to make room for it, with as little regard for the inhabitants as William himself had shown in making the New Forest. William created Roger Earl of Shrewsbury, after defeating Edric the Forester and the Welch who were besieging that city, as it was then styled, and he bestowed upon him almost the whole of Shropshire, besides more than an hundred and fifty manors and lordships in other parts of the kingdom. 'Rogerius, Dei gratiâ, Scrobesburiensis Comes,' the Earl styles himself in one of his deeds, *Dei gratiâ* meaning here by favour of the king and right of the sword. The castle fell to the crown when Robert de Belesme was declared a traitor for maintaining the claims of Robert of Normandy against Henry I. It was falling to decay when Queen Elizabeth leased it to Richard Onslow for a mark yearly. During the great rebellion it was repaired and garrisoned for the king, and, when taken by the parliamentary forces in 1645, it was exempted from the general demolition of royal fortresses. After the Restoration Charles II. bestowed it upon Lord Newport, from whom it devolved on Pulteney Earl of Bath, and through marriage with the heiress of that family became the property of Sir William Pulteney. He required no more than an occasional residence, and the remains, consisting only of the keep, were just large enough to make it a desirable one for a small family.

While Mr. Telford resided in Shrewsbury Castle, under the patronage of Sir William Pulteney, an accident happened in the town, which

ought to find a place in his biography. The collegiate and parochial church of St. Chad was founded by the kings of Mercia in the seventh century, upon the final conquest of Shrewsbury by the Saxons, and the edifice was burnt in the reign of Richard II. by the carelessness of a plumber, who did not (as is too usual) escape with impunity. He was terrified at seeing the church in flames, and in his flight, attempting to ford the Severn, was drowned. The church was rebuilt, and after four centuries, in the year 1788, one of the four pillars which supported the tower in the middle of the church was observed to crack in various places; these alarming appearances in the mother church of the town created general anxiety, and Sir William Pulteney sent Mr. Telford to inspect the state of the fabric. His report to the assembled Parish Vestry was, That in consequence of graves having been dug in the loose soil, close to the shallow foundation of the N.W. pillar of the tower, it had sunk so as to endanger the whole structure, and that the ruin of the church must speedily ensue, unless it were immediately secured by a thorough repair; and he recommended that the bells should be removed and the tower taken down forthwith, so as to permit the shattered pillar to be restored and secured, when relieved from the vast superincumbent weight. But the Parish Vestry which met in the church on this occasion exclaimed against such an expensive proposal, and some of them imputed interested motives to Sir W. Pulteney's Scottish architect; upon which Mr. Telford left them, saying, "That if they wished to discuss anything besides the alarming state of the church, they had better adjourn to some other place, where there was no danger of its falling on their heads." The Vestry then proceeded to direct a mason to cut away the injured part of the pillar, in order to underbuild it; and, on the second evening after commencing this infatuated attempt, the sexton was alarmed at the fall of lime-dust and mortar when he attempted to raise the great bell for a knell on the decease of a parishioner. He left the church immediately, and the next morning (9 July, 1788), while the workmen were waiting at his door for the church-key, the clock struck four, and the vibration produced by the motion of the chime-barrel brought down the tower, which overwhelmed the nave of the church, demolishing all the pillars on the north side of it, and shattering the rest. It was now perceived that the walls and pillars of the church, as is seen in many such ancient structures, consisted of a mere outside coating of freestone, the interior being filled with a mass of rubbish which crumbled into dust. Among this, and in the very heart of the pillars, were found stones rudely carved, which were evidently of Saxon sculpture, and had been ruins of the ancient church, thus applied in building the second church in the reign of Richard II. The present church was entirely rebuilt in the interval from 1788 to 1798, but in a manner which does no credit to the taste of the architect. The catalogue is lamentable of ancient churches which have fallen from want of attention, and especially from grave-digging near the walls and pillars. The middle tower of the abbey church of Selby fell in the year 1690, and destroyed half the church. So at Whitechurch (Salop), at Banbury in Oxfordshire, Chelmsford in Essex, and at Great Sheffield in Cambridge-shire.

shire. The city of Hereford was deprived of its principal ornament by the fall of the west tower and magnificent west portal of the cathedral, which suddenly became a heap of ruins in the year 1781; and the workmanship was too expensive for modern imitation, although the west end of the cathedral has been decently restored by a good architect. pp. 26, 27.

It might well be said that the new church of St. Chad does no credit to the builder. He was ambitious of producing something new in architecture; and, novelty being his object, he certainly effected what he intended. The body of this church is a circle of an hundred feet in diameter, divided into two stories, the lower having a range of square windows in a rustic basement. There are large arched windows in the higher story, with double Ionic pilasters between them, resting upon the basement, and supporting a cornice crowned with an open ballustrade. The portico is supported on four Doric columns. An octagonal belfry highly enriched with Ionic pilasters, pannels, &c., rests on a square basement of Rustic work, and above is a dome, supported by eight Corinthian pillars, and crowned with a gilt cross. A small segment of the circle is partitioned off as a recess for the communion-table, thus destroying the circular appearance of the interior, and, as if with the determination that nothing should be according to rule or reason, the communion-table is placed in the west. To crown all, the great number of windows renders the glare of light so intolerable, that it has been necessary to cover some of them with dark green cloth curtains. This preposterous structure, with its large round body and its small head, has been compared to an overgrown spider. Mr. Telford may have beheld the new church of St. Chad's with some advantage, inasmuch as he saw in it everything that ought to be avoided in church architecture.

During his residence at Shrewsbury, Mr. Telford had the pleasure of bringing to light some remains of antiquity, six or seven centuries older than the Norman castle. Five miles from Shrewsbury, on the eastern bank of the Severn, Wroxeter stands, on the site of the Roman town Uriconium. Ilywarc Hen, the British prince and bard, retreated to this place when he was driven from Cumberland by the Saxons. He speaks of it in his elegy on Cynddylan—

Have not I gazed from the high-placed city of Wrecon,

On the verdant vale of Frener,

With grief for the destruction of my social friends?

Here he is said to have remained till he attained the great age of a hundred and forty-nine, and, being again compelled to retire before the Saxons, and having outlived all his sons and all his friends,

friends, to have found his last retreat at a place near Bala, which is still called *Paball Llywarc-Hen*, the pavilion or tabernacle of *Llywarc* the aged. *Uniconium*, which Phillips describes in his poem as destroyed by an earthquake, is the *Wrecon* of *Llywarc*; *Wrekencester* the Saxons called it; that name was easily corrupted into *Wroxeter*, and as easily, by *Leland*, into *Roxcester*; he says that its destruction was, by all likelihood, the cause of the erecting of *Shrewsbury*, for *Roxcester* was a goodly walled town until it was destroyed by the Danes. The author of the *Additions to Shropshire*, in *Gibson's Camden*, says, 'the Saxon name *Wrekencester*, perhaps, may imply that it was wrecked and destroyed when they came, unless we say that this name is moulded out of the old *Uniconium*.' He had previously, with better judgment, observed, that it was more manifestly connected with that of the well-known hill or mountain by courtesy, the *Wreken*, 'which gradually falls into a pleasant level, and yields an entertaining prospect of the plains about it.' The extent of the Roman town, says Mr. Telford, must have been nearly a mile across; its site is still distinguished by a blacker and richer soil of mould than the adjacent field. (It has been noted, also, for yielding the largest crops, of the best barley.) The stone foundations of ancient buildings, at no great depth under the surface of the ground, are manifest in long-continued drought; so that, when the occupiers of the land need any stones for building, they mark the scorched parts, and after the harvest dig out what suits their purpose. Such a circumstance contributed to bring Mr. Telford into further notice soon after he had taken up his abode at *Shrewsbury*. A farmer at *Wroxeter* had occasion for stones to rebuild a smith's shop which had lately been burnt down, and, knowing by the dryness of the ground that there were ruins, at no great depth beneath the surface, in a field near his house, he began to dig, and soon discovered a number of small pillars and a paved floor at the depth of about two feet. Upon this the excavation was suspended until Sir William Pulteney gave permission to proceed. It was then continued under Mr. Telford's directions; he caused the place to be cleared carefully to a considerable extent. Coins both of the upper and lower empire were found; bones of animals, some of which had been burnt; fragments of earthen vessels, of various sizes, shapes, and manufactures, some of them black, resembling Mr. Wedgwood's imitations of the Etruscan vases;—pieces of glass also were found in various places, and the whole ground was full of charred substances on different strata, with layers of earth between, seeming to indicate that the place had suffered more than one conflagration. What was of more importance, a set of Roman baths, as they were supposed to be, was brought

brought to light, of rude construction, but sufficiently perfect in regard to the several requisite apartments. Mr. Telford made a correct plan and sundry sections of these; and the Rev. Francis Leighton, of Shrewsbury, wrote a description, which was published, with plates of the plan and sections, in the ninth volume of the *Archæologia*, and now forms the first article of the appendix to this work.

‘But these documents,’ says the editor, ‘afford little reason for designating the Roman remains at Wroxeter as baths. They are in reality *hypocaust* apartments [warmed by fire under the floor], in a tolerably good dwelling-house. The Romans having no chimneys (an invention not earlier than the middle of the fourteenth century), they could not defend themselves against cold, otherwise than by some contrivance which permitted smoke to escape, without entering the inhabited apartments. Their floors, therefore, were somewhat complex: on a strongly-paved foundation-floor were placed many short pillars, round if of stone, square if of piled bricks. [Roman bricks—*lateres*—were in a flat form like our paving tiles.] Upon these pillars large paving tiles, adapted to the spaces between them, were so laid as to form a complete floor, upon which was next laid lime and mortar rubbish [*rudus novum, aut vetus*] about a foot deep; and on the surface of that appears the visible floor of the room, adorned in the best apartments with patterns and figures of tessellated work [*tesserae*, dimin. *tessellæ*, *tesserulæ*] of more delicacy, in proportion as their component particles were of small dimensions. Such hypocaust apartments could only be made on a ground-floor, so that there was no upper floor, except in crowded towns; and a tolerable country residence [*villa*] occupied, often enclosed, a great spot of ground. As to baths, no family of rank, or even competence, could fail to have one in a decent country residence; the use of woollen next the skin rendering frequent ablution necessary; and the remains of public baths in the Roman capital prove that nothing was so sure a passport to popularity as the enormously extensive baths in ancient Rome, built by the rivalry of successive emperors.

‘The Roman villa at Bignor, in Sussex, whether the residence of a mediatised British Regulus or of a Roman prefect, has a bath apartment, with all its appendages, in good preservation. The only bath in these Wroxeter remains is the small warm bath apartment (marked B.), in which appears the stone bench, on which bathers used to sit as long as was necessary or agreeable.

‘The dimensions of the public Roman baths discovered at Bath, in Somersetshire, will serve to negative the question as to any Wroxeter supposed baths. At Bath the central bath was 90 feet by 68, flanked on each side by two baths, each 40 feet by 34; moreover, four small semicircular baths and four vapour-baths, each 36 feet by 20; add to these 24 small apartments for dressing and other purposes, and the accommodations at the hot springs in ancient Bath [*aquæ solis*] will not be deemed contemptible’—p. 24.

While the repairs at Shrewsbury castle were in progress, the county

county magistrates determined to build a new gaol, and, as the site was adjacent to the castle, they engaged Mr. Telford to superintend the execution of the work. Howard had at that time acquired a sort of general control over gaols and hospitals; and, as county gaols at Oxford and Gloucester had already been built upon his principle, the Salop magistrates procured a plan in conformity to them, from Mr. Haycock, a Shrewsbury builder. Before the building was begun, Howard, in the course of his visitations, came to Shrewsbury, and, upon examining the plan, directed Mr. Telford to inform the magistrates, that in his opinion the interior courts were too small and not sufficiently ventilated, and that the boundary-wall ought to be at a greater distance from the buildings; he also noticed sundry inferior matters as to the chapel and other points. Upon Mr. Telford's making this statement to the magistrates, they directed him to alter the plans so as to make all the alterations which Howard had suggested; such was the authority which that remarkable man had obtained by his virtues, and such the disposition of the magistrates to promote every object which seemed to be for the general good.

There was once a danger of Telford's forfeiting the patronage of Pulteney, for having transmitted some of the political trash of the day under his frank. Sir William, who thoroughly appreciated his moral character, as well as his professional talents, knew how to account for an error of that kind, and pardoned him after proper animadversion. Upon noticing this circumstance in Mr. Telford's life, and observing that he had been tinctured in his youth with the then fashionable doctrine of democracy, the Editor says that the source of an error then almost general among a certain class of educated men, till it was eradicated by the horrors of the guillotine, is not unworthy of investigation. Hobbes, who hated the universities, and called them the core of rebellion, says that, in his time, 'an exceeding great number of men of the better sort had been so educated, that in their youth having read the books written by famous men of the ancient Grecian and Roman commonwealths, concerning their polity and great actions, in which books the popular government was extolled by the glorious name of liberty, and monarchy disgraced by the name of tyranny, they became thereby in love with their forms of government.' Upon this subject, Mr. Rickman has the following judicious remarks, showing, at the same time, how the effect which the highest education caused in Hobbes's days was produced in Mr. Telford by the very limited course of his reading in early life, aided by his professional studies.

'Custom, and perhaps good taste, has ordained that education shall mainly consist in acquiring a knowledge of the learned languages, and studying

studying the classic authors of antiquity, who from their position uniformly favour republican principles as opposed to monarchy.

The Greeks despised and abjured the servile ceremonial of the Persian court, preferring to it the incessant turbulence of their own democracies; and the Romans held in a kind of superstitious abhorrence the title of King, even after they had bowed their necks with complacency to despotic power, under the military title of Emperor. These popular fallacies of antiquity had not been detected and exposed, while they seemed to produce no bad effect, and the surface of ancient history had not then been penetrated by inquirers, who investigated the state of human society concealed under it. When ancient republics became sufficiently established to ensure the safe custody of the captive by walls and fetters, slavery came into use instead of indiscriminate slaughter of the vanquished enemy; and slaves, predial or domestic, soon constituted the majority of mankind. Thus the high-spirited patriots of antiquity, whom we assume as models of noble conduct, were all slave-holders, nationally or individually, and their patriotism, when closely examined, is found to be little else than an effort to obtain similar command over their equals by violence or treachery. So incessant were those attempts, that it is incidentally said, in the time of Alexander the Great, after he had humbled and pacified the Greek republics, that he restored to their homes 10,000 political exiles; many of whom, no doubt, had been whetting the dagger by which they hoped to be restored to their native cities, supported by domestic faction or foreign aid. Such were the strenuous patriots of classic Greece, such the hideous state of society infested by their cruelty and violence. Yet, such was the mighty influence of education, that at the commencement of the French Revolution resistance against any settled government was deemed laudable, because, forsooth, government did not form an exception to all other human arrangements, by having attained to absolute perfection; and the experiment of bestowing power without responsibility (the essence of all democracies), aggravated by its limited tenure, was tried in civilised France—with a result which suffered by comparison with the atrocity of ancient prescriptions, and dispelled the illusion of the ardent spirits of the age.

Till these scenes had passed before his eyes, Telford was more than usually liable to classic influence, from the imperfect range of his reading, which seems to have been much confined to Plutarch and Rollin: the first tainted with the besetting sin of biographers, in favourable display of the motives and actions of each successive hero—even to self-contradiction, when a rival is afterwards to be introduced; Rollin, an agreeable historian, doubly recommended to the favourable attention of Telford, by also treating of the arts and sciences of antiquity; in which dissertations our then aspirant in architecture first beheld (in Rollin's plates) the graceful forms of Grecian temples, and read of the surprising excellence of their sculptors. And how could he permit himself to believe that the countrymen of Pericles and of Phidias were not equally perfect in their political institutions? But, after the horrors of the French Revolution, Telford silently abandoned politics to the care of those active citizens

citizens who spend their time in discussing what they rarely understand; and during the remainder of his life he never conversed on political topics, uniformly endeavouring to change the subject of any conversation which had that tendency. In this kind of silent evasion from former error, we know, and some of us, perhaps, feel that he was far from being singular?—pp. 281—283.

Telford now became regularly employed as the surveyor of an extensive county, which is intersected by one of the most considerable rivers in the kingdom, with sundry inferior streams falling into it; the bridges therefore required for the intercourse of a populous vicinity are numerous, and their maintenance requires a considerable levy of county-rates. The greater number of bridges, being over the secondary streams, are of moderate dimensions; but the rebuilding of a Severn bridge is an important and expensive undertaking. And such a work was the first of its kind for which, as county surveyor, he was required to furnish a plan, and afterwards to superintend the execution. It was at Montford, about four miles west of Shrewsbury, on the road to North Wales. At this place the river channel is deep and narrow, and its bed and eastern bank are alluvial earth. The bridge consists of three elliptical arches, one of fifty-eight feet, and two of fifty-five feet span each, the breadth twenty feet; and, the river being subject to high floods, considerable difficulty was experienced in the foundations. But coffer-dams* being employed, the structure was rendered sufficiently secure. When Telford drew up his narrative, it had been completed more than forty years, and remained quite perfect.

The next of his Severn bridges was at Buildwas, about ten miles below Shrewsbury. The old bridge there, being apparently of the same age as the ruins of the adjacent abbey, which is of Norman architecture, he supposes to have been built by Roger de Montgomery or his immediate successor. It consisted of narrow arches, which were a great obstruction to the navigation; and it was destroyed by an uncommonly high flood in the year 1795. The Severn bridges were peculiarly liable to this danger; for, while the low lands at the foot of the Welsh mountains remained unenclosed, the floods speedily covered the flat ground, not deeply, but to a great extent of surface, and drained gradually off; but after these lands were embanked, and the floods were thus confined to

(208) A coffer-dam consists of two rows of piles, each row boarded strongly inside, and thereby resisting outward pressure when filled with earth, which, being well rammed and consolidated, is impenetrable by the surrounding water. In small or shallow rivers, the whole stream is diverted into a side channel during a dry season, and some instances may have occurred besides that of Westminster Bridge, where piers have been built on shore, and floated to their final destination, a hazardous enterprise, as no accuracy in underpinning the platform is thus practicable.

the

the natural channel, they rose in it to a greater height than formerly, and passed off with greater velocity; thus the bridges were endangered, and the navigation injured, there being too much water at one season, and at another not enough. The destruction of Buildwas Bridge led Telford to consider the mode of bridge-building, which the Coalbrookdale iron-masters and the well-known John Wilkinson had introduced about twenty years before. They and the architect, he observes, 'deserve great credit for introducing a new material, and for the manner in which they erected the great ribs, each of which (in a semicircular arch of 100 feet span) consists of two pieces only; but they had not disengaged their ideas from the usual masonry arch, the form of which in iron is not graceful; nor does it offer sufficient resistance against the pressure of earth behind the abutments, which has pushed them forward, and thus raised the iron arch in the middle.' The original design for the Coalbrookdale Bridge, which formed an era in bridge-building, was made by Mr. Thomas Farnolls Pritchard, an architect resident at Shrewsbury, and 'I consider it,' says Telford, 'only justice to the ingenious artist to record his merit on this occasion.' It is, indeed, pleasing to observe with what characteristic kindness he has on every occasion rendered justice to the merits of those who had taken any considerable part in the great works executed under his superintendence.

In forming the design for Buildwas Bridge, which was the second one of cast-iron, he made the arch 130 feet span; 'the roadway rested on a very flat arch (the segment of a very large circle), calculated to resist the abutments (if disposed to slide inwards as at Coalbrookdale), while the flat arch was itself sustained and strengthened by an outer arched rib on each side of the bridge springing lower than the former, and also rising higher, thus introducing more of the principle of timber-trussing than of masonry. As the roadway could not with propriety be raised to a great height, advantage was taken of the Schaffhausen principle, by making the outer ribs rise to the top of the railing, and connecting them with the lower ribs by means of dove-tailed king-posts. Each of the main ribs of the flat arch consists of three pieces, and at each junction they were secured by a grated plate which connects all the parallel ribs into one frame; the back of each abutment is in a wedge shape, so as to throw off laterally much of the pressure of the earth; and under the bridge is a towing-path on each side of the river.'

Besides Montford and Buildwas Bridges, forty smaller ones were built under Telford's direction in the county of Salop. About this time also (1796) two of considerable magnitude were built under his direction; one over the Severn at Bewdley, where,

all circumstances being favourable, there were no difficulties to be overcome—

‘The other bridge was in Scotland, at Tongueland, near the town of Kirkcudbright, over the River Dee, where the tide rises upwards of 20 feet, the depth at low water being there 10 feet; the banks are high and rocky: it was here necessary to cross the river by one arch of 112 feet span. To support with centering an arch of this magnitude was an arduous task, the water at an ordinary spring-tide being 30 feet in depth, and moving with considerable velocity; the arch was, however, successfully turned, without any accident whatever. The rise of the arch being considerable, caused high wing walls and deep spandrills; wherefore the mass of wings was perforated, and the pressure reduced by narrow arched openings; in the spandrills (instead of filling them with earth) were built a number of longitudinal walls—in fact, interior spandrills—their ends abutting against the back of the archstones and the cross walls of each abutment; these longitudinal walls are connected and steadied by the insertion of tie-stones, and at a proper depth under the roadway the spaces between them are covered with flat stones, so as to form a platform for the road; and in these spaces are arched openings for occasional examination and repair (if ever it become necessary). I have ever since practised this mode, in order to lessen the weight incumbent upon large arches, and the pressure outward against high wing walls and spandrills; whereas formerly they were filled with soft spongy earth or clay, in consequence of which, at the bridge originally built over the North-Loch at Edinburgh (and also at other places), the side walls have been pressed outwards and actually thrown down. The external elevation of Tongueland Bridge is turreted and embattled. The total cost of the bridge’s immediate approaches was 7,710*l*. The foundation-stone was laid 28th March, 1805; the bridge passable November, 1806. It is worthy of remark, that in the mouth of the Kirkcudbright River Dee spring-tides rise 25 feet; whereas, at other places round the neighbouring coast of Scotland, spring-tides only rise from 14 to 16 feet; the trumpet-like shape of the sea-entrance admitting so large a quantity of tide as cannot otherwise dispose of itself than by rushing up hill, as in the Firth of Forth, and more remarkably in the Bristol Channel.’—pp. 31, 32.

Telford’s professional pursuits were to be now in a great measure changed. Canal navigation, which the Duke of Bridgewater introduced about the year 1760, had been hitherto but partially adopted in Shropshire; but the attention of speculators, and of those also whose chief object was to promote the general welfare of the country, began about the year 1790 to be as much directed toward canals as it is toward railways now. ‘The advantages,’ says Telford, ‘to be derived from this mode of conveyance did not escape the attention of the enlightened land-owners, who aimed at accommodating their rich and thriving county with canal navigation, so as to unite the rivers Severn, Dee, and Mersey; they

they caused the levels to be ascertained, and a plan formed: so eager at that time were the public for such speculations, that at the first general meeting four times the estimated expense was without hesitation subscribed, and an act of parliament was obtained in 1793.

This project, in fact, consists of a series of navigations, under the name of the *Ellesmere Canal*, so called from that town being situated near the centre of operations, and the first meeting being held there; the description would be more correct by considering the canal as proceeding from the River Dee, in the vale of Llangollen, and passing near the towns of Ellesmere, Whitchurch, Nantwich, and the city of Chester, to Ellesmere Port on the Mersey, in one direction; in the second, passing through the middle of Shropshire towards Shrewsbury upon the Severn; and in a third, proceeding by the town of Oswestry to the Montgomeryshire Canal at Llanymynech: in all, including the Chester Canal (as now incorporated), about 103 miles in length. In planning a canal along the borders of North Wales, and afterwards on the summit which separates the counties of Salop and Chester, advantages in procuring water, and distributing it in the three before-mentioned directions, are not wanting; but many obstacles, from irregularity of surfaces and deep valleys, were to be encountered. When the affair was so far arranged as to justify the commencement of practical operations, the committee of management, composed chiefly of county magistrates, having, at the quarter-sessions and other public meetings, observed that the county works were conducted to their satisfaction, were pleased to propose my undertaking the conduct of this extensive and complicated work; and, feeling in myself a stronger disposition for executing works of importance and magnitude than for the details of house architecture, I did not hesitate to accept their offer, and from that time directed my attention solely to Civil Engineering. As most of the difficulties which occur in Canal making must be overcome by means of masonry and carpentry, my previous occupations had so far given me confidence; and in regard to earth work, I had the advantage of consulting Mr. William Jessop, an experienced engineer, on whose advice I never failed to set a proper value. —pp. 33, 34.

Upon this canal it was found that the lock-gates, even though made of the best English oak, were in a few years subject to decay; for which reason, considering that the renewal of them obstructed the navigation, and that iron abounded in Shropshire, and was more durable than timber alternately wet and dry, the uprights and ribs of the large lock-gates have for some years past been constructed with iron; some of these gates have been upwards of twenty years in use, and show no symptoms of decay. The application of cast-iron has in one instance upon this canal been carried to a still greater extent—nearly opposite to Beeston Castle, in Cheshire, where a couple of locks, each rising seventeen feet, having

having been built upon a stratum of quicksand, were repeatedly undermined. This suggested the idea of constructing the entire locks of cast-iron, and this extraordinary application of a new material was successfully accomplished, and answered its purpose.

The two most remarkable of Telford's aqueducts are upon this canal; they are the most beautiful works of their kind in the kingdom. One is the Chirk aqueduct over the valley of the Ceriog; the other the Pont-y-Cyslyte over the river Dee. Mr. Lane has properly introduced them in the back-ground to his fine portrait of the engineer, and Telford himself had them both cut upon a large seal. Considerable difficulties were to be overcome in both.

'In regard to aqueducts,' he says, 'when a canal is carried over a small stream, at a sufficient height to admit the water to pass freely under it, they are constructed generally as a bridge of masonry, of sufficient breadth to admit a towing-path and puddle to preserve the water in the canal; but when the level is so low in regard to the surface of the natural stream as to require an increased head on the upper side, in order to force the water through a syphon under the bottom of the canal, much care is necessary; the foundations of the piers must be secured by platforms of timber and inverted arches, and from them are brought up iron ties, which, being attached to iron ribs passed over the top of the arch, prevent the upward pressure from lifting the whole body of the masonry. When a navigable canal is carried over deep or wide valleys, an aqueduct becomes a formidable work, and demands all the skill of the engineer. My previous experience of bridge-building qualified me to conduct works of this description; but, as each particular case requires peculiar treatment, engineers, by adhering to one mode of construction, had sometimes met with serious failures, which were not only productive of disgrace to themselves, but involved their employers in disappointment and expense: these instances induced me to proceed with caution, and to study with great care the nature of each work.'

'The Ceriog, or Chirk valley, is 740 feet in width; the banks are steep, with a flat alluvial meadow between them, through which the river passes. To preserve the canal level, the surface of its water must be maintained at 65 feet above the meadow, and 70 above the water in the river. There are 10 arches, each of which is 40 feet span. The first stone of this aqueduct was laid on the 17th June, 1796. Previously to this time, such canal aqueducts had been uniformly made to retain the water necessary for navigation, by means of puddled earth retained by masonry; and in order to obtain sufficient breadth for this superstructure, the masonry of the piers, abutments, and arches was of massive strength; and after all this expense, and every imaginable precaution, the frosts, by swelling the moist puddle, frequently created fissures, burst the masonry, and suffered the water to escape, nay, sometimes actually threw down the aqueducts; instances of this kind having occurred even in the works of the justly-celebrated Brindley. It was evident that the increased pressure of the puddled earth was the chief

cause

cause of such failures; I therefore had recourse to the following scheme in order to avoid using it. The spandrills of the stone arches were constructed with longitudinal walls (as at Kirkcudbright Bridge), instead of being filled with earth, and across these the canal bottom was formed by cast-iron plates at each side, infixed in square stone masonry. Those bottom plates had flanches on their edges, and were secured by nuts and screws at every juncture. The sides of the canal were made water-proof by ashler masonry, backed with hard-burnt bricks, laid in Parker's cement, on the outside of which was rubble-stone work, like the rest of the aqueduct. The towing-path had a thin bed of clay under the gravel, and its outer edge was protected by an iron railing. The width of the water-way is 11 feet, of the masonry on each side 5 feet 6 inches, and the depth of the water in the canal is 5 feet.

By this mode of construction, the quantity of masonry is much diminished, and the iron bottom plate forms a continued tie, and prevents the side walls from separation by lateral pressure of the contained water. There being a quarry of excellent flat bedded rubble-stone within a quarter of a mile of the site, and lime-kilns within two miles, the whole, with the exception of quoins, coping, and lining the sides of the water-way, which are of ashler masonry, is of rubble-work, laid in lime-mortar; the materials and workmanship equally excellent. The edifice was completed in the year 1801, and is still in a perfect state; the total cost was 20,898*l.*—pp. 37-40.

Perhaps there are no works of art which, when fine in their kind, are contemplated with so much satisfaction, because of their evident utility, as bridges and aqueducts. With regard to bridges, Telford was the Pontifex Maximus of his age; no other architect ever constructed so many. Both his great aqueducts have the advantage of being happily situated. That of Chirk in a well-wooded valley, with Chirk Castle on an eminence immediately above it, Glen-Ceriog and the Welsh mountains in the background, the village of Chirk, with Lord Duncannon's seat and woods to the eastward, and in the intermediate space Ceriog Bridge and the Holyhead road, itself a beautiful work of art. These combined objects, Telford observes, compose a landscape seldom surpassed: add to this the boundary-line of North Wales, with Offa's Dyke in the immediate vicinity, whereby historical associations, the days of turbulence and barbarous warfare, are recalled with singular contrast to the blessings of domestic union and well-regulated liberty.

Pont-y-Cysylte was a more arduous work, and forms a still more striking object. It is about four miles north of Chirk. The engineer's account of his operations is singularly important:—

The north bank of the River Dee at this place is abrupt; on the south side the acclivity is more gradual; and here, on account of gravelly earth being readily procured from the adjacent bank, it was found most economical to push forward an earthen embankment, 1500 feet in length from

from the level of the water-way of the canal, until its perpendicular height became 75 feet; still a distance of 1007 feet intervened before arriving at the north bank, and in the middle of this space the River Dee was 127 feet below the water-level of the canal, which was to be carried over it; therefore serious consideration was requisite in what manner to accomplish this passage at any reasonable expense. To lock down on each side 50 or 60 feet, by 7 or 8 locks, as originally intended, I perceived was indeed impracticable, as involving serious loss of water on both sides the valley, whereas there was not more than sufficient to supply the unavoidable lockage and leakage of the summit level. To construct an aqueduct upon the usual principles, by masonry piers and arches 100 feet in height, of sufficient breadth and strength to afford room for a puddled water-way, would have been hazardous and enormously expensive; necessity obliged me therefore to contrive some safer and more economical mode of proceeding. I had about that time carried the Shrewsbury canal by a cast-iron trough at about 16 feet above the level of the ground; and, finding this practicable, it occurred to me, as there was hard sandstone adjacent to Pont-y-Cysyllte, that no very serious difficulty could occur in building a number of square pillars, of sufficient dimensions to support a cast-iron trough, with ribs under it, for the canal. After due consideration, I caused a model to be made of two piers, a set or compartment of ribs, the canal-trough, the towing-path and side railing, with all the flanches, their nuts and screws and jointing complete. The foundations of the river piers are placed upon hard sandstone rock; those on each bank are either on alternating coal strata, or hard firm gravel. Thus secure of good foundations, suitable sandstone for the masonry, the best of iron, a satisfactory model of the iron-work, and able experienced workmen, I proceeded with confidence of ultimate success, although the undertaking was unprecedented, and generally considered hazardous.

The height of the piers above the low water in the river is 121 feet, their section at the level of high water in the river is 20 feet by 12 feet, at the top 13 feet by 7 feet 6 inches. To 70 feet elevation from the base they are solid, but the upper 50 feet is built hollow; the outer walls being only 2 feet in thickness, with one cross inner wall: this not only places the centre of gravity lower in the pier, and saves masonry, but insures good workmanship, as every side of each stone is exposed. I have ever since that time caused every tall pier under my direction to be thus built. The width of the water-way is 11 feet 10 inches, of which the towing-path covers 4 feet 8 inches, leaving 7 feet 2 inches for the boat; but as the towing-path stands upon iron pillars, under which the water fluctuates and recedes freely, the boat passes with ease. The stone piers are 18 in number, besides the two abutment piers; they were all built to the level of 20 feet, and then the scaffolding and gangways were all raised to that level, and the materials being brought from the north bank, the workmen always commenced at the most distant or south abutment pier, receding pier by pier to the north bank; and by thus ascending from time to time in their work, they felt no more apprehension of danger when on the highest, than at first on the lowest gangways:

gangways: one man only fell during the whole of the operations in building the piers, and affixing the iron-work upon their summit; and this took place from carelessness on his part. By referring to plate 14, the general form, and also the details of construction, will be readily understood. This singular aqueduct was opened in 1805, and has now been navigated 28 years with facility and safety.

‘The whole expense of the aqueduct, and great embankment, was 47,018*l.*; a moderate sum as compared with what by any mode heretofore in practice it would have cost.’—pp. 41—45.

The editor has comprised much curious information in a note concerning the piers of this remarkable aqueduct. Mr. Telford, he says, had seen evidence of the weakness of masonry supports, which in appearance promised the utmost durability. The fall of St. Chad’s church disclosed to him in a striking manner the structure of its pillars, which were of great diameter, but merely shells of masonry filled with dry rubbish. Nor indeed is such dangerous fallacy confined to ancient edifices; the rubble backing of the piers of Westminster Bridge, finished in 1745, scarcely supporting itself whenever the surface ashler-work is removed for occasional repairs. Mr. Telford led the way in preventing much of this kind of fraud in bridge-building, by substituting longitudinal walls under the road-way, instead of filling the space with earth or rubbish. This great improvement has been adopted by all engineers, and whenever masonry piers are of sufficient dimensions to admit of apertures large enough for the convenience of the workman, and therefore also admitting subsequent examination of his workmanship, security is thus obtained far more valuable than the questionable superiority of a solid mass, on which the true bearing and connexion of every stone is not of necessity brought to a test, as in a bonded wall.

‘Nothing in the history of masonry is more instructive than the duration of the Irish round towers, which will illustrate the excellent principle adopted by Mr. Telford; moreover, they afford early instance of erecting such lofty buildings from within (avoiding the expense of scaffolding), as has recently been practised with decided economy in constructing steam-engine chimneys.

‘An Irish round tower, in some instances, exceeds 100 feet in elevation, and they may be said to average at 90 feet. Their outward circumference is about 45 feet at the base, where the thickness of the wall is from 3 to 4 feet, lessening upwards in a due degree to the summit. The expense of such an edifice (if now built) would not exceed 300*l.* or 400*l.*

‘The first element of superior durability is seen in the large solid basement, or substruction, which was almost unavoidable from the position of the door-way at some distance from the ground; nor could the small diameter of the interior have admitted the entrance of timber spars for successive ladders, unless thrust upwards from a surface lower than the

the door-way. Among the 90 towers, which, in various states of decay, are still extant in Ireland, there are probably various specimens of the builder's art; the generality consist of that kind of careful masonry called Spauld Rubble, in which small stones shaped by the hammer (in default of suitable stones at hand) are placed in every interstice of the larger stones, so that very little mortar is intermixed in the body of the wall, which is raised stage by stage of convenient height; the outside of spauld masonry especially presenting an almost uninterrupted surface of stone, supplementary splinters being carefully inserted in the joints of the undried wall.

The seemingly rude coverings of these towers are perhaps the best, that is, the most durable, ever devised by human wit. The arch, familiar to the Greeks of the Lower Empire, could not be introduced where lateral abutment was impossible, and timber support was out of the question, so that the overlapping of flat stones, consolidated by mortar into a hollow cone, was perhaps the only resource; and a few of these stone roofs still remain surmounted by their cap-stone. — *Notes*, pp. 43, 44.

An octavo volume concerning the round towers was published a few years ago by a Mr. O'Brien, who is since dead. His theory was, that they were proofs of phallic worship, which he seemed to think a very proper sort of worship.* That they were pagan temples is probable, but belonging to a form of worship which was connected with no such abominations. The four temples of the Guebers, which Jonas Hanway saw at Sam on the Caspian, resemble the Irish round towers, as far as he has described them. The Guebers formerly inhabited all that coast. It seemed inconsistent, he says, that the Persians suffered these temples to remain after the abolition of a religion which they now esteem grossly idolatrous; but they are made of the most durable materials. These edifices are rotundas of about thirty feet diameter, raised in height to a point near 120 feet.

The suppositions concerning the Irish towers are that they were fire-temples; or that they were erected for beacons, and subsequently used for belfries; or that they were built for anchorets of an order called Includi, who are said to have commenced their institution in Ireland A. D. 782. Of this there appears no evidence whatever. Another opinion is that they were penitentiary prisons; this is deduced from their internal structure, every tower, according to Mr. D'Alton, being divided into stories of different heights, and large holes are distinctly traced inside, in which the several floorings were joisted, or projecting stone brackets on which they rested. Each stage was lit with loop-holes, while the summit had four larger openings opposite one another, and re-

* An hypothesis, in the spirit of this abominable book, and not less preposterous than odious, has been advanced concerning the pyramids.

garding the several cardinal points. On the faith of certain Irish manuscripts, which however have neither been named, cited, nor referred to, it has been supposed that penitents used to be placed first upon the uppermost floor, and, after passing a certain time there proportioned to their crimes, that they were allowed to descend one story, and so to another, until they came to the door, and there received absolution. Of this there is no proof, and little probability. Another guess is that they were erected for the better exposing of the sacrament and preaching to the people, and that with this view the windows at the summit were constructed. Mr. D'Alton justly objects to this, 'the great height and the formation of these orifices, equally beyond the ordinary capacity of eye or ear.' A very accurate and sagacious observer, upon examining one of these towers, thought the apertures were intended for hanging out a signal from a pole, or thrusting out a leafy branch with the same intent.

Beacons they cannot have been, because many are found in deep valleys and hollow places, and sometimes two are found close to each other. Belfries they were not, for none of them were large enough for a single bell to swing in them, if larger than a hand-bell, and, as Milner well observes, from the whole of their form and dimensions they are rather calculated to stifle than to transmit to a distance any sound that is made in them. 'Indeed,' says Mr. D'Alton, 'it would be hard to conjecture why Christians should build their churches of such frail materials as wicker and wood, and erect such everlasting belfries of stone, when with much less labour a comfortable and capacious church might have been constructed.' The remarkable circumstance of their doorways being always raised from eight to sixteen feet above the level of the ground, is an additional self-evidence against their being belfries, while the fact of there being a square structure for that purpose attached to some of the churches immediately near which the round towers are found, as at Breckon, at Cormac's Chapel, on the rock of Cashel, and close to the beautiful round tower of Lusk, shows that the Irish clergy of the middle ages did not recognise from tradition the use of the round towers as belfries, and completes the refutation of this hypothesis. Nor is the opinion more tenable that they were intended for sacristies, or depositories for relics, manuscripts, muniments, and other treasures of the adjacent churches; the interior diameter of every round tower must have been so much filled by the narrowest of corkscrew stairs, or by ladders, that there could have been no space for any such purpose.

The most probable conjecture seems to be that which Mr. D'Alton supports, and which has been most generally entertained,

tained, that they were fire-temples belonging to the earliest age of that idolatry. To what use they were appropriated after the extinction of that worship, is mere matter of conjecture, neither history nor tradition affording any information. They may be as old as the pyramids, and less is known concerning them. One at Kilmacduagh, in the county Galway, leans seventeen feet and a half from the perpendicular. Mr. D'Alton considers this a remarkable proof of its durability. But it was probably built at that inclination—such boastful exhibitions of architectural skill are not uncommon. It is proof of their excellent masonry that, when one of them at Maghara, in county Down, fell, 'it lay upon the ground like a huge gun unbroken.'

In the year 1797, Mr. Telford drew up an account of the Inland Navigation of the County of Salop for Archdeacon* Plymley's Agricultural Survey of that county. The railway speculators have sometimes been disposed to disparage Telford as a person who was far behind them in the race of intellect (it is no longer a march!), because in 1825, when a boundless rage for speculation had seized upon every object that ingenuity or invention could devise, and the iron-masters, to promote the consumption of iron, which was then depressed in price, suggested the construction of railways in sundry directions, the most important of which was a proposed line from Liverpool through Birmingham to London, the canal proprietors became seriously alarmed, and consulted him as to the most advisable means of protecting their property. There was at that time but one line

* In his Preface to this volume (which is one of the best of the series drawn up for the Board of Agriculture) the Archdeacon offers this just defence of himself for engaging in a work which might appear little consistent with his profession:—

'That a clergyman should appear as the writer or editor of what is called an agricultural report may seem to require some apology, and I wish to have it understood that I should be very sorry to see persons whose time is more particularly dedicated to the service of religion, engage in the pursuits of ordinary farmers; but it should be recollected that the Board of Agriculture is a board also of internal improvement. What I may call the voluntary part of this book is copied, in a great measure, from papers I presented long ago to the Board (*On the Condition of Labourers, On Annexing Land to Cottages, &c.*), by which I sought to gain the attention of the members to subjects connected with the moral improvement, as well as with the outward prosperity, of a large class of our fellow-subjects, and whose welfare was also closely linked with matters of an agricultural nature. Further, it will be allowed me that the theory or facts of vegetation, the nature or composition of soils, whatever may assist the labour of man or beast, whatever may extend wholesome food, or meliorate the situation of any living animal, may be looked upon as the allowable amusements, or ranked among the secondary duties of a country clergyman. Where a parish priest has glebe-land, it is his duty to see it properly cultivated; but independent of this obligation, the income from a large majority of livings is so small, that the benefit of raising provisions from his glebe, or from hired land where there is no glebe, or where it is insufficient, is become requisite to the maintenance of a country clergyman; but this should not involve him in the business of buying and selling, or on attendance on fairs and markets.'

of canal-communication between London and the two great towns of Liverpool and Manchester. Telford represented to the Birmingham Canal proprietors that this line was not only circuitous, but impeded also by an enormous quantity of lockage; that the greatly increased business of their neighbourhood required a second and more direct line; and that there was no other way of effectually protecting their property from depreciation by railway speculation than by improving the old canal, and making a new one from near Wolverhampton to Nantwich, whence there was an existing canal through Chester to Ellesmere Port on the Mersey. He recommended, also, that a branch should be made from near Newport to the Shrewsbury Canal, adjacent to the Ketley iron-works, and another from near Nantwich to the Trent and Mersey Canal at Middlewich. Thus a second line would be opened to Liverpool and Manchester, shortening the distance twelve miles, and avoiding the delay of 320 feet of upward and downward lockage.

A joint-stock company was incorporated accordingly, and the Birmingham and Liverpool Junction Canal was commenced and completed under Mr. Telford's direction. The difficulties which were encountered in this work are thus stated by himself:

'In order to counteract the effect of the several railways which, about this time, were proposed to be made between Liverpool and Birmingham, it became peculiarly desirable to carry the Junction Canal in the shortest possible direction between the Birmingham Canal, near Wolverhampton, and the Ellesmere and Chester Canal at Nantwich, although this led to crossing the numerous inequalities of ground between the before-mentioned places, whereby this canal encountered cuttings and embankings of unusual magnitude, and proportionally expensive. In passing through Cheshire, the canal was, in this respect, peculiarly unfortunate; for the marly soil, of which the surface of that rich county chiefly consists, when used for embankment, slips and bulges in great masses, and rapidly dissolves when exposed to the atmosphere. From an unaccommodating disposition in some of the land-owners, in persisting to prohibit the proper line of canal, these evils were experienced to an enormous and unprecedented extent; and I am bound to state, for the benefit of engineers who may be engaged in similar works, that, to the height of 10 or 12 feet, it was found, by experience, Cheshire marl retains its shape sufficiently well; but when the height required amounts to 50, 60, or 70 feet, no estimate can safely be made, and the enterprise ought not to be hazarded.'

'Mr. Telford's disapprobation of railroads,' says the Editor, 'may perhaps be inferred too strongly from his objection to that which was first proposed between Birmingham and Liverpool in the year 1825, so that some explanation is necessary on the subject. Mr. Telford's objection against railroads was not directed against the utility of a rapid conveyance of travellers; but merely against them as a rival conveyance

ance of heavy goods usually carried on canals; and in this he has been fully justified by experience. The original prospectus of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad estimated the expected profits of the company to arise from the daily carriage of 3850 tons weight in heavy articles, and 100 tons weight only from the conveyance of passengers; whereas the result has been, that in the year 1833 the gross profit arising from the carriage of goods and Irish cattle amounted to 22,057*l.*; from the conveyance of passengers, to 51,897*l.* Mr. Telford often expressed an opinion that the wear of engines and rails would be so considerable, that the expense of carrying coals and heavy merchandize must be greater on railroads than on canals, and he used to instance the Shropshire Canal, on which one horse frequently draws twenty boats, each laden with seven tons of coals, the average number of such boats being twelve, laden with 84 tons. Previously to Mr. Telford's death, it never was contemplated to construct extensive lines of railroads, for the sole purpose of carrying passengers; heretofore (as already stated) it was presumed and calculated that large quantities of goods would also be carried; whereas it is now generally admitted that goods which do not require very speedy conveyance for special purposes cannot be profitably carried on the railroads which have adopted a rapid locomotive power.

So far was Mr. Telford from being adverse to railways generally, that he surveyed and reported upon many intended lines on which coals and other heavy materials were to be conveyed by horse-power; for instance, he reported on the intended Newcastle-on-Tyne and Carlisle Railway, when a difference of opinion as to the most eligible line was referred to him: he surveyed and reported on a proposed line between Glasgow and Newcastle-on-Tyne, by way of Berwick; and the Stratford and Morton Railway was constructed under his direction.

The fact is that, though Mr. Telford never contemplated that rapid locomotive steam-power which has encouraged many hundreds of subscribers to their ruin, and by which not letters only, but post-offices, are to travel at the rate of thirty miles an hour, he was one of the first persons who delivered a weighty and safe opinion in favour of railways. It is in the conclusion of that report which he drew up for Archdeacon Plymley's 'Agricultural Survey.' 'Since the year 1797,' he says,—

'when the account of the inland navigation of the county of Salop was made out, another mode of conveyance has frequently been adopted in this county to a considerable extent—I mean that of forming roads with iron rails laid along them, upon which the articles are conveyed in waggons, containing from six to thirty hundred-weight. Experience has now convinced us that in countries whose surfaces are rugged, or where it is difficult to obtain water for lockage; where the weight of the articles of produce is great in comparison with their bulk, and where they are mostly to be conveyed from a higher to a lower level,—that, in those cases, iron railways are, in general, preferable to a canal navigation.

'This

'This useful contrivance may be varied so as to suit the surface of many difficult countries at a comparatively moderate expense. It may be constructed in a much more expeditious manner than navigable canals. It may be introduced into many districts where canals are wholly inapplicable. Several districts of the county of Salop and the adjoining counties, in which canals were once proposed to be made, have lately been surveyed with a view of adopting railways, and in many cases I am convinced it will be found advisable to do so: *so that, in the instances where I have taken the liberty of mentioning that canals are much wanted, I beg leave to be understood to include iron railways; and I strongly recommend that in all future surveys it may be an instruction to the engineers that they do examine the tracts of country with a view of introducing iron railways wherever difficulties may occur with regard to the making navigable canals.*'

The sort of examination thus recommended by Telford has been made part of the government survey of Ireland; indeed a survey with special view to railways was made over the surface of that country in 1837. So far, then, was Telford from being insensible to, or prejudiced against, the real utility of railways,—so far from being behindhand with his contemporaries upon this point, that the very measures which Government has now adopted in Ireland were recommended by him more than forty years ago.

Telford had been for ten years employed upon the Ellesmere Canal, and others of less importance, when political circumstances led to his connexion with a work of unusual magnitude, the greatest, indeed, of its kind that has ever been accomplished.

'France having by successful aggressions arrayed the whole of Europe, and especially the Northern Powers, in combination against her great maritime rival, and there being no naval station of any consequence, either in the north of England, the whole coast of Scotland, or the north-west of Ireland, the enemy had it in his power to annoy those parts from the North Seas, by passing round the Orkneys; whereby the commerce of a considerable portion of the United Kingdom frequently suffered serious losses: these circumstances, and a desire to give employment to the Highlanders of Scotland, the urgency of which was at that time much pressed upon government, caused the subject to be taken into serious consideration; and enlarged views were opened by the description of the singular valley, called the Great Glen of Scotland, which, commencing between the promontory of Burgh-Head in Elginshire, and Cromarty, passes through a succession of sea-inlets and fresh-water lochs (lakes) to the southern extremity of Cantyre, a distance of 200 miles, and in nearly a strait direction between the Naze of Norway and the north of Ireland. The whole of this extensive valley, with the exception of about 22 miles, being occupied by navigable waters, and the excepted space by a navigable canal, saves upwards of 500 miles of dangerous navigation, as compared with that by the Orkneys and Cape Wrath. Ships of war, were this track open to them, might in two days, from a station at Fort George, near Inverness, reach the north of Ireland.

'This

' This remarkable valley has been noticed ever since the time of the Romans. In the curious map by Richard of Cirencester, composed in the 14th century, and founded upon Ptolemy's tables, a continued canal is represented along the whole valley, between the east and west seas, perhaps from the fleet of discovery sent by Agricola having seen the deep-sea inlets on each side of the island.

' That this valley has always been deemed an important position for the command or protection of the Highlands, is evident from the old castle of Inverlochy, that of Urquhart, the Vitrified Forts, and the modern establishments of Fort-William, Fort-Augustus, and Fort-George, being all placed in it.

' At last this remarkable valley attracted the attention of the Commissioners of Forfeited Estates, who in 1773 employed the justly celebrated James Watt to examine and report his opinion whether it was practicable to open a navigable communication between the several lochs and the tideways of the eastern and western seas; when that able engineer reported in the affirmative, and recommended a canal of 10 feet depth of water; but the forfeited estates being restored in 1784, the projected navigation was neglected.

' In the year 1801, for the reasons already assigned, government employed me to survey the coasts of Scotland, also the interior of the country, and report generally as to their present state, and what improvements were most advisable. The result of my investigations comprehended the establishment of naval stations, improving or creating ports, constructing roads, building bridges, and opening a navigable communication along the Great Glen of Scotland, by the Caledonian Canal.'

A report was accordingly drawn up, and it was laid before Parliament by Mr. Vansittart, then Secretary of the Treasury, (now Lord Bexley,) whom Telford justly eulogizes as 'a promoter, personally and officially, of every scheme for the good of his country.' Mr. Telford's representation of the obstacles which then obstructed the communication in the north of Scotland, and which were known to every person who had travelled through, or even inquired into the state of the country, appears like a tale of former times;—yet is it perfectly free from anything like exaggeration. Previous to the year 1742, the roads were merely the tracks of black cattle and horses, intersected by numerous rapid streams, which being frequently swollen into torrents by heavy rains, rendered them dangerous or impassable. The military roads which were formed about that time, having been laid out with other views than those of promoting commerce and industry, were generally in such directions, and so inconveniently steep, as to be nearly unfit for the purposes of civil life; and in those parts where they were tolerably accessible, or where roads had since been formed by the inhabitants, bridges over some of the principal rivers were wanting, and accidents, in consequence, were

were frequent. The Tay at Dunkeld, the Spey at Fochabers, the Beauley in Inverness-shire, and the Conon near Dingwall, large rivers all were all, when this report was drawn up, crossed by means of ferry-boats, the passage being always inconvenient and often dangerous.

The want of bridges, indeed, was felt to be so serious an inconvenience in an improving country, that the measures proposed to Government met with ready co-operation in the noblemen and gentry of the respective counties. The Duke of Athol, to whom the two ferries at Dunkeld belonged, authorised Mr. Telford to state in his report, that if Government would defray one-half the expense of a bridge, he would advance the other; that he would give up his interest in the ferries, if, in lieu thereof, a reasonable toll were put upon the bridge, in order to liquidate the capital which he should advance: after this should have been accomplished, with a small surplus to answer the repairs, the bridge was ever after to remain free of toll. This the engineer represented as a reasonable and just mode of defraying the expense, the safety and accommodation being so great, that no one could object to pay the same toll for a safe and convenient bridge which was then paid for a dangerous and inconvenient ferry-boat, especially when there was a certain prospect of having the bridge toll-free in a few years.

So, too, at Fochabers. The Spey is the drain of a great extent of mountainous country, where there is much rain. It is a deep and rapid river, and the ferry was of course very dangerous. This ferry was on the great road eastward from Inverness and Fort George, through the towns and cultivated country in Murray and Banff shires, and from thence through Frazerburgh and Peterhead to Aberdeen. The necessity of having a bridge at Fochabers became so urgent, that the Duke of Gordon began a subscription in the adjacent country for defraying the expense. He set a liberal example himself, and it was followed by most of the gentlemen in these parts; but though a contract was in consequence entered into, and some steps taken towards carrying it into execution, the report stated that, unless Government would grant an aid equal to one-half the expense, the works must still be left unfinished, and unfit for the purposes intended.

The proposed bridges over the Beauley and the Conon were not less needed for the improvement of the country than those at Dunkeld and Fochabers; they were wanted in order to facilitate the communications with Ross-shire, Sutherland, and Caithness: they were equally so for the north-west coast of the main land, and the northern parts of the Hebrides. 'They are the roots,' said Telford, 'from which a great number of branches of roads

are

are to proceed, which are necessary for the improvement of the country, and the extension of the fisheries.' Nothing could be more liberal, and, at the same time, more judicious than the plan upon which Government proceeded in promoting and assisting whatever manifestly tended to the improvement of Scotland. By advancing half the sum required for every object of unquestionable utility, it induced the inhabitants to assess themselves willingly to the amount of the other half.

'The empire at large being deeply interested in those improvements as it regards promoting the fisheries, and increasing the revenue and population of the kingdom, justifies government in granting aid towards making roads and bridges in a country which must otherwise remain, perhaps for ages to come, thus imperfectly connected; yet as the land-owners in those extensive districts through which the roads would pass, and indeed the whole of the adjoining districts of country, would enjoy improved cultivation and pasturage, increased incomes, and all the blessings which are to be derived from a facility of intercourse, it is certainly just that they should contribute a share with government in the expense of acquiring those advantages. They might be enabled to do this without inconvenience to the present possessors, by being empowered by an Act of Parliament to sell land, or borrow money upon the land, to the amount of their proportion of the expense to be incurred by the roads and bridges. This is reasonable, because the money so raised would be applied to improve the remainder of the entailed estate, which would be enhanced in value, though somewhat diminished in extent.'

A very important consideration also was the erecting and maintaining proper inns upon the roads. "Several of the houses which were built by Government upon the military roads are striking instances of the necessity there is of giving the people who are to keep the inns something else to depend upon besides what arises from supplying travellers; there should be some land attached to the house, at a rate to be settled by reference." About the time that Telford submitted these remarks to the Government, we remember a notable instance of the way in which these things are ordered in arbitrary governments. Two Englishmen coming from Algarve, along the most miserable part of Portugal, up the coast toward Setubal, were detained three or four days at Comporta, waiting for the passageboat. The Portuguese Government had recently built an *estalagem* there, to facilitate the little trade carried on with Algarve in that line by means of muleteers. There was so little chance-travelling along that wretched and thinly-peopled part of the country, that no one could be found to occupy the *estalagem*—Comporta consisting of only a few hovels upon a long spit of sand, with pestilential swamps on both sides. The Portuguese

Portuguese authorities therefore laid hands upon a shopkeeper at Setubal, a cheerful and thriving town, situated in one of the most beautiful parts of a delicious country. He was taken from his business and his home, transported to this abominable place, which is as unhealthy as it is destitute of every comfort and convenience of life, and there he was ordered, on the part of Government, to remain as the innkeeper. We heard the poor man's story upon the spot from his own lips, and a more woe-begone countenance it was never our fortune to behold.

Upon the fisheries Telford contented himself at this time with observing, that in the improvement of a country the interference of government should extend only to the removing obstacles which are of a nature not easily to be surmounted by individuals, or any body of men who can be brought to act together; and to the affording conveniences which are not easily to be attained by them; and this in cases where it is evident that, by removing those obstacles and affording these conveniences, the exertions of individuals will be greatly facilitated, so as to promote the general good of the empire. The objects connected with the fisheries, which seemed to come under this description, were, first, the want of a ready communication by water between the east and west coasts; secondly, the want of communication by land from the low countries and the east coast with the shores and fishing lochs of the west; thirdly, the inconveniences arising from the operation of the salt laws; and fourthly, the want of a harbour in Caithness.

Upon the question of *emigration* Telford entered more fully, and treated it with that good sense and good feeling with which he regarded every subject that came before him in its moral relations. It appeared, he said, from the best information he had been able to procure, that in the preceding year (1801) about 3000 persons had emigrated from various parts of the highlands, and that three times that number were then (in 1802) preparing to leave the country. The conversion of large districts into extensive sheep-walks, he considered to be the chief cause of this emigration. 'This,' said he, 'not only requires much fewer people to manage the same tract of country; but in general an entirely new people, who have been accustomed to this mode of life, are brought from the southern parts of Scotland.'

'The difference of rents to the landlords between sheep and black-cattle is, I understand, at least three to one, and yet on account of the extraordinary rise in the prices of sheep and wool, the sheep-farmers have of late years been acquiring wealth. As the introducing sheep farms over countries heretofore stocked with black-cattle creates an extensive demand for the young sheep from the established farms, it is possible that the high prices may continue until a considerable portion
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of the country is fully stocked : after this takes place, the quantities of sheep produced will bear a very great proportion to the demand; and then it is possible the prices may fall below the average value : in this case it is probable the farms will be subdivided, and a proportion of black-cattle and cultivation be introduced in the lower grounds in the valleys, while the upper parts of the hills continue to be pastured with sheep. This I consider as the most improved state of highland farming, and it is consistent with a very considerable population. A beautiful instance of this is to be seen along the north side of Loch Tay. But improved communications, by means of roads and bridges, are necessary for this state of society ; and for this reason I have said, that if these conveniences had been sooner introduced into the Highlands, it is possible this emigration might not have taken place, at least to the present extent.

In some few cases a greater population than the land could support in any shape has rendered emigration a matter of necessity, as in the island of Tiree. Some had no doubt been deluded by accounts sent back by others who had gone before them ; and many had been deceived by artful persons who scrupled not to sacrifice these poor ignorant people for their own selfish ends. The high price of black-cattle had facilitated the means of removal, as it furnished the old farmers with a portion of capital which enabled them to transport their families beyond the Atlantic. Another and very principal reason must also be, that the people, when turned out of their black-cattle farms to make way for the sheep-farmers, saw no mode of employment whereby they could earn a subsistence in their own country ; and sooner than seek it in the lowlands, or in England, they would believe what was told them might be done in the farming line in America.

‘ What I have here mentioned appear to me to be the immediate causes of the present emigrations from the north-western parts of Scotland. To point out the means of preventing emigrations in future is a part of my duty, upon which I enter with no small degree of hesitation. As the evil at present seems to arise chiefly from the conduct of land-owners, in changing the economy of their estates, it may be questioned whether government can with justice interfere, or whether any essential benefits are likely to arise from its interference.

‘ In one point of view it may be stated, that, taking the mountainous parts of Scotland as a district of the British Empire, it is the interest of the empire that this district be made to produce as much human food as it is capable of doing at the least possible expense ; that this may be done by stocking it chiefly with sheep ; that it is the interest of the empire the food so produced should not be consumed by persons residing amongst the mountains totally unemployed, but rather in some other parts of the country, where their labour can be made productive, either in the business of agriculture, fisheries, or manufactures ; and that by
suffering

suffering every person to pursue what appears to them to be their own interest, that, although some temporary inconveniences may arise, yet, upon the whole, matters will in the end adjust themselves into the forms most suitable for the place.

He then, with his natural sense of justice, noticed the moral and political evils arising not so much from the change itself, as from the manner in which it was effected in so many instances, without any consideration for the poor people who were ejected. In behalf of the landholders, he fairly stated whatever could be represented in their favour. Speaking, then, of those who might truly be called the sufferers, he said,—

‘In another point of view it may be stated, that it is a great hardship, if not a great injustice, that the inhabitants of an extensive district should all at once be driven from their native country to make way for sheep-farming, which is likely to be carried to an imprudent extent; that, in a few years, this excess will be evident; that before it is discovered, the country will be depopulated, and that race of people which has of late years maintained so honourable a share in the operations of our armies and navies will then be no more; that in a case where such a numerous body of the people are deeply interested, it is the duty of government to consider it as an extraordinary case, and one of those occasions which justifies them in departing a little from the maxims of general policy; that for this purpose regulations should be made to prevent land-owners from lessening the population upon their estates below a given proportion, and that some regulation of this sort would in the end be in favour of the land-owners, as it would preserve the population best suited to the most approved mode of highland farming, such as is practised at Breadalbane, and to the establishment of fishing villages, on the principle laid down and practised so successfully by Mr. Hugh Stevenson, of Oban, at Arnisdale, on Loch Hourn.

‘In whatever light the foregoing statements may be viewed, there is another on which there can, I think, be no difference of opinion. This is, that if there are any public works to be executed, which, when completed, will prove generally beneficial to the country, it is advisable these works should be undertaken at the present time. This would furnish employment for the industrious and valuable part of the people in their own country: they would by this means be accustomed to labour, they would acquire some capital, and the foundations would be laid for future employments. If, as I have been credibly informed, the inhabitants are strongly attached to their native country, they would greedily embrace this opportunity of being enabled to remain in it, with the prospect of bettering their condition, because, before the works were completed, it must be evident to every one that the whole face of the country would be changed.

‘The Caledonian Canal, and the bridges and roads before mentioned, are of the description here alluded to: they will not only furnish present employment, but promise to accomplish all the leading objects which can reasonably be looked forward to for the improvement and future welfare

welfare of the country, whether we regard its agriculture, fisheries, or manufactures.

The result of Mr. Telford's Report was, that after full and laborious investigation, two boards of parliamentary commissioners were established: one for making roads and bridges in the Highlands, the other for the Caledonian Canal; the committee to which the Report was referred having submitted to the House their opinion, that the execution of the inland navigation proposed in Mr. Telford's Survey, under all due regulations for the economical expenditure of such monies as might be employed in this great work, would be a measure highly conducive to the prosperity and happiness of that part of Scotland, and of great importance to the general interests of the whole United Kingdom. Well might the committee call it a great work: it was of such magnitude, and promised to be of such importance, that if a similar work had been undertaken by the French government, 'all Europe would have rung from side to side.' The difficulties with which the engineer had to contend may best be understood from his own succinct and clear

'DESCRIPTION OF THE CALEDONIAN CANAL.

'About ten miles within Fort George, and one mile to the north-west of the mouth of the river Ness, the tideway of the Beauley Water is from five to seven fathoms deep; and here, at the fishing village of Clachnasharry, is the entrance of the Caledonian Canal. In order to secure an entrance for vessels of twenty feet draught of water, at the top of neap tides, it was necessary, from the flatness of the shore, to place the tide-lock 400 yards from high-water mark, at the end of an embankment; and in constructing this lock, very considerable difficulties occurred, which will be afterwards described. I shall here only observe, that this sea or tide-lock is 170 feet long in the chamber, and 40 feet wide, and that its rise is 8 feet: from this lock the canal is formed by artificial banks, upon a flat mud shore, until it reaches high-water mark at Clachnasharry, where another lock of similar dimensions is placed upon hard mountain clay. Immediately to the south of this, is formed a basin or floating dock, 967 yards in length, and 162 in breadth: its area is about 32 English acres. It is furnished with a wharf-wall and warehouse at the south end, and its ample dimensions produced earth by excavation for its own banks, and also for supporting the adjoining locks, instead of having recourse to back-cutting.

'At the south-end of this basin, the great north road passes over a swing bridge, and adjacent to it are the four united Muirtown locks, each 180 feet long and 40 feet wide, which together rise 32 feet, lifting the canal to the level of the surface water of Loch Ness, when in its ordinary summer state. From the top of these locks the canal, 50 feet wide at the bottom, 20 feet deep, and 120 feet at surface water, is carried by easy bends in the rear of the insulated hillock of Tomnahuric, to the river Ness at Torvaine, where, by reason of a precipitous bank, the canal

is constrained to occupy the former bed of the river, a new channel being made for it by removing the opposite bank, which at the same time produced earth for separating the river and canal; a great work, more than half a mile in length. The same kind of difficulty, but less in extent, is overcome in the same manner twice before the canal enters the small Loch of Doughfour, (six miles from Clachnacharry) by a regulating lock 170 feet long and 40 wide, actually placed in the old channel of the river Ness, which in this place was heretofore separated into a double stream by an island of gravel. Such a situation points out the difficulty of keeping an extensive lock-pit free from the influx of river water, the ordinary level of which was 20 feet above the necessary excavation. Mr. Davidson's incessant attention was necessary and conspicuous during this unusual operation in the years 1813 and 1814, as well as that of Messrs. Simpson, Cargill, and Rhodes.

'Between the small Loch of Doughfour and the outlet of Loch-Ness at Bona Ferry, the river has been deepened, chiefly by a dredging machine. Loch-Ness is about 22 miles in length, nowhere less than a mile in breadth; in depth varying from 5 to 129 fathoms—(a greater depth than is found between the Murray Firth and the Baltic Sea):—its direction is straight; with several small bays of moderate depth, affording good anchorage, as at Urquhart, Invermorison, and Port-Clare on the north-side; and at Dores, the fall of Fyers, and the Horse-shoe on the south side.

'At the south-west end of the loch stands Fort-Augustus, on the north side of which the river Oich enters the loch where the canal leaves it, crosses the glaxis, and at the back of the village ascends 40 feet by means of five connected locks, each 180 feet in length: from thence it passes along the south side of the river to the north-east corner of Loch-Oich. In this distance of about five miles is the Kytra lifting-lock, and a regulating-lock, each 170 feet long and 40 wide, and the channel of the river has been changed in two places: the breadth of Loch-Oich is inconsiderable and irregular; in some parts it requires deepening by dredging, especially where the river Garry falls in from the north, draining the whole of Glengarry, and having in its course Loch-Garry, 6 miles in length, and Loch-Quoich 10 miles: the summit supply of water for the Caledonian Canal is therefore abundant.

'Between the western end of Loch-Oich and the east end of Loch-Lochy, a distance of about two miles, the surface of the ground is about 20 feet above the water level, and the depth of the canal water being 20 feet, there is 40 feet depth of cutting. Near Loch-Lochy are two locks, a regulating lock, and a lifting-lock; the difference between the surface of the water in these two locks (although Loch-Lochy has been raised 12 feet) is nearly 10 feet.

'At the south-west end of Loch-Lochy (which is 10 miles in length) there is a regulating-lock as usual, and the canal is carried over rugged ground along the north-west side of the river Lochy, its line intersected by one considerable river, and by several mountain streams: the ordinary level of Loch-Lochy is continued along the canal to within one mile of Loch-Eil, where are eight connected locks, each 180 feet long
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and 40 feet in width, and together falling 64 feet : from thence the canal is continued on a level to Corpach, where are two connected locks, falling 15 feet, and a single sea-lock, entering the tideway of Loch-Eil.

'The connection with the tideway being to the westward of the general line of the valley, and at the rectangular turn of Loch-Eil towards Fort-William, a well-sheltered roadstead and good anchorage are here obtained. Loch-Eil and the Linnhe-Loch are inlets of the West Sea, and the latter joins the usual channel of navigation south of the Sound of Mull.

'The Caledonian Canal locks are not only constructed on an unusually large scale, but, in consequence of localities, they afford useful information to the practical engineer : of this the most important instances are, 1. the sea-lock at Clachnacharry ; 2. the sea-lock at Corpach ; 3. the locks at Fort-Augustus ; 4. the magnitude of fabric of the before-mentioned eight connected locks :—and the facilities of inland navigation, indeed inland navigation itself, principally depending on lockage, or the means of raising or depressing a floating vessel to a different level of water, I trust I shall stand excused if I preface any description of the series of the largest locks ever yet constructed, by narrating as clearly as I can the progress of this important invention.

'A river, in its natural current, is more or less deep from circumstances which need not here be described, and its navigation is usually impeded by shallows and rapids ; inconveniences which the ingenuity of man has striven to overcome, ever since his boats became too large and too heavy for portage, as is still in use for conveyance by canoes in the North American fur-trade.

'The first expedient which occurred was to thrust the boat as nearly as possible to the rapid, and having well fastened her there, to await an increase of water by rain ; and this was sometimes assisted by a collection of boats, which, by forming a kind of floating dam, deepened the water immediately above, and threw part of the rapid behind themselves. This simple expedient was still in practice at Sunbury, on the river Thames, since the beginning of the present century ; and elsewhere the custom of building bridges almost always at fords, to accommodate ancient roads of access, as well as to avoid the difficulty of founding piers in deep water, afforded opportunity for improvement in navigating the rapid formed by the shallow water or ford : for a stone bridge may be formed into a lock or stoppage of the river by means of transverse timbers from pier to pier, sustaining a series of boards called paddles, opposed to the strength of the current, as was heretofore seen on the same river Thames, where it passes the city of Oxford at Friar Bacon's Bridge, on the road to Abingdon. Such paddles are there in use to deepen the irregular river channels above that bridge ; and the boat or collected boats, of very considerable tonnage, thus find passage upwards or downwards, a single arch being occasionally cleared of its paddles, to afford free passage through the bridge.

'In this sense of the word, the arches of old London Bridge were designated as *locks*, some of the widest of them being purposely closed up to low-water mark by sheet-piling, which (with the sterlings of frame-work,

frame-work, filled with rubble-stones for protection of the piers,) retained the river for some hours navigable to Richmond at high water, some times quite to Kingston.

The next degree of improvement was the introduction of modern locks, at first called for distinction *pound-locks*, wherein water is impounded between upper and lower gates, for the reception of the boat; and these pound-locks, improved by modern accuracy with side walls and convenient sluices, have not only rendered the Thames and most of our other English rivers navigable, but by economizing the water requisite for the transit of boats shaped to the lock, have given rise and scope to canal navigation—that is, to water-carriage where no river or stream existed or does exist.

In China, it seems, unconquerable custom still retains inclined planes, instead of locks, on their great rivers and the magnificent canals connected with them throughout that extensive empire. Having reminded the reader of this, Mr. Telford proceeds thus to describe one of the most ingenious of his operations, the formation of the sea-lock at Clachnasharry.

‘The shore of Loch-Beauley at Clachnasharry has already been described as being very flat, so that it was necessary to carry the canal, by artificial embankments, 400 yards beyond high-water mark, where the shore consisted of soft mud, into which an iron rod could be easily thrust 55 feet: it seemed impracticable to enclose by a wooden cofferdam a space for a lock 170 feet long and 40 feet wide, with the necessary recesses and wing walls; the elasticity of the mud preventing the usual process of pile-driving, by a rebound after every stroke of the engine: therefore it became necessary to adopt a new method, one at least which I had not known to have been elsewhere practised. Abundance of heavy mountain clay being found in the base of the hill immediately above high-water mark, an iron railway was laid down, and the two banks of the canal were thus carried out from the shore into 20 feet depth of water at an ordinary neap-tide; and on approaching the site of the future sea-lock, these banks were united into one mass, and were thus pushed considerably beyond the extent which the actual lock would occupy: thus the weight of the incumbent mass of clay compressed the mud, and squeezed out the water. Upon this large mound a quantity of stone (afterwards used in the building) was laid, and the whole suffered to remain for about six months; during which time the mass had sunk about 11 feet, this being from time to time ascertained by a spirit-level, from a mark on the shore. After feeling assured that no further sinking would take place, the pressure sustained being much greater than that of the masonry of the intended lock, the stones were removed, and a lock-pit was excavated in the solid mound; a chain-pump worked by six horses kept the pit clear of water till its depth was 15 feet; at that time a steam-engine of nine-horse power was erected, which commanded the water; and the excavation was completed in June, 1811. Before penetrating 30 feet below the level of high water, at ordinary spring-tides, (as was necessary for the foundation work,) the compressed mud

mud had been removed to the depth of eight feet, and the small portion of water which filtered through the surrounding mound of earth (in which puddle walls had been carried up) was conducted in small gutters along the surface edge of the compressed mud, to the pump-well. As soon as the lock-pit was excavated, rubble-stone masonry was laid in water-lime mortar, to the thickness of two feet, in the middle of the lock-chamber, increasing to five feet thick on each side; upon this the inverted arch of square masonry was laid, and the side walls were founded; after which the chamber-walls, counterforts, recesses, and wing-walls were regularly carried up. The masonry in the bottom part was worked in short lengths of about six yards, to prevent the compressed mud from again softening and rising up in the newly-compressed space. This mud was readily penetrated by piles; but whenever the strokes of the pile-driver ceased during a few hours, no power could drive them further in, or draw them out. The masonry of the lock was successfully completed in 1812, the rise being 6 feet 8 inches; the gates were then hung, and the lock has been constantly worked, remaining always in a perfect state. This plan of compressing the mud, sinking the lock-pit in it, and when the lock was completed removing the mountain clay from the entrance, was invented and adopted from the necessity of the case, and was found, upon calculation, to have been less expensive than any cofferdam, even had that usual expedient been practicable.

Difficulties of a different kind were to be overcome at Corpach, at the western end of the canal, where the construction of the sea-lock required very different consideration. It was found necessary to connect the canal with the tideway of Loch-Eil, on the north side of a rock situated beyond high-water mark, and covered at three-quarters flood; and the lock was to be advanced into the sea far enough for the entrance-sill to be laid upon the rock, so that there might be twenty feet of water upon it at the high water of neap tides. For this purpose a water-tight mound, faced with rubble-stones, was carried from the shore beyond the extremity of the lock-pit; and between these mounds a wooden cofferdam was constructed. The clearing away of the gravel and mud and sand, fixing the main piles and placing the wooden frames securely in their proper places, were operations of considerable difficulty; and Telford rightly deemed them worthy of record, for the benefit of those who may be engaged in similar expensive works.

‘In the middle district, at Fort-Augustus, the ground upon which the five connected locks are placed, consisting of loose river gravel, and the lower lock requiring its entrance sill to be fixed 20 feet under the surface of the lowest summer level of Loch-Ness, presented no common difficulty; and as, moreover, the river Oich occupied the intended site of the lower lock, these circumstances rendered the construction of the locks an arduous undertaking; but there being no alternative as to situation, these physical difficulties were to be encountered, and I lost

no time in proceeding with the work. The first operation, in the year 1814, was to turn the river Oich entirely to the north side of a small low, river island, with an intention to occupy what was formerly the river channel with the three lower locks. By means of a small steam-engine of six-horse power, a trial-pit was sunk to the depth of 18 feet, when the water overpowered an engine of twenty-horse power; a pump-well was then begun, and an engine of thirty-six-horse power was placed on it, which commenced working in August, 1816, and the excavation of the lowest lock-pit was carried on with much energy, until stopped by the winter floods of the river Oich. Early in the year 1817, operations were resumed, and during the summer and autumn the masonry of the lock bottom and wings, also of the forebay, was securely placed; and in order more effectually to command the water, I directed a third engine of about nine-horse power (which had been in use at the Clachnacharry sea-lock) to be erected; and when the excavation was more than 25 feet under the level of the surface of Loch-Ness, the gravel was so open, that all the three engines were required to keep clear the pit, and no cofferdam could be so placed as to render any assistance.

Under the inverted arches and side walls of the lock-chamber, rubble-stone masonry (as at Clachnacharry) was laid; but it was here placed upon and mixed with abundance of moss, in order to prevent the sand from being forced upwards through the lock-bottom from the interstices of the coarse open gravel. At the latter end of the working season of 1818, the whole masonry of the lowermost lock had been built; also the inverted arch, and 14 feet of the side walls of the second lock; likewise the inverted arch, and 6 feet of the walls of the third lock: so that, unless for afterwards putting up the lock-gates, there was no further occasion for employing steam-engines at Fort-Augustus.

These three locks being an extreme case on a large scale, I have considered it my duty to record thus much in detail all the means employed, in hope that such particular description may prove useful to practical engineers, and also to impress on them, from my experience, that after the principal engineer has decided upon the most advisable outline of operations, very much depends upon judicious workmanship, and attention to practical suggestions: so that, in the cases here described, not a small portion of the success is due to Messrs. Simpson and Cargill, at Clachnacharry and Fort-Augustus, and to Messrs. Simpson and Wilson, (chiefly the latter,) at the sea-lock and other locks at Corpach, and all the other works in the western district of the canal.

Oak in sufficient quantity, of the scantlings required, and of sound quality, was not to be procured, although exorbitant prices had been paid for the sea-lock gates of that material. Cast-iron, therefore, was of necessity made use of. The bridges (except the foot-bridges on the lock-gates) are cast-iron turn-bridges, experience having shown that their horizontal movement is more convenient than that of the draw-bridge. It was found to be so in Flanders. The Caledonian Canal differs from others chiefly by its dimensions, which in deep cutting, embanking, and lining, created

created a great expense. And though the fresh-water lakes in its line were advantageous as forming $37\frac{1}{2}$ miles of its length, yet by causing eight junctions, they occasioned much labour and expense, and great difficulty to the engineer. The work cost, nominally, nearly double the sum at which it was originally estimated; but this was not owing to any extravagance or improvidence in the expenditure. The value of materials and labour had risen during the war, while the works were in progress, from 90 to 50 per cent.; so that, the sum annually granted remaining the same, only half the quantity of work could be annually performed.

The total expenditure from its commencement, in 1803, to May, 1829, was—

	£
For work performed by contract and measure	652,494
Ditto day-work	68,099
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	£720,593
Expenses of management, on timber, machinery, shipping, land purchased, &c. &c.	261,766
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	£982,359
	<hr/>
There had been received, up to May, 1829—	
Rent of land and houses	5,359
Canal dues	14,941
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	£20,300

‘Previously to the canal being made, strange opinions existed respecting the violence of the winds, and their blowing for several months in the same direction along the valley; and therefore, with a view of ascertaining facts, registers were kept at each end and in the middle of the valley, in which was noted, 1. the direction of the wind in the valley; 2. the direction of the clouds; 3. the description of weather; 4. the strength of the wind. This statement being partly printed in the Annual Reports of the Commissioners, shows that the winds are more variable in this valley than in the open sea, and not more violent; and for upwards of seven years this navigation has been used at all seasons, without any accident taking place; and as to facility of transit, steam-packets and even sailing vessels have passed from sea to sea in twenty-four hours; and Inverness has become accessible from Glasgow with entire facility and regularity of passage.

‘Thus this great and difficult work, performed in twenty years, in a remote district, and under a variety of other disadvantages, is proof of what may be accomplished by judicious arrangement and steady perseverance; but it must be acknowledged with regret that the Caledonian Canal has not accomplished its primary and national object, in facilitating the conveyance of Baltic timber to the western ports of Great Britain and to Ireland.’

The enormous enhancement in the price of Baltic timber (from 2s. 4d. per cubic foot in 1804, to 7s. in 1812) arose from impolitic perseverance in an almost prohibitory duty in favour of Canada deals. This duty was continued by biennial renewals, till the interested parties successfully claimed a vested interest in the Canada timber trade, and the government were so imprudent as to yield to their influence. A national injury has thus been inflicted, by forcing into consumption a bad article, indispensable in building houses, and for general purposes; and this imprudence has, as a necessary consequence, rendered abortive the main advantage expected from the Caledonian Canal, that of saving 8* or 10 per cent. on Baltic timber for the benefit of the western ports and coast of Great Britain, and on the supply of Ireland. Thus, says Telford, the expense incurred in making the Caledonian Canal became of no avail; a trifling national detriment, indeed, compared to the vast damage inflicted by the compulsory substitution of bad timber in place of good, for all the many purposes to which deal balk is convertible.

But though the expense incurred in this great work became, of no avail as to one of the objects proposed, and that the primary one,—and though the actual expenditure so far exceeded the estimated sum, it must not be inferred either that the work itself has proved useless, or that the cost was ill-bestowed. Some permanent good was expected if habits of industry could be introduced among a people to whom little inducement to industry had hitherto been held out, and this hope was not disappointed. The labourers employed upon the canal were mostly steady, industrious men, who wrought by the piece, and did their work with good will, because they were regularly paid. Their example was not lost upon the highlanders: finding good customers in workmen who could pay regularly, because they themselves were regularly paid, they began to grow potatoes largely, for this certain demand; and much land, which had before lain waste, was thus brought into cultivation.

It is worthy of notice that, numerous as the labourers were who were employed upon the Caledonian Canal in its various stages, during the many years that it was in progress, there were no disturbances among them, nor were any complaints made of their conduct; whereas, among the consequences attendant upon the formation of railways, the newspapers tell us of frequent and formidable riots; and that there has been a frightful increase of crimes is well known to the inhabitants of those parts of the

* This computation is indisputable, from the different prices of Baltic timber at the two ends of the canal; the enhanced prices at Corpach (the west end) representing the cost and risk of carrying timber freights round the Orkneys.

country in which such works are carrying on. How is this remarkable difference to be accounted for? Not merely by asserting that the march of wickedness has kept pace with the march of intellect, which is but another name for the rogues' march; nor that the perilous experiment was not tried there, of bringing labourers from another part of the United Kingdom, who would be contented to work for less wages, and thus lowered the price of labour, to the injury of the original workmen. The cause is to be found in that superintendence which was exercised in all parts of this great undertaking; in that order and regularity of which every man felt the benefit, and which therefore made every man satisfied with himself and his employers.

The same beneficial effect was perceived when Telford was called upon to direct a work of considerable magnitude upon the Trent and Mersey Canal. That canal was formed by James Brindley, memorable not only for his works of this kind, but for his reply before a Committee of the House of Commons, when, on being scoffingly asked if he ascribed such great importance to the Bridgewater Canal, what he supposed rivers were made for? he calmly said, *To feed navigable canals.*

On the summit of the Trent and Mersey canal, Brindley constructed a tunnel through Harecastle Hill, for a distance of 2888 yards, at 197 feet perpendicular under the highest surface of the hill. Where largest, it is but twelve feet high and nine wide, so that a boat seven feet wide, with a moderate loading, can scarcely pass through, the operation being performed by a class of men called *Leggers*, who lie on their backs, on the top of the loading, and push against the roof and sides with their feet. This tunnel, from commencement to completion, cost no less than eleven years; so inexpert, says Telford, were the workmen of that day, although under the direction of an able master.

The inadequate dimensions of this tunnel were, no doubt, advisable in an untried project, and for several years after the navigation was opened the imperfect and tedious passage was probably found sufficient; but as trade increased, the delay and inconvenience became grievous. The time allotted for passing each way was two hours, and before the expiration of that time a great number of boats waiting for passage was usually collected, and notwithstanding strict regulations, much contention and confusion took place. This continued to increase with the increase of trade, and loud complaints were made, which the proprietors (although profiting by very large dividends) for many years disregarded; and it was not till after the threatened establishment of railroads, and the formation of rival canals, that they were forced into an expensive improvement.

Telford was then applied to by the Canal Company, and consulted upon the practicability of making a second tunnel. He reported

reported that it was both practicable and advisable. It was commenced accordingly, and in less than three years the passage was opened. The line of the tunnel contained fifteen pit-shafts, so many being thought expedient for the sake of accelerating the work. The tunnel is parallel with the former one, at a distance of twenty-six yards; and it is so accurately straight, that its whole length can be seen through at one view. The effect of the new tunnel, Telford says, may best be described by the reply of a boatman, who, coming out of it, and being asked for his observations and opinion, on occasion of the engineer's survey, made answer, that he only wished it reached all the way to Manchester. 'I may observe in conclusion,' says Mr. Telford, 'that each of the tunnels being always navigated in the same direction, boats are no longer liable to interruption, and business proceeds with the same facility as on other parts of the canal.'

The Birmingham Canal also was originally planned by Brindley. In 1824 the Canal Company requested Telford to examine and report upon the most advisable means of improving it. 'Upon inspection I found,' says he, 'adjacent to this great and flourishing town, a canal little better than a crooked ditch, with scarcely the appearance of a hauling-path, the horses frequently sliding and staggering in the water, the hauling-lines sweeping the gravel into the canal, and the entanglement at the meeting of boats incessant; while at the locks at each end of the short summit, crowds of boatmen were always quarrelling, or offering premiums for a preference of passage, and the mine-owners, injured by the delay, were loud in their just complaints.' Telford remarks, with that justice which he always rendered to his predecessors, that the numerous and inconvenient curvatures in this work of Brindley's must be accounted for by the consideration, that having rendered carriage by canals cheaper than by the bad roads then in use, it was not judged advisable to incur expense on deep cuttings and embankments, so as to shorten the distance—especially as the toll dues were levied by the mile, and this effect of monopoly was not discontinued until rival navigations were opened, turnpike-roads improved, and railroads in immediate contemplation. Moreover, for several years after the canal was opened, it sufficed for Birmingham and its suburbs, till the great increase of manufactures and population there occasioned a corresponding increase of water-carriage, to which the imperfect canal was unequal; and the revenue being ample, the owners of mines and the tradesmen and manufacturers demanded improved facilities.

In prevailing on the Managing Committee to consent to the expensive improvements which were necessary, Telford was aided by the arguments of Mr. James Watt. His great steam-engine
manufactory

manufactory being situated close to the canal, he was fully sensible of its imperfections, and of the advantages to be derived from the measures which Mr. Telford proposed. Those measures indeed were upon a great scale.

‘Having duly considered this complicated subject, I found that in a great portion of the canal between Birmingham, the collieries, and the iron-works, it was absolutely necessary for complete remedy that the numerous bends should be cut off, and the canal reduced to nearly a direct line from the town to Smethwick summit; that an entirely new cut should be made through that summit, 70 feet in depth; moreover, that the strait line should be continued across the flat ground, called the Island, and the ridge at Bloomfield, so that the general direction should become a strait and level line to Bilstone and Wolverhampton. This accomplished, the length of the main line between Birmingham and Autherley would be reduced from 22 to 14 miles, and adapted to unlimited increase of traffic; while the obsolete curvatures would be converted into separate branches or basins, accommodating the numerous mines on each side of the main line. By cutting down the Smethwick summit, I represented that the Birmingham level might be cleared of lockage embarrassments, and at the same time extended in its objects; I also proposed to enlarge the canal to 40 feet in width, with perpendicular banks, and by walling the sides, to ensure a good hauling-path on each side, so that the entire line of this extensive summit should be covered with boats passing in different directions without collision; and this the more effectually, as the bridges, being 52 feet wide between the abutments, admit the hauling-paths to pass in a direct line without any contraction of the water-way of the canal.’

In the space of two years the scheme of improvement was carried into effect.

‘The intercourse having thus been rendered perfect, the next object was to provide a plentiful supply of water to feed the summit level independently of the mine-owners, the former mode of obtaining water being a vexatious source of perpetual contest, besides creating a heavy expense in working pumping-engines. Upon examining the face of the country, I found a great extent of surface above the level of the canal, affording indeed a sufficient quantity of flood-water in rainy weather; but the reservoir at Oldbury was inadequate for intercepting and containing it, so that a great portion of the supply was lost. Therefore, in a dingle adjacent to the town of Birmingham, I constructed a reservoir of 80 acres water-surface, and 45 feet in depth at the head or retaining bank, the bottom of which reservoir was above the now reduced Birmingham summit, so that all the retained water became serviceable. To supply this reservoir, a feeder was carried from the before-mentioned reservoir at Oldbury, across ridges and dingles, in such manner as to intercept the flood-waters of the upper country, and conduct it to the great reservoir. Another feeder is brought from the southern end of the Oldbury summit, which conveys the surplus water from it to the great reservoir, and by which water may, when required, be returned to that summit.’

The

The plates in the Atlas show in what manner the various improvements which were executed under Mr. Telford's direction intersect and supersede the various curvatures, and thus produce a remarkably straight line of canal.

I have also given a transverse section of the reservoir embankment, and have delineated the discharging apparatus; and the transverse section of the canal as now improved, and of the hauling-paths on either side of it, whereby boats pass freely in opposite directions, without collision or interference, are seen under the two bridges. These are both of cast-iron, the one of 52 feet between the supporting abutments, a span which suffices to include both towing-paths; the other bridge is 150 feet between the abutments. The motive for this last extraordinary span was safety, combined with economy: for if it had not exceeded the span of the other bridges across this same canal, the abutments must have been founded as low as the bottom of the canal, because the bridge must have been carried up 70 feet to the level of the top of the banks, which would have led to an immense mass of masonry, liable to bulge and be overthrown in rainy seasons, by the earth acquiring a hydrostatic pressure; whereas, by increasing the span to 150 feet, there was opportunity of founding the abutments at a depth merely sufficient to admit of a proper iron-arch curvature: so that the proportion of masonry is small, and produces variety by its appearance of lightness, which agreeably strikes every spectator of the massive works under his examination.

All these improvements being now in full operation have rendered this navigation a suitable auxiliary and accompaniment to this great manufacturing town, and the result proves, that where business is extensive, liberal expence of this kind is true economy. This part of the Birmingham Canal has been rendered a specimen of perfect canal navigation. It affords also another instance of the beneficial effects of order. Indeed, it was commonly said at Birmingham, in consequence of this improvement, that Mr. Telford ought to have had a public reward for introducing ordinary good manners among the boatmen, who formerly seldom passed each other without quarrels and imprecations, arising from the difficulty and delay of passing the towing-line under the inner boat, whereas they now meet and pass in good humour and with mutual satisfaction.

There is upon the canal what is called a skew-bridge, as being not at right angles with it; it is not stated for what reason it was built in this unsightly form. Mr. Augustus St. John, in the Journal of his Residence in Normandy, relates the history of one at Caen;—instead of running in a straight line across the stream, it makes an elbow, the point of which rests upon the little Isle de Croix, lying nearly in the middle of the river; and thus, instead

of being an ornament; the bridge is a disgrace to the city. The reason assigned for this is that a rich and influential man having a house on the side of the river, by which he wished the road should pass, the bridge was made crooked to oblige him.

But bearing our limits in mind, we can do little more than enumerate in their order Mr. Telford's other great works, full and instructive details of which are given in this remarkable volume. There is the Birmingham and Liverpool Junction Canal, a project, Mr. Telford says, which originated in the year 1825, when a boundless rage for speculation had seized upon every object which ingenuity or invention could suggest; and as the price of iron was depressed, the iron-masters, to promote the consumption of that material, encouraged the construction of railways in sundry directions, the most important of which was a proposed line from Liverpool through Birmingham to London, all physical obstructions being forgotten or overlooked amid the splendour of this gigantic undertaking. This canal required cuttings and embankings of unusual magnitude, which were proportionally expensive. From an unaccommodating disposition in some of the landowners, in persisting to prohibit the proper line of canal, these evils were experienced to an enormous and unprecedented extent. Mr. Telford says he is bound to state for the benefit of engineers who may be engaged in similar works, that 'to the height of ten or twelve feet, Cheshire marl was found by experience to retain its shape sufficiently well; but when the height required amounts to fifty, sixty, or seventy feet, no estimate can safely be made, and the enterprise ought not to be hazarded.'

There is a most important paper upon the Drainage of the Fen Country, and especially of the Bedford Level. Ten years Mr. Telford had been employed upon various improvements in the drainage and navigation of the great Fen level, when he drew up this general description and succinct history of what he might well call this singularly interesting district—a district comprehending the low lands on each side of the bay called the Wash, which divides the counties of Norfolk and Lincoln, and occupies a space which, measured from Cambridge to a line drawn between Lincoln and Wainfleet, is about sixty miles in length, and from twenty to thirty in breadth. This extensive flat is bounded by the higher lands of six counties, Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Northampton, and Lincoln; the area of the Bedford Level exclusively being about 530 English square miles, and, therefore, 400 square miles geographical, or 340,000 English acres, and those the most productive in Great Britain.

The Nene Outfall Channel was projected in 1814 by the late Mr. Rennie, and executed jointly by Mr. Telford and the present Sir

Sir John Rennie; but the scheme of the North Level Drainage was eminently the work of Mr. Telford, and was undertaken upon his advice and responsibility, when only a few of the persons engaged in the Nene Outfall believed that the latter could be made, or, if made, maintained. 'Telford,' says Mr. Tycho Wing, 'distinguished himself then by his foresight and judicious counsels at the most critical periods of that great measure, by his unfailing confidence in its success, and by the boldness and sagacity which prompted him to advise the making of the North Level Drainage, in full expectation of the results for the sake of which the Nene Outfall was undertaken, and which are now realised to the extent of the most sanguine hopes.' The present Duke of Bedford was the great patron and promoter of both undertakings.

The results of this measure are thus stated in a memoir by Mr. Tycho Wing in the Appendix to this volume.

A bridge has been made over the new channel at Sutton Wash in Lincolnshire, and an embankment carried across the estuary to Cross Keys in Norfolk, forming a new line of excellent road between Norfolk and Lincolnshire, subject to no interruptions, instead of the ancient dangerous ford through a tidal and variable channel, or the very circuitous route through Wisbeach.

About 1500 acres of fertile marsh lands have been embanked from the sea and are now in cultivation, and yearly producing excellent crops of grain; an additional tract of about 2000 acres is fit for inclosure, and about 4000 acres more are rapidly becoming so.

It was in passing the Washes that King John lost great part of his army, with horses and carriages, so that it was judged to be 'a punishment appointed by God that the spoil which had been gotten and taken out of churches, abbeys, and other religious houses, should perish and be lost together with the spoilers. And though the king himself and a few others escaped the violence of the waters by following a good guide, he took such grief for the loss sustained in this passage, that thereupon he fell into an ague, the force and heat whereof, together with his immoderate feeding on raw peaches and drinking of new cider, so increased his sickness, that he was not able to ride, but was fain to be carried in a litter presently made of twigs, with a couch of straw under him, without any bed or pillow, thinking to have gone to Lincoln; but the disease still so raged and grew upon him, that he was enforced to stay one night at the castle of Laford; and on the next day, with great pain, caused himself to be carried unto Newark, where in the castle, through anguish of mind rather than this force of sickness, he departed this life in the year of his age fifty and one.'

Among

Among other beneficial results of the Nene Outfall and the North Level Drainage, there is now a safe and daily communication between Wisbech and the sea, at all periods of the tides and in all weather, in place of the navigation through the old channel, which was tedious and dangerous, and capable only of affording a passage at spring tides, and with a favourable wind, to vessels drawing at the utmost six feet of water and carrying sixty tons. Vessels carrying 400 tons reach Sutton Wash now on spring tides, and might arrive at Wisbech if sufficient pains were taken to improve the river upwards from the Nene Outfall. Wisbech, says Mr. Wing, would thus become the great emporium for the counties of Cambridge, Norfolk, and Lincoln: the trade of its port was not more than 50,000 tons a-year before the Nene Outfall was made; it has reached 108,000. Great exertions have been made and expensive works executed by the Governors of Guy's Hospital (to whom the adjoining land belongs) to improve the accommodation for vessels, and facilitate the shipping and delivery of cargoes at Sutton Wash; for this purpose a magnificent wharf has been built, with ample accommodation of storehouses and granaries.

But the most important result of the whole is that the water in the new channel ebbs every day ten feet lower than it did in the old channel, immediately opposite to the South Holland and North Level sluices, which are the outlets for about 100,000 acres of fen lands lying between the rivers Nene and Welland; and that the means of a perfect natural drainage have been thereby afforded to that extensive tract, which was previously very ill accomplished by means of an expensive and complicated, but ineffectual system of windmills and steam-engines. The expense of executing the Nene Outfall was about 200,000*l.*, that of the North Level Drainage about 150,000*l.*; and their effect upon the productiveness of the soil, and on the welfare and comfort of the inhabitants, are said to surpass all previous expectation.

How easily and surely this natural drainage was effected is thus clearly described by Mr. Rickman, who, in August, 1830, after the dissolution of Parliament, accompanied his friend Mr. Telford in visiting an operation of more interest than ordinary in civil engineering.

‘If you cut a canal, you are sure that the removal of earth and the usual apparatus of locks will attain your object; but the improvement of harbours, and of drainage by rivers, depends on management and direction of natural causes and effects: in which, I may say, observation had been so torpid, that till twenty years since, much more harm than good had been the result of interference. All the Reports of Mr. Smeaton, and some made scarcely sixteen years since, prove that in
large

large drainages near the sea, natural outlets or rivers were always recommended to be stopped by dams and sluices; to prevent the tide from entering, which obstacles equally prevented the drainage water from free passage outward.

Three inches fall (downward slope) in a mile makes water move slowly; at four inches declivity in a mile, water acquires a moderate velocity, sufficient for any drainage operation; so that the *sill* (threshold) of a sluice, if laid a yard too high, will prevent the natural drainage of twelve miles above it (three inches to a mile). On the same principle, if a drainage outlet, obstructed by what may be almost deemed the caprice of winds and tides, and of accumulated sand-banks in consequence, shall double its length, and creep through a dubious crooked channel, it is evident that a three or four-inch fall may become one inch, which is ineffectual.

The sound principle which results from these facts is, to give free ingress to the tidal water, guarding against inundation by raising the banks of your river, and also straitening its course, so as to lose no downfall. This increased downfall and increased tidal water is made to bear directly upon the old sand-banks; and if the connection with deep water can be established in this manner, you obtain a harbour of easy access, and the old-fashioned precarious drainage of land by windmills becomes unnecessary, the dams which previously hindered daily drainage at low water being for ever removed.

All this was to be seen in progress below Wisbeach and Long-Sutton-bridge, and the impetuous outfall of the water in the recess of a spring-tide had forced its way through the sands in the beginning of August, 1830. With a view to this event, the old channel of the river Nene had been boldly dammed across in the middle of July, and the current turned into the strait cut prepared for it. All this constitutes the "Nene Outfall." When I saw it meet the sea, four miles below the washway (now the drawbridge at Long Sutton) at three-quarters ebb, the torrent rushed down four feet in the last quarter of a mile; this of course carries off the sand daily, and by the law of nature the four-feet fall will recede inland, until nearly a uniform inclination or slope shall penetrate to Wisbeach, which will become a sea-port of importance; and above it 180,000 or 200,000 acres of fen-land will retain nothing of its hitherto nature, except unparalleled fertility.

Subdued as the fens have been by these great and most beneficial operations, old saws will no longer persevere in predicting that

'Fatal Welland
Shall drown all Holland with his excrement.'

Nor could the ablest engineer of the last age have imagined that the Nene, which, in Spenser's verse, 'down softly slid,' should be so skilfully directed by the art of man as to present the appearance of an impetuous torrent, force its way through the sands, and that Wisbeach should thus be rendered a flourishing port, whenever the inhabitants can agree among themselves concerning their

their own interests. But Mr. Telford characterises them as 'a people not only indisposed to promote the general improvement of the adjacent country, but totally incapable of judging of what would have been manifestly beneficial to themselves.'

Upon this the Editor observes, that it may perhaps fairly be questioned whether these remarks in derogation of the inhabitants of Wisbeach are strictly justifiable: whether the question is not one of those in which both parties are so much interested as to leave room for moral arbitration between them. A civil engineer is a zealous instrument in every extensive improvement; and the recent accession of numbers to that profession of men, of men who must possess much accurate and useful knowledge, is to be deemed an equivalent (nationally speaking) for all the losses now felt or expected from excessive speculation. Mr. Telford had improvements in view at Wisbeach (in certain prospect he might say), and such as might be highly beneficial to that town: but improvement involves alteration; and the innumerable instances of well-intended labour in the fens failing of its desired effect, added to the many instances of water diverted from its former course to the injury of individuals, with or without benefit to the general interests of the Fens, cannot but have sunk deeply into the minds of near spectators, whose property and welfare were hazarded by every such experiment. The inhabitants of Wisbeach might allege that Mr. Telford has unquestionably been successful in opening the Nene Outfall, by which an improved access from and to the sea has been obtained, and the commerce of Wisbeach has proportionally increased; but not without drawback in the endangered bridge, and the expense of preparing or securing our warehouses and granaries and wharf-walls, continually undercut by the reflux of the river tide. Hence the balance of benefit becomes somewhat doubtful, and the improvement of the river, in making it navigable to Peterborough, might possibly transfer the existing trade of Wisbeach to that place, inasmuch as commerce often takes her station at the highest navigable limit, as at London, Newcastle on Tyne, Bristol, and Glasgow. All property at Wisbeach might thus be depreciated by the prosperity of Peterborough. Who will undertake to indemnify us against detriment if such a plan as Mr. Telford's, or even the modified proposal of Sir John Rennie, were carried into effect? Are we not bound, in justice to ourselves and our family property, to resist such innovations to the uttermost, unless and until some satisfactory compromise can be adjusted, and a distinct indemnity, conformably thereto, secured to us by the same law which endangers our property?

This plea opens a question which has never been placed before the public

public so distinctly as its importance deserves. To understand it, we must consider with attention the extent of national benefit which has accrued, and still accrues, from the recognized absolute power of British legislation, in binding the mutual arrangements of all joint-stock companies among the proprietors themselves, and rendering them unassailable from without; still more in granting them power to interfere with private property, and even to take forcible possession of it, sufficiently for their purpose. To prove that the grant of such power is one of the most beneficial functions of the British Parliament, it is only necessary to ask oneself, What would England be now, if suddenly deprived of all the benefits derived from such exertion of judicious despotism? Inter-course by turnpike-roads and railways, by the improvement of navigable rivers, and by canals, would be foreclosed, and the most improved region upon earth relapse into comparative barbarism. Nor let it be supposed by civil engineers, that vulgar military despotism could effect the like; their profession owes its existence, as a profession, to the steady and unimpeached power of Parliament, beneficially exercised, and fully in use during the last hundred years in English history. Elsewhere a privileged joint-stock company may be taxed, if prosperous—or supplanted by the pecuniary offer of a rival association. Elsewhere the great lords, and all other landed proprietors, would rise with one consent against their sovereign, if he ventured to say to the Lord Bojar of Wisbeach, "It is my pleasure that your property be sacrificed for the benefit of others; and I authorize them to take possession of it accordingly."

'Thus it seems to follow from the social, almost sacred, establishment of the rights of private property, that it ought not to be depreciated, much less be made liable to forcible though legal seizure, without ample indemnification, even to the amount of twice its value, or of the apprehended damage; and on this principle juries seem often to decide. But in cases which affect the welfare of a town, of a whole community, where also the damage is future, and of uncertain amount, not only the extent, but the manner of ascertaining and apportioning the contingent indemnity, ought to be left to the discretion of those whose property is endangered; a discretion which will never be unreasonably, certainly not outrageously, enforced, because it will always be conscious of its moral limit and imbecility, if opposed to public opinion. Under such modification, the improvement of the river Nene in its passage through Wisbeach, or near Wisbeach, is by no means unattainable, the inhabitants having previously to consider among themselves the mode and extent of indemnity for possible damage, should it occur.'—pp. 117, 118.

Mr. Telford could not, he said, reflect without some self-complacency upon the success of the drainage operations in the North Level, having (as it were) recalled into use the aid of a natural outfall, which had not only been neglected or forgotten, but even systematically impeded by a labyrinth of drains and sluices, the expense of maintaining which had been such as to persuade the fen-proprietors to estimate these subordinate inland expedients as essentials, instead of adjuncts to the better principle

ciple of admitting freely the scouring force of the influx or reflux of the tide.

Sir Joseph Banks considered that his share of the expenses of the drainage, which in all cost 650,000*l.*, amounted to 100,000*l.*, and his final gain, by improvement of his landed property, to about 200,000*l.*

There are very valuable papers concerning the Highland roads and bridges, and the piers and harbours upon which the greater part of the funds arising from the forfeited estates in Scotland were expended so beneficially for that country. Mr. Telford remarks, as the result of his own experience, that, in turnpike-roads of considerable extent, and under the management of numerous trusts, no combined effort is made, or uniform plan adopted, not only because the different trusts are unwilling to co-operate, but because the individuals who compose such trusts seldom act with unanimity; and it was only under the controlling influence of Parliamentary Commissioners that the Holyhead road, and the roads in Scotland, were carried on with uniform success, and brought to a perfect state. In fact, it is useless to form good plans unless they are executed under constant and strict inspection: for unless roads are effectually constructed at first, they ever afterwards continue to become imperfect, and cannot be maintained at a reasonable expense.

But we have no room for further details: it must suffice only to mention the great improvements in the harbours of Dundee and Aberdeen, St. Katharine's Dock, the Götha Canal in Sweden, for Telford's well-earned reputation was not confined to his own country; the bridges at Glasgow and Edinburgh, the Holyhead road, which it is to be hoped will never be neglected and fall into disuse in consequence of railway speculations; the Menai Bridge, which, of all Telford's works, most excited the admiration of foreigners and travellers, even those who had seen the greatest monuments of the ancient world; and the Conway Bridge, where the road, though it seems to aim at a direct entrance into the old castle, is carried round its basement of rock, and passes through a gateway of the town wall. The castellated style has been properly observed in the elevation of the supporting towers, the gateway, breast-walls, and parapets, so that the bridge, which is right opposite to the water-entrance of the castle, has the appearance of a huge drawbridge with an embanked approach, or causeway. Including the castle (one of Edward I.'s magnificent works), the town, the wooded hills on each side the estuary, and the mountains in the background, with the Great Orms Head on one hand, and the fine valley of Lanrwst on the other, the whole view embraces a landscape seldom

seldom equalled in the variety of its command of the beauties of natural scenery, and of the works of man.

The last of Mr. Telford's papers is upon the plan for a ship-canal between the English and Bristol Channels: a bill for that object went through parliament, but it was not carried into effect. He nevertheless thought it right to record the progress that had been made, and state the facts which had been ascertained, as they might prove useful in case public attention should hereafter be drawn towards a similar project. With this paper, and some remarks upon the means of supplying the metropolis with pure water, Mr. Telford's narrative ends as left by him at his death; and it is uncertain whether, had his life been prolonged, he would have added to it any particulars of the only work which he afterwards commenced, under circumstances which scarcely permitted him to plead his wish for retirement from active life. That work was the improvement of Dover harbour, which having become more important after the peace of 1815, in proportion as intercourse with the Continent increased, the occasional obstruction of the harbour-mouth was felt as a national inconvenience, which ought not to be tolerated, if remedy could be found in the advanced state of civil engineering. No man had contributed more largely to its advancement than Mr. Telford. And towards the end of January, 1834, when the Duke of Wellington, after retiring from the helm of the state, continued to hold the office of lord warden of the Cinque Ports, that winter having produced an unusual obstruction during several weeks, the Duke desired Mr. Telford to visit Dover, and, after obtaining all the local information which could be imparted by the resident engineer, the harbour-master, and pilots, to give his opinion as to the most advisable mode of proceeding.

But Mr. Telford's days were drawing to their close: he was of athletic mould, and had never suffered any serious illness till the age of seventy, when in the year 1827 he was afflicted by a severe and painful disorder at Cambridge. And though, after a considerable interval, he seemed to have recovered health, yet his nearest friends perceived that much of his characteristic energy was lost. From that time he became liable to bilious derangements of a dangerous kind. These became constitutional; they recurred in the spring and autumn of 1832 and 1833—again in the spring of 1834—and on the 23rd of August in that year the attack commenced, which, after affording delusive expectations of his recovery, terminated fatally on the 2nd of September.

Mr. Walker was desired by the Duke to take charge of Dover harbour at Mr. Telford's death, and by the statement which Mr. Walker has been so good as to communicate, it appears

pears that, although the task has been more difficult than was expected, Mr. Telford's plan is likely to be fully successful.

'No man' (says Mr. Rickman) 'was further removed from vanity or ostentation than Mr. Telford, and he intended to be buried in the parish church of St. Margaret, Westminster; but the feelings of the living, rather than of the dead, are to be consulted on such occasions: the institution of Civil Engineers, who justly deemed him their benefactor and chief ornament, urged successfully upon his executors the propriety of interring him in Westminster Abbey; and the most eminent of that body (Mr. Walker especially, who succeeded to the presidency), together with Mr. Telford's particular friend, Sir Henry Parnell, attended the funeral, walking from the near residence of the deceased. The exact place of interment, near the middle of the nave, is marked on the pavement with the name of Telford, and the date of 1834.

'The intimate connexion of Mr. Telford with the institution of Civil Engineers is a material feature in his biography, but such a one as his dislike of personal intrusion on his readers did not permit him to record in his own narrative. In the beginning of the year 1818, a small society was formed, consisting partly of young men (now of mature age), who had been educated to civil engineering by Mr. Telford, partly of mechanics (a closely connected branch of art), and of a few other lovers and mutual imparters of useful knowledge. Those members of the society who personally knew in Mr. Telford his readiness of access, and his delight in unreserved interchange of rational conversation, proposed to the society, in the beginning of 1820, to invite Mr. Telford to patronise their institution by taking on himself the office of President. Till that time, the existence of the society was unknown to him; but he did not the less perceive in it much promise of public benefit, and entered upon his new office on the 21st of March, 1820. About this time Mr. Telford had begun to withdraw himself from undertaking professional engagements in addition to those in progress; henceforth he might be called a regular inhabitant of the metropolis, and so sedulous was his attention to the society over which he presided, that no other member attended the weekly meetings with so much regularity as himself; no member furnished so many appropriate books and documents to the small collection, which could scarcely then be dignified with the name of a *Library of Reference*, but which he justly deemed one of the essentials of the institution, and augmented it by his last Will with many valuable books, and a vast collection of documents, which from time to time had been subservient to his professional labours.

'The last words of Mr. Telford's inaugural address contain a sentiment of more importance than is usually attached to it—"That talents and respectability are preferable to numbers; and that, from too easy and promiscuous admission, unavoidable and not unfrequently incurable inconveniences perplex many societies." In fact, when the meetings of any public society cease to be the scene of animated conversation on the subjects of its association, it becomes a formal catalogue, in which members inscribe their names, usefully perhaps for their advancement in life, but without lively hope of improvement in any particular branch

of knowledge. Widely different from this was the institution of Civil Engineers, especially when it was consolidated by Mr. Telford's acceptance of the presidency. He immediately established the practice of recording in a summary manner minutes of their conversations, which did not fail to excite in the members attention to every object, in refutation or support, which otherwise might pass unnoticed. Other societies may have adopted the same practice for the advancement of knowledge; but probably it is peculiar to the institution of Civil Engineers that such practice has continued from the acceptance of the presidency by Mr. Telford to the present time, and with such growing conviction of its utility, that these *Minutes of Conversations* are now printed annually, for the use especially of those members who are precluded by distance or professional engagements from frequent appearance at the weekly meetings.

'In the year 1828, Mr. Telford exerted himself strenuously in obtaining a Royal Charter of incorporation for the Institution of Civil Engineers; after which they removed from their former apartments in Buckingham-street to the neighbourhood of Bridge-street, Westminster; and they have now again outgrown their residence, which is to be transferred to Great George-street; the vicinity of parliament being almost essential to civil engineers, for watching the progress of that peculiar but very important branch of legislation, afterwards carried into effect by them and by the auxiliary arts and manufactures, to which they impart a skilful activity. Mr. Telford's rule of selection has not been violated; yet such has been the real advancement of the profession, that the society had increased to 200 members at the time of his death.'—pp. 276-279.

Few men have been so fortunate in all the circumstances of life as Mr. Telford. Only a little before he had completed his laborious course of self-education, there was no tolerable horse-road whatever in many of the middle and southern parishes of Shropshire, and in some parts where there were both coal and lime, those articles were nearly useless, owing to the difficulty of bringing any carriage to them. He grew up just at the time when the talents of which he was conscious in himself, and which he had so wisely and sedulously cultivated, were sure of obtaining their reward. In the prime of life he found his proper place in the world, and he retained it to a good old age; retaining also his temperate habits, his equal temper, his cheerfulness, the love of his profession, and a benignity by which his fine countenance was characterised as strongly as by the intelligence that marked it.

To that benignity and to his secret liberality, this testimony is borne in a letter from Mr. George May to Mr. Rickman, dated Inverness, 20th February, 1838:—

'I am aware that it would be utterly presumptuous in me to hazard any remarks on the general lineaments of Mr. Telford's character and disposition, respecting which your long and familiar intercourse with him entitles you to speak more confidently and authoritatively than any other

other person. Nevertheless, there is one trait to which I may refer, because from it the observation of his most intimate friends was carefully excluded, but which, from the position I occupied, I could not escape from occasionally witnessing: I mean his active benevolence in every case of misfortune or distress that was presented to him. Numerous applications of this nature were incessantly made to him; and while in many cases the most liberal aid was afforded, I never knew an instance of unkind rejection. The possession of any talent, literary, scientific or mechanical, I always observed was an irresistible passport to his bounty; although he seldom failed to accompany it with a rebuke, more or less gentle, yet conveyed in his own peculiarly effective manner, on the indiscretion and irregularities which too often led to the application. But even without any claim of this sort, numbers, particularly of his poor countrymen, experienced the frequent effects of his benevolent aid; for, among other seemingly latent qualities, he ever retained that strong attachment to the land of his birth which is said to be peculiarly characteristic of the natives of the northern division of Britain.—pp. 659, 660.

It is indeed observable throughout this work, that Mr. Telford never let an opportunity pass of bearing testimony to the merits of those who were employed under him, nor of promoting their interests when it was in his power; and no one who ever had the good fortune to travel with him but perceived how cordially he was welcomed by all the persons whose work he came to inspect. A pleasant companion, a constant and considerate as well as kind friend, it is seldom that one individual has rendered essential services to so many; and he had his reward, his life having been as happy as it was honourable to himself and useful to his country. He seems never to have been visited by any calamity—there was a blessing on him, his days were long in the land, and his good name will be as durable as the greatest of those great and numerous works which will perpetuate it.

ART. VI.—1. *A Narrative by Sir Francis Head, Bart.* Second Edition. 8vo. London, 1839.

2. *Report on the Affairs of British North America, from the Earl of Durham, Her Majesty's High Commissioner, &c. &c. &c. (Presented by Her Majesty's Command) Feb., 1839.* Folio.
3. *A Reply to the Report of the Earl of Durham.* By a Colonist. 8vo. London. 1839.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD's Narrative is a very remarkable work:—not so much for its literary merits—though it has all the usual vivacity of his style—as from its being one of the most clear, unreserved, and honest accounts ever rendered by a public servant, of the acts, the principles, and the policy

policy of an important administration. Few provincial governors could have had to relate so interesting, so arduous, and so successful a struggle; but, beyond all doubt, no metropolitan government ever exhibited such rashness, such cowardice, such fraud, such folly, such a perverse imbecility—doing mischief even when it did nothing—as this work charges, and, we think, *proves* against the Colonial Department of Lord Melbourne's administration.

We admit that we form this strong opinion from what may be called an *ex-parte* statement;—but such a vast proportion of that statement—full nine parts out of ten—consists of the official documents, the original *literæ scriptæ*, that we cannot hesitate (exclusive of any personal considerations) to give Sir Francis Head's account of the transactions our entire confidence. The only doubt, indeed, which has reached us is, whether he may not have been superfluously candid, and supported his assertions with superabundant proof; and whether, in his zeal to exhibit the whole truth, he may not have somewhat exceeded the limits of official confidence.

We confess that the free admission of the public behind the scenes of Downing-street is a novelty;—and one, we will add, which we should regret to see drawn into a precedent. The diplomatic intercourse of nations, and all internal and colonial government, would be disturbed and endangered by such a practice. We have lately seen, for instance, our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs encouraging a surreptitious and disingenuous publication of State Papers—we have seen him promoting to high official functions the irregular* hand which had been employed in this publication. We have seen this irregular *employé* quarrelling with his superiors, and finally with his patrons; and the newspapers are loaded with the *pros* and *cons* of the obscure intrigues—(not the less obscure for their attempts at explanation)—and the pitiful recriminations of these misallied partners in mischief. This is a scandal, of which it was reserved for the present Foreign Office of England to give the first example that we have ever heard of in the history of diplomacy. Something of the kind occurred between the profligate court of Louis XV. and that heteroclitic adventurer D'Eon, but that was a mere pettifogging squabble of private interests: while our recent instance involves public questions and might have led to national calamities.† We give no opinion

* We say irregular—not out of any disparagement of Mr. Urquhart's position or abilities, but simply because he had not belonged to the diplomatic profession when Lord Palmerston (unluckily, as it turns out for his Lordship) chose to bring him forward in a very unusual way. Such irregular appointments, though occasionally justifiable by the talents of an individual or the speciality of a case, seldom fail to produce results unpleasant both to the patrons and the protégés.

† We have no call at present to enter in detail upon the *Portfolio* itself. There

opinion whatsoever on the merits of the case as between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Urquhart. We address our censure exclusively to the unprecedented and dangerous example given by the Foreign Office in its patronage of the *Portfolio*.

But Sir Francis Head's publication, if it be an exception to what ought to be the general rule, is assuredly one not merely justified, but as we think, necessitated by every consideration of private honour and public duty. The ministry had made themselves accessaries to such libels on him and on the colony he had so brilliantly governed and so happily saved, that his explanation had become indispensable both to himself and to the country. It has been neither spontaneous, nor officious, nor premature—it has been forced from him—he has been dragged, as it were, from the modest and dutiful silence in which he had determined to bury both private wrongs and public errors, by circumstances which, as it appears, he could neither control, evade, nor resist.

Sir Francis Head was superseded in the government of Upper Canada at the moment when he had, by a kind of *moral magic*, evoked a spirit of loyalty which few but himself suspected to exist, and extinguished a rebellion which most men considered as all but invincible. His ministerial thanks were official discountenance and parliamentary sneers. Lord Glenelg could barely open his eyes to see him, and Lord Melbourne, in his place in parliament, criticised his style and depreciated his measures by a sneering and contemptuous apology.

The criticism on what Sir Francis pleasantly calls his '*gait of writing*,' even if it were just, was unworthy the gravity of Lord Melbourne's station. So fastidious a critic should have recollected that Dionysius himself did not turn pedagogue till after he had given up public affairs. We admire as little as Lord Melbourne can do, what is called *flippancy* in either *speaking* or *writing* on state affairs; and we must admit that Sir Francis Head's dispatches do sometimes urge disagreeable truths with a force of illustration and a kind of dashing sincerity which were very likely to startle the slumbrous routine of Downing-street; but these lively passages are neither indiscreet in substance nor disrespectful in form, neither meant as epigrams against the minister, nor claptraps for the people—they are the natural im-

can, however, be no doubt that it owed its importance and *vogue* to the insertion, in the early numbers, of some very extraordinary documents, which had been *fished* from the Russian Emperor's archives, and which must have been known to have been thus obtained by the Noble Viscount, who still holds the station of Foreign Secretary to the Queen of England. In the subsequent numbers—after Mr. Urquhart's editorship had ceased—real documents were, we believe, introduced with shameful garblings, and more shameful insertions;—but it is indeed hard to say what was the most shameful part in the whole business.

pulses

pulses of the writer's mind ; and moreover, as it turns out that the ministers selected Sir Francis for the government of Canada chiefly, if not solely, on account of this very 'gait of writing,' the sneers were somewhat ungenerous and very indiscreet. But the censure of Sir Francis's *measures* implied in Lord Melbourne's speech of the 2d Feb., 1838, was a more serious consideration ; and he naturally addressed to his lordship a letter, in which, after a long and full vindication of his conduct, he requested to be allowed to present the details of the case before a committee, either of the privy council, or even of the ministry itself. This was refused—properly enough—if Lord Melbourne had not made the insinuations complained of.

At an interval of three months, Sir Francis again solicited permission to vindicate and explain his administration by publishing his dispatches to the Colonial Office. This was again refused—Lord Melbourne assigning as a reason, that the publication would be '*very inconvenient* : ' in this his lordship showed more than his usual foresight.

Sir Francis, on this second repulse, informed Lord Melbourne that he bowed to his decision, and should not only refrain from publishing his dispatches, but if any member of either House should move for them, he authorised the government unequivocally to declare that such a motion was not sanctioned by him. But the publication of Lord Durham's Report totally changed Sir Francis Head's position.

' I found that, although I had thus obeyed the decision of my late employers almost at the expense of my character—Her Majesty's Government, without consideration for my feelings, had recommended the *Queen* to transmit to both Houses of Parliament, a Report containing allegations against my conduct and character, of a most invidious description ; and, notwithstanding Her Majesty's Government knew perfectly well that, having *bound me hand and foot to silence*, I was defenceless, they actually accompanied Lord Durham's Report with *their own* volume, containing 400 closely-printed folio pages, in which not a single line of even those *printed* documents in their possession, which they knew would vindicate my character, was admitted ; and it further appeared from the newspapers, that when Lord Durham's allegations against me were officially presented, there was not, among Her Majesty's Ministers, one individual who, in either House of Parliament, stood up to utter a single word in my defence.'

It was then that Sir Francis resolved to defend himself : but before he had time to take any step, the Duke of Wellington—with the sure tact and high principle of both public and private justice which distinguish that illustrious mind—saw that the time was come when the truth must be told, and moved for Sir Francis Head's dispatches ; and Lord Melbourne—truckling, as

is the rule, when no immediate *terra motus* is apprehended—forthwith consented to produce them. As the dispatches were eventually to be produced, Sir Francis seems to have thought himself justifiable in bringing his own story before the public more conveniently and more distinctly than it could be collected from an unreadable mass of parliamentary papers: *—and above all, in offering his defence as soon as possible after the attack: and observe how he would otherwise have been dealt with. It is already (March 20th) six weeks since the Duke of Wellington moved for the correspondence—and it is not yet presented! We can bear—though we do not understand—this official delay, since we have the pith of the matter in the curious, amusing, and important publication before us.

It would be easy to select from this work a long series of most entertaining extracts, but we have a higher object than the mere amusement of our readers. We wish to inform them on the real state of the Canadas, as well as on the merits of Sir Francis Head's administration, and above all, to awaken them to the fearful danger to which the country is exposed from that universal mismanagement of our affairs—of which a most striking, perhaps a fatal, *specimen* has now been completely revealed in the case of our Canadian provinces. We shall therefore endeavour to throw our account of the work into a narrative form (much the greater portion of it being copies of *Dispatches*), employing as often and as much as we can Sir Francis Head's own expressions; which—with all due deference to Lord Melbourne's criticism—we think more clear, more forcible, more graphic, than anything *we* or even *he* could supply.

Mr. William Lyon M'Kenzie, who has become so notorious as the correspondent of Mr. Joseph Hume and the main instigator of Canadian disaffection, was originally, it seems, a pedlar-lad, who emigrated from Scotland about eighteen years ago, and was fortunate enough to be engaged as a shop-boy at Toronto. He rose by degrees from this very humble station to the conduct of a Canadian newspaper; in which, with almost 'super-human exertions,' and, as it seems, considerable success, he laboured to calumniate, in the minds of the lonely residents of the woods, every measure both of the metropolitan and colonial govern-

* It is worthy of notice in this part of the case, that the Government had already given in January, 1835, on *Mr. Hume's motion*, a large and important portion of Sir Francis Head's correspondence, which no doubt Mr. Hume asked for as likely to damage Sir Francis's case: they also about the same time voluntarily gave other very considerable portions of the correspondence; and a few nights ago Mr. Labouchere agreed to give—again on *Mr. Hume's motion*—another portion of Sir F. Head's dispatches. Thus *Mr. Hume* may have what he pleases; but if the object of his attack attempts a reply, he is censured for breach of 'official confidence.' *Official confidence it seems, like Irish reciprocity, is all on one side,*

ments; till at last he was enabled to obtain,—by the most barefaced and infamous deception of the ignorant inhabitants—few of whom knew what they were doing—a kind of mission, to convey to London the grievances of the province! His success in Downing-street surpassed all calculation, and he took care to convey it to his Canadian public, by publishing amongst them even the most trifling notes which he happened to receive from *secretaries and under-secretaries of state*—most trifling in fact, but bearing, to the ignorant Canadians, strong marks of intimacy and influence. But he also gave them less equivocal proofs of his power in the Colonial Office. A dispatch was written almost under, as it would seem, Mr. M'Kenzie's dictation, to the then governor,* the gallant and intelligent Sir John Colborne, repeating Mr. M'Kenzie's calumnies, and embodying his propositions—which, as may be supposed, were directly hostile to the policy of Sir John's government, and seriously injurious to the interests of the Crown: and, lest it should not be known in Canada by what influence this dispatch had been prompted, Mr. M'Kenzie published the following memorandum:—

Memorandum.—On Wednesday, the 7th of November, 1832, I had the honour of a very long interview with the Secretary of State; and on the day following the dispatch was written, which is an answer, in part, to my representations. W. L. M'KENZIE.—p. 7.

This was supererogation—for the dispatch itself told the same story even more strongly, commencing—

'Sir,—During many months I have been in occasional communication with Mr. Lyon Mackenzie—' and concluding—

'I have received these documents from Mr. M'Kenzie, not merely as expressing his own opinion, but also as explanatory of the views of those who have deputed him to represent what they call their grievances to his Majesty. To them the UTMOST POSSIBLE RESPECT IS DUE.

'Having written this dispatch with a view to publicity, you have my authority to make it public in whatever manner you may think most convenient.'—p. 10.

When this strange dispatch was communicated by Sir John Colborne (according to his instructions) to the two branches of the Canadian Legislature, they replied to it by high-spirited addresses, in which they complained of the 'calumnies' which it had adopted—of the indignity done to the province by the Downing-street recognition of Mr. M'Kenzie as its agent—and of 'the outrageous insult' thus given to all the constituted authorities in

* The strict title is *Lieutenant-Governor*, as he is in some respects under the orders of the Governor-General; but, to avoid ambiguity, we shall call him the Governor—for such in fact he was—of Upper Canada.

the colony, and even to the people at large, by imputing to them sentiments by which they never had been, nor ever would be actuated.

But this was not all. His Majesty's Attorney and Solicitor-general for the province had concurred, it seems, in a vote for expelling the *soi-disant* agent from the House of Assembly. Hereupon Mr. M'Kenzie's influence in Downing-street appears to have procured their dismissal; and again Mr. M'Kenzie takes care to let the province know whose hand had struck so important a blow against the Law-officers of the Crown, by publishing the following note and memorandum:—

'Lord Howick presents his compliments to Mr. M'Kenzie, and will be happy to see him, if he will be good enough to call on him, Monday, at twelve o'clock.

Colonial-office, 7th March, 1833.'

Memorandum.—This note was addressed to me, on the occasion on which the Colonial-office resolved to change the attorney and solicitor-generals of Upper Canada, in answer to my representations as to their conduct.

'W. L. M'KENZIE.'—p. 15.

When this system first began there was some excuse to be made for the Secretary of State—he knew nothing of Mr. M'Kenzie, but that he produced what looked like respectable credentials from a large body of colonial interests; and we have no doubt that M'Kenzie exaggerated the mere official courtesy of Lord Goderich and Lord Howick, into an importance which their Lordships never dreamed of; but even this first, and as it perhaps appeared to them, trifling departure from that public faith, or at least decorum, which should be maintained between the Colonial Office and the authorities in our colonies, produced bitter fruits, and afforded an unhappy precedent for still more mischievous deviations.

On Mr. M'Kenzie's return from England he was hailed by the republicans, or anti-British, as their 'conquering hero;' and, 'supported as he had been in Downing-street, it was not surprising that he succeeded in regaining a seat in the House of Assembly, and was thus enabled to ejaculate falsehoods almost faster than his own infamous newspaper and the republican press could manage to print them.'

The loyal being thus dispirited, it was not surprising that at the ensuing elections the republicans should be successful. Accordingly, at the meeting of the House of Assembly in January, 1835, a large majority of republican members (13 of whom were actually *Americans**) was obtained. Mr. Bidwell, an avowed enemy

* It is to be wished that the people of the United States would adopt some national designation more exact than this. They have really no more right to call themselves

enemy to monarchical institutions and 'an incurable American,' was elected speaker; and, as Mr. M'Kenzie's *grievances* had proved so fruitful and so successful, it was determined to sicken the loyalists by a second dose; and, accordingly, before the session was a fortnight old, a *Grievance Committee* was appointed as follows:—

1. W. L. M'Kenzie,—for whose apprehension for treason, murder, arson, and highway-robbery, a reward of 1000*l.* is now offered.

2. T. D. Morrison,—Since tried for treason, and has suddenly quitted the province.

3. David Gibson,—one of M'Kenzie's principal officers in the battle of Gallows-hill; on which day, having absconded, he is now outlawed as a traitor, a reward of 500*l.* having been offered for his apprehension.

4. 'Charles Waters,—a notorious republican.'

This committee produced a report, which (under many circumstances of trick and fraud, which we have not room to enumerate) was ordered to be printed (*never having been read in the House*), to the amount of 2000 copies,* 'in a large octavo volume of 553 closely-printed pages; and it has been calculated (I believe accurately, says Sir F. Head) that there exist in this book more than three times as many gross falsehoods as pages!' The insulting libels which this report contained on the Executive Government, the Executive Council, the Legislative Council, and on every authority in the colony, were by them treated with indifference or contempt, and by no one more so than by his Excellency Sir John Colborne, who 'forwarded the infamous volume to the Colonial Office, with a few short observations, pointing out the glaring falsehoods it contained.'

On the arrival in Downing-street of this huge book of grievances, one would have thought that the Colonial Office would have recollected—first, the rebuke it had lately received from both Houses of the Legislature, for having, without consulting them, recommended legislative proceedings on Mr. M'Kenzie's authority; and—secondly, the humiliating necessity to which it had been still more recently reduced, of publicly *restoring* to office the two Law-officers who (as M'Kenzie stated) were dismissed in consequence of *his* representation. But no; though the Secretary of State and the *political* Under-secretary had been changed, an invisible influence remained—'the policy of the *Office* was immovable—its course unalterable—its malady incurable; and, though

themselves '*the Americans*' than we or the French have to the exclusive title of *Europeans*. But there is at present no other choice but the vulgar and disrespectful phrase of *the Yankees*.

* Great wits jump—this was the exact number which was printed, under such strange circumstances, of Lord Durham's *grievance report*.

it was perfectly aware of the struggle that was taking place on the continent of America between monarchy and democracy, it deliberately threw its immense influence into the wrong scale!' Accordingly, that brave and able veteran 'Sir John Colborne was officially apprised that he would *immediately be removed*; remedial'—as they were called, but, in fact, inflammatory—'concessions were framed—the loyal population were again disheartened—the republicans again boasted that the *Home Government* was *with them*;—and thus ends the first chapter of the political accidents 'which,' says Sir Francis, 'it has become my melancholy fortune to relate.'

Sir Francis Head—at this period (November, 1835) an Assistant Poor Law Commissioner in the Kentish district—was awaked one night in a little village inn on the confines of Romney Marsh, by a king's messenger, with a dispatch to offer him the *Government of Upper Canada*. Totally unconnected with every member of the Administration, and never having had the honour even of seeing Lord Glenelg in his life, he was altogether at a loss to conceive why this appointment should have been offered to *him*;—and no wonder. Sir Francis Head was a half-pay Major in the army, known to the public chiefly by two lively works—the '*Rough Notes of a Ride over the Pampas*,' and the '*Bubbles from the Nassau Brunnen*, by an Old Man'—for so it pleased the vigorous humourist to describe himself—very clever little books, both of them, as our readers know, but certainly affording no promise of *that kind of talent*, which would have been *a priori* selected for such a duty as the Government of Upper Canada had then become; and let it be recollected that the *half-pay Major* from Romney Marsh was thus selected to fill the place from which *Lieutenant-General Sir John Colborne, G.C.B.*,—now (by the special solicitation of the very same Ministers) GOVERNOR-GENERAL of *all her Majesty's American dominions*,—had been thus ignominiously recalled:—ignominiously,—but the ignominy was not *his*.

Nothing, it will be admitted, could equal the inconsistency and rashness of the Colonial Office in making such an appointment, except the singular and almost comic punishment which immediately followed. The *galloping, bubbling*, half-pay Major turned out to be a man of great good sense, high moral and constitutional principles, a modest but uncompromising courage, admirable temper, and a general capacity for affairs,—one

Who happily could steer

From gay to grave—from lively to severe!

Judge of the astonishment and dismay of the *Office* when they found that, by the most unforeseen of untoward accidents, they had lighted on *such a man*!

But

But though thus accidentally betrayed into a good appointment, the ruling powers in Downing-street continued consistent in their principle; and it will be seen that as soon as they had found him out—as soon as he had shown that the choice was not a bad one, they took every possible means and made all possible haste to get rid of him, without even restoring the poor victim of his own unexpected fitness to his humble duties in Romney Marsh! Lord Melbourne—though we differ from his present line of politics—is, we willingly admit, a good-natured, amiable, and honourable man; and we therefore venture to put it to his justice and magnanimity whether he ought not to seize the first opportunity of offering to reinstate Sir Francis Head in his poor commissionership—which he quitted, as we shall see, reluctantly, and only at the special instance of the Government.

Sir Francis at first, with the modesty of a well-judging man, declined an appointment for which he had, in his own too humble opinion of himself, no peculiar fitness. The Major seems, however, to have been talked over by Mr. Under-Secretary—or, as the 'Times' pleasantly and justly called him, Mr. Over-Secretary—Stephen (who had not yet discovered 'what manner of man he had got') into accepting,—and he did accept.

The danger of the colony had grown more urgent, and the arrogance of Sir John Colborne's opponents had been so elevated by success, that it might have been naturally expected that every means would be taken to invest the new Governor with such ostensible marks of favour and confidence as might serve to counterbalance his deficiency of rank and experience. Quite the reverse: he was informed that his salary would be reduced 500*l.* a-year below that of his predecessor; and further, that whereas the said predecessor had received, in addition to the full salary of Governor, his military appointments of about 1000*l.* a-year, Sir Francis was to forfeit to the British Empire his half-pay as major in the army; moreover, that, as former Governors had always had the distinction as well as the assistance of an *aide-de-camp* or two, Sir Francis should have no such appendage; and lastly, that as he was known not to be a rich man, and as even the most modest outfit would cost him 500*l.*, it was determined to make him no advance whatsoever on that account!

This was a happy beginning. His late Majesty, however, who had some antiquated ideas concerning the advantage that a little ostensible respectability might confer on his representative, was of opinion that Downing-street should allow him an *aide-de-camp*; and by some other extraordinary influence, which is not stated, Sir Francis also obtained, on the morning of his departure, the additional favour of an advance of 300*l.* towards his outfit; from which

which, however, on his proceeding to touch it, he found that the trifling proportion of 230*l.* was retained for fees of office! And so—with this munificent advance of 70*l.*, and Lieutenant Halkett, of the Coldstreams, as his aide-de-camp, the new Governor set out on his mission—not in a king's ship, but at his own expense in a Liverpool liner bound to New York—whence he and his aide-de-camp were to scramble as well as they could to Toronto! Sir Francis treats all this money part of the affair with almost silent contempt, but the country will not think it quite unworthy of notice.

He embarked at Liverpool; but just as the vessel was under way, an express arrived from the Colonial Office with the agreeable and encouraging information that the appointment of his aide-de-camp was annulled! There was no time to remonstrate. Lieutenant Halkett, however, having obtained a year's leave of absence from his regiment and made his other arrangements, Sir F. Head requested his company as a private friend:—and under these auspicious omens, the new mission for pacifying Upper Canada—the whole of which was buttoned up in the Governor's blue great coat, with as much of the 70*l.* as remained after the journey to Liverpool—sailed for New York.*

'I really,' adds Sir Francis, 'do the Government the justice to believe that they were so intoxicated by the insane theory of conciliating democracy, that they actually believed the people of Upper Canada would throw up their hats and be delighted at the vulgarity of seeing the representative of their sovereign arrive among them as an actor of all work, without dignity of station, demeanour, or conduct—in short, like a republican governor.'†

With Mr. M'Kenzie's book of 'Grievances,' which he had closely studied, and with the Secretary of State's remedial 'Instructions' in his writing-case, and clearly satisfied that with these unerring guides he could not fail to cure the disease, Sir Francis Head entered Toronto—with, as he candidly says, an indescribable 'simplicity of mind, ill-naturedly called *ignorance*,' about all Canadian, and indeed all political affairs—which ignorance, with all his acuteness, he had not yet discovered to have been his chief recommendation in Downing-street—which wanted not a statesman, but a tool:—

* Sir Francis Head states that the Government had, afterwards, the unheard-of generosity of allowing him his aide-de-camp, and of repaying him the expenses of the journey—which is of no other importance than to mark the childish inconsistency of the Office.

† We have been told that a person lately presenting himself, on urgent business, was ushered at midnight into the presence of the GOVERNOR of TEXAS (the new republic, which our readers cannot have forgotten), whom, it is said, he found fast asleep in bed with a huge, black-whiskered gentleman, his aide-de-camp. Our dear old friend and editor, Mr. Gifford, said long ago that '*Republicanism*, like misery, acquainted a man with *strange bed-fellows*.'

‘As I was no more connected with human politics than the horses that were drawing me—as I had never joined any political party, had never attended a political discussion, and had never even voted at an election, or taken any part in one—it was with no little surprise that, as I drove into Toronto, I observed the walls placarded in large letters which designated me as

“SIR FRANCIS HEAD, A TRIED REFORMER.”’—p. 32.

For this reception he was indebted, no doubt, to a letter from Mr. Joseph Hume to Mr. Mackenzie, found in Mr. Papineau's baggage when he absconded, in which, *inter alia*, Mr. Joseph advised the giving Sir Francis a good reception—the not pressing too fast—the taking all that they could get—and, above all, not embarrassing the radical party at home by any strife between the Canadian reformers and the Ministry—whose weakness Mr. Hume very truly suggests is so great, and yet so useful to the radical party, that the utmost care must be taken to avoid its overthrow. The motives of the oily moderation of this Joseph Surface are worth attention on merely English grounds:—

‘You will bear in mind that the liberal party *here* have the court, the aristocracy, and the church all against them, and that it is sound policy in the Radicals not to urge demands from the Whigs which shall, in any way, give ground for the King to throw off the Whigs and to take the Tories to power. Every day the Whigs remain in power, the power of the people is increasing, and the power of the Tories and the Church is decreasing. If the reformers, from the Ultra-Radical to the milk-and-water Tory-Whig, had not acted on these principles [of forbearance towards the Whig chiefs] in the last session, the Tories would have remained in power, and we should not have got Municipal Reform and other reform, as now going on. From all this you will conclude that the Whigs will remain, and, as *they cannot stand without the Radicals*, the Ministers must be doing a little to please them, and thus the rights of the people will be gradually secured.—J. H.’—p. 41.

The natural effect of all this was, that the Loyalists had no favourable opinion of Sir Francis Head, while the Republicans favoured his arrival. We must now allow him to describe in exactly his own words, his *début* on this distracted stage:—

‘Exposed as I knew I must be to the political storm, it was to me a matter of the most perfect indifference from which quarter of the compass it proceeded. “*I have the grievances of Upper Canada*,” I said to myself, “*and I have their remedies* ;” and, whether the Tories [*whom he had, it seems, been led to consider as his natural enemies*] liked the medicine or whether they did not, I cared not a single straw.

‘Among those who in private audience presented themselves to me was Mr. Bidwell, the Speaker of the House of Assembly. To this gentleman, who was the leader of the republicans, I expressed the same language which I had addressed to the leaders of the opposite party. I told him plainly that I was an inexperienced man, but that

I would

I would deal honestly towards the country; and, being resolutely determined to correct the grievances of the province, I at once took up the *book* which contained them, and invited Mr. Bidwell to converse with me freely on the subject. To my utter astonishment, he told me that there were grievances not at all detailed in that book, which, "the people" had long endured, and were still enduring with great patience; that there was no desire to rebel, but that a morbid feeling of dissatisfaction was daily increasing—that increase it *would*, and that, in fact, if it had not been distinctly stated that I was the bearer of new instructions, those with whom he was associated had come to the determination never to meet in provincial parliament again. "What, do you mean, Sir," said I, "*that this book of grievances, which I have been especially sent to correct, does not contain the complaints of the province?*" Mr. Bidwell repeated his former answer, and, from that day to the hour of his leaving the country, [*which he did in consequence of the rebellion,*] never could I get him to look at the book of grievances, but whenever I referred to it he invariably tried to decoy me to some other will-o'-the-wisp complaint, which in like manner would have flown away before me had I attempted to approach it.

'When Mr. M'Kenzie, bringing with him a letter of introduction from Mr. Hume, called upon me, I thought that of course *HE* would be too happy to discuss with me the contents of his own *book*; but his mind seemed to nauseate its subjects even more than Mr. Bidwell's. *Afraid to look me in the face*, he sat, with his feet not reaching the ground, and with his countenance averted from me, at an angle of about 70 degrees; while, with the eccentricity, the volubility, and indeed the appearance of a madman, the tiny creature raved in all directions about *grievances here*, and *grievances there*, which the Committee, he said, had not ventured to enumerate.—"Sir," I exclaimed, "*let us cure what we have got here first!*" pointing to the book before me. But no, nothing that I could say would induce this pedlar to face his own report; and I soon found that *the book* had the same effect upon all the republican members, and that, *like the repellent end of a magnet*, I had only to present it to the Radicals to drive them from the very object which His Majesty's government expected would have possessed attraction.'—pp. 33-35.

Although Sir Francis had arrived, as he candidly owns, in *total darkness*, the light of truth now bursting upon his mind, he perceived most clearly that the republicans had overreached themselves by abandoning Mr. Hume's cautious, cunning, *bit-by-bit* course of 'reform,' to which, in order to attain their treasonable object, the republicans *ought* to have adhered, instead of dangerously asking for too much at a time, or of ever rashly committing the sum total of their grievances to paper.

These first events are a *table of contents*, as it were, to the whole

whole history of Sir Francis's administration;—as we have seen, in old plays, the prologue announce the progress and catastrophe of the drama. From the moment that it was discovered that Sir Francis preferred monarchy to a republic and his duty to the King to popularity with the Radicals, he was subjected to every species of opposition and even contumely from the party which had lately received him with such triumph, and to the end of his career never received one, or at most but one, word of approbation, encouragement, or support from home. In these few words, the spirit of the whole story is already revealed—Sir Francis's fate is sealed before he is a week in power—and we have now only to see how that spirit guided events to accelerate that fate.

In the *original* draft of the Instructions communicated to him, he had been directed to lay before his two Houses a 'copy' of those Instructions. When this draft was laid before King William, the word '*substance*' was by the King himself substituted for '*copy*;' for His Majesty, fancying it *infra dignitatem* 'that the Assembly of Upper Canada should read that his representative was ordered to give them a *copy* of his instructions, thought it better that the quantum of the communication of his instructions should at least *appear* to be left to the Governor's discretion.'

But Lord Glenelg—(who had become Secretary of State in 1835—a date execrated in all our colonies)—took care to explain verbally to Sir Francis that the word '*substance*' was substituted for the word '*copy*,' merely because it had been considered less *undignified*—his Lordship expressly adding, '*But, remember, the more you give them of it the better.*'

When, however, Sir Francis attempted to extract the *substance* of his Instructions, he found it impossible to undertake to translate them, with all their explanatory arguments, into other words; he found, also, that his predecessor had (no doubt by order from home) announced to the Houses that the determination of the government should be officially communicated to them; and that if he attempted to alter or conceal anything, he might be accused of *garbling* the King's Instructions; and that, finally and in truth, such a manufacture would belie the straightforward policy which he had declared he would adopt, and at once involve him in an ignominious dispute—amounting, after all, to nothing better than a quibble, because, as he was actually ordered by Lord Glenelg to give them *the substance of his instructions*, they might fairly argue that the *substance* and the *reality* were and ought to be identical.

He was not unaware, however—and he stated his apprehensions to Lord Glenelg—that this proceeding might occasion some embarrassment

embarrassment in Lower Canada to Lord Gosford, whose Instructions, by a Downing-street blunder, or something worse, did not tally with those of Sir Francis; but that was not his fault; he did his own duty by himself and his employers, 'remembering' Lord Glenelg's last admonition, *that the more he gave of the instructions the better.*

This proceeding, thus clearly prescribed by Lord Glenelg himself, was visited—either for the purpose of soothing poor Lord Gosford, or of palliating their own blunder—with the generous censure of the Colonial Office.

Sir Francis on his arrival found his Executive Council (answering to our Privy Council) incomplete, and having but a bare quorum of three members. He was advised to increase the number; and he determined to do so, by selecting three gentlemen, two of whom at least were the leaders of the opposition to Sir J. Colborne, and who appeared to possess the confidence of the provincial parliament. These gentlemen refused to take office unless the three existing councillors were dismissed. Sir Francis had no previous knowledge of these old councillors, nor since his arrival had much cordiality subsisted between him and them; but with this demand he honourably refused to comply, on the grounds that he had other interests besides those of the House of Assembly to consider; that the Commons already possessed their own legitimate power; that to impart to them in addition an exclusive influence in his Council would be unconstitutional and unjust; besides which, it would at once connect with party feelings the representative of his Majesty, who ought to stand unbiassed, and aloof from all such considerations:—On this the negotiation went off; but the party, finding Sir Francis firm, and remembering, no doubt, Mr. Hume's *bit-by-bit* policy, thought better of it, and finally accepted; and Mr. R. Baldwin, Dr. Rolph, and Mr. Dunn,* were sworn of the Council.

From the moment that Dr. Rolph—whose persuasive influence and treasonable principles were well known—was named as a member of his Council, it was pretty generally apprehended that *Sir Francis Head was lost*. Sir Francis had better hopes. Relying on his own upright intentions, he 'felt confident that if the Council should attempt to force upon him unconstitutional proposals, it would be out of their power to deprive him of that *invincible moral power which always rushes to the vindication of a just cause.*' Those apprehensions, however, were not wholly groundless. Backed by a large majority in the House of Assembly, Dr. Rolph soon persuaded the *whole* Council to

* This name is left blank in Sir Francis's pages. We cannot see why—as it is given in the Parliamentary papers presented last year.—No. 94, p. 12.

concur in a written requisition to the governor on the necessity of *making the Executive, or Privy Council, responsible to the public.* And Sir Francis at once saw that this brought the question of constitutional monarchy to a crisis. Every day since his arrival had convinced him that he should ultimately have to meet the democratic principle face to face: but by far the most difficult problem he had to solve was, *where* he ought to make his stand. To involve himself in a struggle with the House of Assembly about any one trifling concession would, he knew, have brought the *Home Government down upon him* with all its power; the province might also with some apparent reason have complained; and thus, bit by bit, and inch by inch, he might be driven to abandon constitutional ground, which, once lost, could never be reclaimed. It was lucky, therefore, that the contest began with an attempt so clearly unconstitutional. Sir Francis Head at once rejected the proposal,—and informed the parties that they must abandon either that requisition or their places in his council. They persisted. Sir Francis followed up his advantage, and *accepted the resignation* of—or, in plain terms, dismissed—the *whole Council*—including the old, heretofore unpopular, councillors who had been cajoled or intimidated into signing this requisition. Four of the six councillors soon showed a disposition to recant; but Sir Francis insisting that the requisition should be cancelled by all the same hands that had signed it—their dismissal was complete.

It is impossible not to admire the spirit—ay, and the wisdom—of this bold measure. It bore its good fruits in good season. It electrified all parties—it heated the friends and cooled the enemies of the British connexion—it brought to light the vast numbers of the former, and the insignificance of the latter—and spread through the colony that loyal confidence in the King's Government, which had been so long repressed that its very existence was denied. The democratic principle in Upper Canada received a fatal wound—in spite of many efforts made, both there and at home, to prolong its existence. And why?—*Crede Byron!*—

And why? Because a little—odd—*Old Man*, Stripped to his shirt, had come to lead the van!

The House of Assembly, though only by a small majority, 27 to 21, espoused the cause of the dismissed councillors—public meetings were called—‘firebrand’ petitions were circulated—and every other means taken to excite and inflame the public mind: All failed—the Radicals were beaten at the public meetings, and the excitement of the public mind took the decided direction of *loyalty*.

‘It

It is out of my power (writes Sir Francis to Lord Glenelg, after enumerating all the events) to describe to your Lordship, without the appearance of exaggeration, the joy and gladness expressed to me by all parties at the constitutional resistance I have made; but I will not conceal from your Lordship that there is one question in almost everybody's mouth, namely, "*Will the Lieutenant-Governor be supported by the Home Government?*" "*HE NEVER WILL!*" say the Radicals; "*We fear he will not!*" say the Constitutionists.—Your Lordship has to settle this question, and in my humble opinion upon your decision rests our possession of the Canadas."—pp. 79, 80.

In one point only of this remarkable passage Sir Francis was fortunately mistaken—the *fate of Canada did not rest on Lord Glenelg's decision*. It stood on much more secure ground—the decision of Sir Francis Head and the awakened good sense, loyalty, and courage of the Canadian people!

The disaffected House of Assembly meanwhile was not idle—it stopped the supplies, and drew up addresses to the English House of Commons and to the King, highly inflammatory and personally insulting to the Governor. These addresses were supposed to have been penned, and all these measures to have been prompted by *Mr. Speaker Bidwell*, the gentleman who, as we have seen, had been so magnetically affected by the *Grievance Book*. This name of *Bidwell* we beg our readers to note, whenever it occurs—*c'est le mot de l'enigme*.

Such proceedings did not shake the resolution of Sir Francis—though he stood alone. 'I was perfectly sensible that I was friendless; for the republican party had proved themselves to be implacable, and the constitutional party I had refused to join.' On the Assembly's stopping the supplies he withheld his assent from *all* their money bills, and even from *their own contingencies*—for though they would vote nothing for the public services, they were ready enough to take care of their own,*—and finally, on the 20th April, 1836, he prorogued his Parliament.

We wish our space permitted us to give the whole of the spirited letter by which Sir Francis poured these events into the dull ear of Lord Glenelg: we must make room for one or two passages. After describing the popular enthusiasm in his favour, which accompanied and followed his prorogation of the refractory Assembly, he proceeds—

'I am perfectly confident that the whole country is disposed to rise up to support me, and I can assure your Lordship that I foresee no difficulty whatever in crushing the republican party, and in establishing loyalty, except a general fear which prevails throughout the country

* 'One of my reasons,' says Sir Francis in a subsequent dispatch, 'for not granting the contingencies was, the knowledge that a large sum would be granted out of them, by the Assembly, to send an agent to England.'—p. 97.

that the Home Government will be afraid to support me.—I tell your Lordship the truth; for it is proper you should know that the reception which was given in England to Mr. M'Kenzie has had the effect of cowering the loyalists and of giving a false courage to the republicans. One word of firmness from the British Government will now settle the question for ever; but if you hesitate to support me; if, in your Lordship's reply to this dispatch, you encourage by a single word the Republicans, they will instantly be reanimated, and will again utter their old cry against the "WEAK AND TREMBLING GOVERNMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN." That they have mistaken British generosity for fear no one is more persuaded than myself, but I earnestly entreat your Lordship to put confidence in me, for I pledge my character to the result; I solemnly declare to your Lordship that I have no difficulties to contend with here that I have not already overcome: the game is won; the battle is gained as far as relates to this country, and I cannot give your Lordship a more practical proof of it than by saying I want no assistance excepting the negative advantage of not being undermined at home.—pp. 90, 91.

He knew Lord Glenelg too well to ask for active support—he only implored his employer's neutrality, and was ready to take all responsibilities on himself.

'I fully expect that before a month has elapsed the country will petition me to dissolve the present House of Assembly, but until the feeling is quite ripe I shall not attend to it: I would therefore request your Lordship to send me no orders on the subject, but to allow me to let the thing work by itself; for it now requires no argument, as the stoppage of the supplies, of the road money, and all other money bills, will soon speak for themselves in a provincial dialect which everybody will understand.'—pp. 93, 94.

Our readers will admire the art with which the shrewd Governor baited his trap for the *fa-niente* Secretary, by inviting him to do nothing, and the good sense and pleasantry of the hint at the effect in the country of the stoppage of the supplies.

The public feeling was soon quite ripe for a dissolution. Addresses of loyalty and confidence poured in on the Governor, signed by above 28,000 persons—a great number in that thinly-populated district—and on the 28th May the provincial parliament was dissolved. And this brought the state of parties to an unerring test.

Just before the prorogation, Mr. Speaker Bidwell had presented to the House of Assembly a seditious letter from Mr. Speaker Papineau, of Lower Canada. On this letter Sir Francis Head had animadverted in one of his answers to those numerous addresses:—

'But as Mr. Speaker Papineau has thought proper to promulgate in this province, "that the people of the Canadas, labouring under accumulative wrongs, will unite as a man," I feel it necessary publicly

to repudiate that assertion, by declaring what the state of opinion in Upper Canada really is.—The people of Upper Canada detest democracy; they revere their constitutional charter, and are consequently staunch in allegiance to their King.—They are perfectly aware that there exist in the Lower Province one or two individuals who inculcate the idea that this province is about to be disturbed by the interference of FOREIGNERS, whose power and whose numbers will prove INVINCIBLE.—In the name of every regiment of militia in Upper Canada, I publicly promulgate,—LET THEM COME IF THEY DARE.—p. 111.

That this answer was wormwood to Messrs. *Papineau* and *Bidwell*, and to those on the American shore of the river, with whose interference the Canadians were thus menaced, we can easily believe; but—even after all we have seen—we could hardly have expected that it should have drawn down a reprimand from a British Secretary of State; but it did so.

The elections now took place, and with the most astonishing result. The royalists obtained a complete victory! Mr. *Speaker Bidwell*, the friend and correspondent of Mr. *Speaker Papineau*; Mr. *Perry*, the most powerful speaker of the republicans, and chairman of the committee who had censured Sir Francis; and the great *Grievance-monger*, Mr. *M'Kenzie* himself,—were all defeated; and Upper Canada was restored, by the influence of one single and unsupported, nay, *reprimanded* man, to regular and constitutional government.

This revolution in public sentiment—or, we should rather say, this revelation of a public sentiment, long compressed and stifled by the mismanagement of Downing-street—is one of the most extraordinary triumphs of good sense and firmness that we have ever read of, and entitles Sir Francis Head to the gratitude of his country. From the Colonial Office it seems to have procured him nothing but increased annoyance—and, more recently, in Lord Durham's report, misrepresentation and obloquy.—But it saved Canada.

In the midst of this triumph Sir Francis received from Lord Gosford's Commission a copy of their Report, and he had verbal explanations of it from one of the Commissioners. This Report Sir Francis considered to have been founded and framed on those *soi-disant* liberal, but really republican, principles, with which Downing-street and its missionaries chose—on the evidence of Messrs. *Bidwell* and *Papineau*—to believe that both the Canadas were impregnated. The very point on which Sir Francis had made his successful resistance was abandoned by the Commissioners. In reference to the question of the right of the people to intervene in the Executive Council, they say,—

‘That the weightiest accountability which can attach to any man, in matters of a public nature, for which he is not punishable by law, or by loss of office, is accountability to public opinion.’—p. 103.

‘To

'To this doctrine,' replies Sir Francis, 'I have never been able to subscribe; on the contrary, I have always considered that every man in office should make public opinion follow him, and never attempt to follow it.' After some other manly remarks on the democratic tendency of this Report, he proceeds:—

'I do not in the slightest degree presume to offer these observations as complaints against the Commissioners, or even as suggestions worthy your lordship's consideration; but merely as a confession that my principles and opinions differ completely from those of gentlemen under whom I believe I should act, and with whom, I am sure, it is highly advisable I should concur.—As long as I could continue neutral, my opinions were concealed in my own breast,—but every hour drives me to the necessity of taking decisive measures; and as the Commissioners and I are now acting in opposite directions, I feel quite confident that sooner or later the principles which govern us must be suspected to be different, and that the moment the truth is elicited, embarrassments of a very serious nature must ensue. The British population of both the Canadas is now leaning with its whole weight upon me, instead, as it ought to do, upon the Commissioners; I therefore feel I am doing his Majesty's government more harm than good—that, being the lesser power, I really ought to retire—and I have no hesitation in recommending to your lordship that I should do so.'—pp. 105, 106.

How this candid proffer of resignation was dealt with we are not told; but we find that—about this time—his Majesty directed his approbation of Sir Francis' conduct to be conveyed to him, 'affording him the first happy moment he had enjoyed since his arrival in the province. That this approbation issued from the individual goodness and justice of the King himself (who took a great personal interest in the affairs of Canada, having visited it in his youth) seems probable, from the fact that this gratifying announcement had been preceded, and was accompanied, and followed, by the most mortifying communications from the minister himself. Up to the date of that letter 'the treatment he had received from his Majesty's government had given him more pain than it would be possible to describe.' On the arrival of every mail he was asked what notice this or that measure had received?—what answer had been made to this or that address?—the mortifying reply he had to give was 'NONE'—over and over again—'NONE!' The letter, however, conveying the King's approbation announced also that it was intended to confer a baronetcy on him; but this honour was, it seems, to be delayed until he should have replied to a significant inquiry as to his *political principles*, and an equally significant notice, that 'a zealous and cordial co-operation in prosecuting the policy of the government was the condition on which the administration of the government could be continued in his hands.' To this broad hint

Sir

Sir Francis simply replies, that he adheres to his repeatedly-expressed opinions; he protests amongst other things, most strongly against the proposed surrender of the territorial revenues of the crown; and, expressing great confidence in his own views, he says:—

'As the pilot in charge of your vessel, I warn your lordship of the danger; and if it be necessary that I should abandon my opinion, or the reward which is intended for me, I have no hesitation in at once renouncing the latter; for every hour of reflection makes me cling firmer and firmer to the former. I have now, as regards my instructions, opened my mind to your lordship, without concealment or reserve; and it only remains for me to be equally explicit, as regards my own private policy, or, in other words, the manner in which I shall continue to carry my instructions into effect.—In this I have no alteration to propose. In a moral contest it never enters into my head to count the number of my enemies. All that guides me is a determination to do what is right. I will never shrink from responsibility, and will endeavour never to conciliate nor offend.—The more I am trusted, the more cautious I shall be—the heavier I am laden, the steadier I shall sail; but I respectfully claim the military privilege of fighting my own battles in my own way, and of retiring from your lordship's service whenever I may find it advisable to do so.'—p. 145.

Sir Francis concludes by saying that he has been the more explicit on this occasion, in order to remove any possible misunderstanding on the subject before the baronetcy should be granted. If the offer was meant as a bribe, it failed: but Lord Glenelg's courage was not yet screwed to the sticking-place of breaking with the high-minded Governor, and the baronetcy was conferred in the spring of 1837.

But this consolatory gleam was darkened by accompanying mortification; the Secretary of State sent to him for his explanation a series of complaints against him from Messrs. *Bidwell, Rolph, Morrison, and Duncombe*.* We need not enter into the details of these complaints: it will be enough to state that they were disproved and overthrown, and the motives for which they were made will be sufficiently explained by the present position of these four persons:

'Bidwell, after the rebellion, voluntarily transported himself, under an engagement never to return to Upper Canada.

* Duncombe's complaint of undue influence at the elections was brought forward at the time by Mr. Hume in the House of Commons, and was utterly disproved. Mr. Hume on the 5th March 1839, revived this calumny, but was answered by Mr. Charles Buller, Chief Secretary to Lord Durham's mission, who, though having, as he said, 'no great temptation to defend Sir Francis Head,' generously and completely exculpated him. This does credit to Mr. Buller, who, though he professes, we believe, to be a radical, is a man of frankness, ability, and honour. We suspect, and shall be glad if our suspicion be confirmed, that in Lord Durham's execrable *Report* Mr. Buller had as little hand as Lord Durham himself.

Rolph absconded, and is now an outlawed traitor. Morrison, since tried for treason, has left the province. Duncombe, since a traitor in arms, absconded, and a reward of 500*l.* is now offered for his apprehension. — pp. 114, 148, 149.

Though it is rather anticipating the order of time, we may conclude this head by stating that Sir Francis's answers to these gentlemen's allegations and his objections, against their political principles, though irresistible at the moment, were soon forgotten in Downing-street; and, by and by, Lord Glenelg issued his positive mandate to Sir Francis Head to elevate *Mr. Bidwell* to the *judicial bench*, just as he had previously directed him to replace *Dr. Rolph* in the *Executive Council*. Sir Francis distinctly refused to disgrace his administration by such promotions;—and before he could be recalled for this disobedience, the rebellion broke out—the flag of the rebel force that attacked Toronto bore as its motto—

BIDWELL,
AND THE GLORIOUS MINORITY!

Lord Glenelg would be now, we presume, too happy if his anxious and pertinacious orders for the promotion to the bench of the *illustrious* BIDWELL could be forgotten.

We pass over here, for want of room, many propositions and opinions, delivered by Sir Francis Head, to the Secretary of State, on the various points of the internal improvement of the political system and administration of the Canadas: they are curious and important, and to one of them we shall by and by recur—but our present business is with facts, not opinions.

All was now quiet and prosperous in Canada—the constitutionalists had been victorious—the Governor's calumniators had been put to shame—and the Councils and Legislature were doing their respective duties in a cordial, business-like style—when a new plague—hatched, like all the others, in that *officina venenis*,* Downing-street—burst from an unexpected quarter.

Something like the same factious spirit which had distracted the Canadas had also, as was inevitable from the encouragement given by the Government at home, grown up in the province of New Brunswick, where the same questions, as to the abandonment of the territorial revenue and the responsibility of the Privy Council to the people, were also brought into discussion. In dealing with the case of New Brunswick, the Colonial-office discovered a favourable opportunity of striking a blow that should be felt throughout all the neighbouring provinces. What shall we think of a decision made for one province in such a way as to involve

* Horace applies the term to the workshop of *Canidia*, and we to that of *Canadian* poison.

—ay, carefully and premeditatedly to involve—the fate of several others, and to legislate for them all, in the most important points, by a subterfuge and juggle? It was killing four or five birds with one stone—a mode of getting through business which suited Lord Glenelg's taste admirably, and reminds us, of the convenient process of the workhouse doctor, who, alternately and indiscriminately, bled all the patients one day and physicked them another. A dispatch from the Colonial-office, of the 20th of September, 1836, to Sir Francis Head, after asserting the melancholy axiom—namely, that *'it is in vain to suppose that any concession can be made to the General Assembly of any one of the North American provinces, and withheld from the rest'*—enclosed to him copies of a dispatch and instructions to Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Campbell, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick; to which he (Sir Archibald) was ordered to give *general publicity*, and which Sir Francis Head was desired to consider, as far as they could be applied to Upper Canada, 'as addressed to himself'. The dispatch contained not only directions for the surrender of the casual and territorial revenues—against which Sir Francis had so strongly remonstrated in the case of Upper Canada—but the abandonment of the authority of the Crown in the *Executive Councils*. And lest the ominous axiom before mentioned should not have sufficiently included the Canadas in his New Brunswick prescription, the Secretary of State positively directed that the session of the parliament of Upper Canada should be postponed to some weeks after that of New Brunswick, and that of Lower Canada to an equal period after that again. By this extraordinary arrangement, the triumph which the loyal inhabitants of Upper Canada had gained over the demands of the republicans was not only proved to be 'temporary,' but was *completely annulled*.

But perhaps, after all, the most surprising fact in the whole of this proceeding is, that these concessions, and various others, which were to be promulgated by Sir Archibald Campbell throughout the *whole* of our North American colonies, appear to have been arranged in the Colonial Office by Messrs. Crane and Wilmot, two *delegates* from the House of Assembly of *New Brunswick*!

Without meaning (says Sir Francis) in any degree to compare these two most respectable gentlemen with Mr. McKenzie, still one would have thought that the experience which the Colonial-office had so dearly purchased by listening to the latter individual would have proved the impropriety of the principle of legislating on *ex parte* statements, proceeding either from the people, or from the delegates of the people, without referring them

them to the Lieutenant-Governor, Executive Council, and Legislative Council of the colony !'

The mortification which this course of policy produced in Upper Canada is indescribable. The Loyalists were again disheartened; and the Republicans again exultingly boasted that the *Home Government was with them*.

Sir Archibald Campbell, seeing the effect produced, not only in New Brunswick, but *throughout all* the British North American colonies, by the representation of a *single* pair of 'delegates,' from a *single* branch of the legislature of a *single* province—feeling how completely his authority was superseded—how hopeless it was for him to attempt to maintain monarchical institutions, while the Colonial Office openly legislated on the democratic principle of '*delegates*'—(the very name was most offensive to the royalists)—and openly disapproving, on constitutional grounds, of the mode in which the King's casual and territorial revenues were proposed to be surrendered—'expressed himself to his Majesty's Government in terms which will, probably, ere long come to light.' But on Sir Archibald's hesitating to surrender the revenues of the Crown—even until he could receive an answer from the Colonial Office to the objections which, without loss of time, he had submitted to it—the New Brunswick House of Assembly, made impatient by their successes, immediately petitioned the King against *their* Lieutenant Governor.

To the Committee who waited upon his Excellency with this insulting information, he made the following reply—a reply worthy of the man and his services to his King and country :—

'Gentlemen,—The conscientious rectitude of my own conduct renders the subject of this address to me a matter of the most perfect indifference. I have had the honour of serving his Majesty for nearly half a century, in almost every quarter of the globe; and I trust those services have been such as to suffer no diminution in the estimation of my Sovereign, from any representation that may be made by the House of Assembly of New Brunswick.'

'I need hardly say,' adds Sir Francis, 'that no one in our British North American colonies felt the shock of Sir Archibald Campbell's retirement more keenly than I did, for in his fate I clearly read, as addressed to myself, the words "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.*"' My hour, however, had not yet arrived.—p. 165.

About this time another remarkable storm arose, and one, for a wonder, not brewed in Downing-street—a crisis of public credit—which might have shipwrecked the most expert financier; but Sir Francis Head, who was no financier at all, but only an honest man, of plain good sense, weathered the gale, and brought his ship triumphantly into harbour. The narrative is valuable in many respects :—

'The

'The rapid improvements which for some years have been taking place in the United States have been a mystery which few people have been able to comprehend. Every undertaking had apparently been crowned with success; every man's speculation had seemed to answer; the price of labour, although exorbitant, had everywhere been cheerfully paid, and money had appeared in such plenty, that it had profusely been given in barter for almost every commodity that came to market. In short, the country was triumphantly declared to be "*going a-head*;" and, as the young province of Upper Canada was observed to be unable to keep up, the difference in its progress was contemptuously ascribed to the difference in its form of government.

'Monarchical institutions were therefore ridiculed, republican principles were self-praised, and democratic opinions were not only disseminated over this continent, but, crossing the Atlantic, they made their appearance in our own happy country, where it has lately been deemed by many people fine and fashionable to point to the United States of America as a proof that riveting religion to the state, and that nobility of mind, are to commerce, what friction is in mechanics.

'In the midst of all this theory the whole commercial system of the United States suddenly was observed to tumble to pieces, its boasted prosperity being converted into a state of disorder altogether new in the moral history of the world, for the republic declared itself to be bankrupt, without even pretending to be insolvent: in short, its banks simultaneously dishonoured their own notes, keeping specie which belonged to their creditors in their vaults. This example of the banks offered a pretext to any man to absolve himself from his debts by fictitious bankruptcy. The public creditors afar off, as well as those on the spot, had no power to save themselves, and under these circumstances a general distrust prevailed.

'This sudden annihilation of national credit in the United States produced, of course, serious inconvenience and alarm in Upper Canada.

'The mysterious prosperity of the republic was now proved to have been produced by an imprudent and reckless system of discounting which had supplied the country with more money than it was possible for it to repay.'—pp. 179-181.

Sir Francis Head had no mind to assemble his parliament in this crisis; but on a balance of the difficulties, he decided reluctantly to do so. The Canadian banks had prudently contracted their accommodation. This gave dissatisfaction; and the commercial world thought that if these banks, after the example of the United States, had been allowed to suspend cash payments, they might have continued the rotten system of accommodation. There was, therefore, a strong party in the Canadian parliament for the suspension of cash payments. It was easy and popular, and not merely supported, but, as it seemed, commanded, by the American example; and Sir Francis might have insured quiet and popularity by acquiescing in an acknowledged necessity. But he was no such time-server—he could not conceive why banks

banks with their cellars full of specie should forfeit their engagements. With equal boldness in his resolve, and dexterity in his management, he persuaded his parliament, after a difficult conflict, to confide the question to the discretion of the government, *pro re nata*. The Canadian banks did not suspend their payments—the people caught, as they always do, the infectious confidence of their government, and public credit was saved from the disgrace of a public bankruptcy. The details of this affair are curious—the result a most remarkable triumph of common sense and honesty, which, acting with an utter disregard of momentary popularity, kept public faith in Canada; while the rival and neighbouring states were, by a contrary system, involved in continued distress. This little episode, which we think a very remarkable instance of firmness in resisting, of address in quieting, and of success in converting popular opinion, was never, as far as appears, even acknowledged by the time-servers of Downing-street, who prudently left the adventurous governor to his fate—speculating, perhaps, that his failure in this financial concern might probably afford a better excuse for his recall than his refusal to promote traitors to the judicial bench.

At this time, his own province being quiet, prosperous, and loyal, Sir Francis's attention was directed, not only by his own good sense, but by the requisitions of Downing-street, to the state of Lower Canada, which seemed destined to infect, corrupt, and ruin the healthy province to which it was the object of the Home-government, by a tyranny like that of Mezentius, to attach its fate. And now it was that Sir Francis promulgated his great paradox: one which has been the cause of much ridicule and more obloquy, and from which we ourselves venture to dissent—but to dissent with the respect due to a man who has reduced, to the sober certainty of success many other designs and opinions equally paradoxical.

His success by mere moral means in Upper Canada emboldened him to suggest a similar course of proceeding in Lower Canada. He accordingly proposed to the Government not only to send out no fresh forces, but to withdraw all that were not necessary for garrisoning the two fortresses of Montreal and Quebec. Mr. Papineau's traitorous menaces he despised—his force he estimated contemptuously and, as it has turned out, justly; and he offered himself (for, as he gallantly said, he would not propose anything that he was not ready to undertake personally) to convert and quiet Lower Canada, as he had done Upper Canada, by a merely moral power, and without a single bayonet; and had his views been adopted and supported at home, his experiment in the Upper province would lead us by strict induction to say—he might have succeeded. But he certainly appears to have most unaccountably

unaccountably overlooked one main ingredient in the case—the neighbourhood of the United States. This he candidly confesses.

"The foregoing opinions (which by her Majesty's government were not deemed worthy to be included among those submitted to the Imperial Parliament) clearly show that I had totally failed to foresee the invasion of our colonies by our American allies. I own, however (and the confession should *shame them*), that it never entered into my heart for a moment to conceive that, while American friendship was standing smiling at our side, its hand was only waiting until we faced our difficulties to stab us in the back! "Experience," they say, "makes men wise," but where in the page of the history of civilised nations was such experience to be learned? It is recorded for the first time: and I humbly submit that I am much less deserving of blame for not having anticipated this attack than is the British nation, who, although the event has *actually* happened, can scarcely even now, by argument or facts, be persuaded to believe what the conduct of the American authorities has been.

"To repel this unprecedented attack of faithless friends the whole energies of the British Empire should, if necessary, be directed; just as they should be directed to repel an invasion of our colonies by the power of France or Russia. But, leaving this unnatural contingency out of the question, and returning to the domestic government of our North American colonies, I beg leave to say that, barring foreign invasion, I most unalterably adhere to the opinions expressed in the foregoing dispatch: for I well know that I speak the sentiments of the British population of our North American colonies, when I say that if, instead of sending out seven-and-twenty regiments, her Majesty's Government would send out only one man, who, standing alone among them, would promise the people that, while he lived, the institutions of our empire should *never be changed*, a universal British cheer would resound throughout our colonies, and "Reports" of alleged *grievances* would be heard of no more. When the people of Upper Canada were appealed to, did they not strictly fulfil the prophecy by responding to the call? And is it not an historical fact, that the brave inhabitants of New Brunswick, with their Lieutenant-Governor at their head, stood not only ready, but earnestly *wishing* to be called? Grievances! Separation from the mother country! Hatred to British institutions! *Natural* attachment to democracy! Commissions of Inquiry, one after another, may in our colonies no doubt collect complaints in detail, just as they would be collected from every regiment and every line-of-battle ship in our service, were we to pay people for searching for them; but, let the enemy appear, let the British colours be hauled up, and let our people but see the foe who unjustifiably advances to deprive them of their liberties, and in one moment all complaints are forgotten!"—p. 213.

Our readers will recollect all the criticism that was subsequently directed against Sir Francis Head's conduct in sending the troops from the Upper province to help in quelling the rebellion in the Lower, and the fact that he was surprised by an insur-

rection

rection near his own capital: but the fate of that insurrection—the ease with which it was put down by the Canadians themselves—the loyalty and zeal with which the local militia rushed to the defence of the government—do certainly justify Sir Francis's theory. At all events, it is now evident that he was acting on a long-formed and consistent opinion, and though we ourselves, for once, concur with Lord Melbourne that he appeared over-chivalrous, it must be conceded that he was not actuated by a mere impulse of thoughtless chivalry, but a deeply-reasoned moral principle, which, if he had had the execution of it, might have been as successful in Lower as it has been in Upper Canada. One thing, however, seems to us to be now certain, that in addition to Quebec and Montreal there should be forthwith erected one or two fortresses in the Upper province to awe sudden invasion, and to afford the loyal inhabitants at least temporary refuge and protection. To the garrisons of one or two such points, we are inclined to think with Sir Francis Head, that—whenever and if ever the factitious sympathy of the United States shall have subsided—our transatlantic army might, under a wise, firm, and honest, colonial administration, be reduced. It is the folly of Downing-street that drains the Horse Guards and beggars the Admiralty.

A small incident occurred about this time—very small in itself, but of the deepest importance as regards the management of our affairs in the Colonial Office.

A Mr. Morris had come over to London with the character of delegate from the Presbyterian body in Canada. He was so received in Downing Street;—and the first announcement that the Governor had of this gross breach of official discipline and public faith to a public servant was, the publication of a pamphlet in Canada, couched in intemperate and uncalled-for language, from which, *inter alia*, it appeared that Mr. Morris had been allowed in Downing-street the full and entire perusal of a dispatch, which had been sent to the Governor with a reference to his judgment whether the whole or a part only should be published in Canada:—The Secretary of State left the publication to the discretion of the Governor—but the Office seems to have annulled that condition and defeated the delusive discretion, by giving the entire dispatch into the hands of this private delegate! * Well may Sir Francis indignantly ask,

* Is there another public office in the state—in the world—which would permit its conditional or discretionary orders to its confidential servants to be thus perused, while the matters were still pending, by

* After this monstrous violation of official confidence, what right could the Government have had to complain of Sir Francis Head for having revealed his own dispatches—even if they had not ordered them to be printed?

interested or hostile individuals, whose known purpose was to thwart them?"—p. 217.

This is really, if the fact be exactly told—for it is so monstrous that we almost hesitate to believe it—one of the most extraordinary instances of official duplicity and folly that we ever read of. Of itself it would be a sufficient proof that Lord Glenelg is the poorest creature that ever was exposed to ridicule and censure by a gang of blundering or malignant subordinates. This circumstance, trivial we say in itself, but momentous in principle, would suffice for *impeachment* of any man deserving the name of *minister*; but Lord Glenelg was at best but a *reed* blown about by every wind, and is now a *broken one*, and no body, we suppose, will think it worth while to disturb his retirement. His own accomplices have, by his dismissal, done a small kind of public justice upon him; and the subordinates will, we suppose, find shelter under the *broken reeds*!

‘Et superimposita celatur arundine damnum!’

We are forced to pass over many other instances of the system of discouragement and interruption which every packet imported from Downing-street, to arrive at the incident which was at last the cause, or at least the excuse, of Sir Francis Head's recall. The cause—which, from its serious consequences, Sir Francis has thought necessary to exhibit in all its details—we must compress into a summary.

Mr. George Ridout, a lawyer, district judge, and magistrate, at Niagara, and a colonel of militia, was a leading oppositionist. With the usual false policy of Canadian government, this gentleman had been loaded with public favours, in the hope, it is presumed, of conciliating his support—but in vain. At the great crisis of the general election, Mr. Ridout signalled himself in his opposition to the government—he was a prominent orator at what was called a ‘Society for Constitutional Reform,’ but whose real object will be sufficiently established by the fact that its leading members were leaders in the subsequent rebellion. This society, on the eve of the elections, published an appeal to the people not to abandon their *faithful representatives* at the approaching contest; and they stigmatised Sir Francis Head ‘as exhibiting alike a disregard of constitutional government in his conduct, and of *candour and truth in his statements*.’ These insolent expressions were also embodied in an Address—which was read to the Governor by Mr. Ridout, at the head of a deputation from the public meeting at which it had been passed.

Soon after this, Mr. Ridout made a declaration which became the subject of general conversation, that, in the event of his being dismissed by the Governor from office, ‘Sir Francis would de-

serve

serve to be **TARRED AND FEATHERED**, and that **HE** would lend a hand to do so. In one of the public offices in Toronto he also declared that we must or should now have '*war to the knife*'.

One paragraph of Sir Francis' original 'Instructions' from the Secretary of State was directly applicable to such a case as this:

'I further unreservedly acknowledge that the principle of effective responsibility should pervade every department of your government, and for this reason, if for no other, I should hold that every public officer should depend on his Majesty's pleasure for the tenure of his office. If the head of any department should place himself in decided opposition to your policy, whether that opposition be avowed or latent, it will be his duty to resign his office into your hands. Unless this course be pursued, it would be impossible to rescue the head of the government from the imputation of insincerity, or to conduct the administration of public affairs with the necessary firmness and decision.'—pp. 243, 244.

Sir Francis Head, anxious not to impair the triumph of his appeal to the people by any circumstance that could look like either influence or intimidation, bore Mr. Ridout's menaces in silence, while the elections were pending; but when they were over, he lost no time in obeying the "sincere" Secretary of State's unqualified *Instructions*, and exhibiting 'the necessary firmness and decision,' by dismissing Mr. Ridout from all his offices. Mr. Ridout did not venture to attempt a literal execution of his menace, to *tar and feather* the King's representative—twenty thousand gallant loyalists would have been ready to *tar and feather* any assailant of their governor; but Mr. Ridout, more prudently, though quite as unmercifully, handed him over—an 'animal bipes implume'—to be *tared and feathered by the Colonial Office*. In short, he appealed to Lord Glenelg. Downing-street at once took Mr. Ridout's part, and conducted its share of the ensuing correspondence in a spirit that would do honour to Furnival's-inn. It adopted as 'conclusive' Mr. Ridout's denial of having been a member of the seditious society. Sir Francis had never said he *was*—but had very cautiously stated that he '*was a frequent attendant as well as speaker at the society*' which had published that insulting address—which Mr. Ridout had been selected to read to the outraged governor! The governor had desired the Attorney-general to inquire into the fact of Mr. Ridout's participation in this society; and the Attorney-general reported that Mr. Ridout '*appeared to be an active member of that association*.' Mr. Ridout was a lawyer, and, it seems, a shrewd one; and, though he made so prominent an *appearance* at those meetings, had, it seems, taken the precaution not to enrol his name; and the congenial spirit of Downing-street, in all the subsequent discussion, carefully

carefully omits the words actually used by Sir Francis—(‘*was a frequent attendant and speaker*’)—and by the Attorney-general (‘*appeared to be an active member*’)—and rests the whole case on the naked fact, that he was not actually enrolled:—as if that ‘quibble’ could have really improved Mr. Ridout’s case. A man might have innocently entered into a society which had deviated into proceedings which he did not approve; but when a man, *not actually belonging to a society, is voluntarily* a ‘frequent attendant and speaker,’ he proves that nothing but his strong adherence to the general principles of the society can bring him there, and he is therefore more individually responsible than many an enrolled member might happen to be. But in this case there could be ‘no mistake!’ The *Office* takes no notice of Mr. Ridout’s having been the society’s spokesman of insult to Sir Francis Head. Nor does the *Office* condescend to notice the ominous and since accomplished declaration of ‘*war to the knife*,’ nor the personal menace of ‘*tarring and feathering*’ the King’s representative, towards which Mr. Ridout—one of the King’s magistrates and officers—offered not merely the original idea, but a *helping hand*.

And here comes an incident that would be amusing, if it were not disgusting. The before-mentioned paragraph of the Secretary of State’s *Instructions* was written when Sir Francis was supposed to be a *Radical*,* and was clearly meant to enable him to get rid of ‘every man in every department’ who should exhibit ‘any opposition, avowed or latent, to his policy;’ that is, as we read it, any of the *British* party: but when it was found that this instruction had a double edge, and that Sir Francis had applied it to one of the *patriots*, what torturing of words, what ingenuity of construction were there not employed to escape from the unexpected difficulty! ‘*Every man in every department*’—said my Lord Glenelg in his next dispatch,—did not mean ‘every man in every department,’ but ‘only those *high and confidential officers* with whom you [the governor] are habitually brought into confidential intercourse.’ So that Sir Francis must have submitted to be *tarred and feathered* by the Colonel-Judge, because he happened not to be in habitual intercourse with him. And yet we really think that this perversion of the obvious meaning of the words was *sincere* on the part of the *Office*, and that the real *intention* had been to instigate the supposed Radical Governor to get rid of ‘the high confidential officers of the govern-

* ‘I can declare to your Lordship’ (says Sir Francis Head in his dispatches to Lord Glenelg, 1st June, 1836, page 105), ‘that before I came to this country many of my friends fancied I was a Radical, and indeed I almost fancied I was one myself.’ &c.

ment, all friends of the British connexion; but the Office had never dreamed that the *Instruction* could become applicable to any of the opposite party: and Lord Glenelg, to prevent any such untoward accidents *for the future*, now informed the Governor that, thenceforth he was to understand his Instructions—namely, that he might dismiss the highest officer in the state for even a latent opposition, but not a clerk or door-keeper for the most flagrant insolence and sedition. We beg our readers to observe under what flimsy disguises and contemptible casuistry the Colonial Office still worked towards its predetermined purpose.

In fine, after a long, ridiculous, and disgusting series of pettifogging quibbles on the part of the Office—which Sir Francis, in each successive answer, brushed away like cobwebs—the Governor was peremptorily ordered to replace the *Tar-and-feather Judge* on the bench and *War-to-the-knife Colonel* in his regiment. The Governor as peremptorily refused to obey, and again, for the third time, tendered his resignation. Lord Glenelg, with that species of bastard courage which belongs to weak minds and is usually called obstinacy, persisted in his orders for Mr. Ridout's re-appointment—Sir Francis Head persisted in his refusal—and was recalled. He had equally refused to replace *Rolph*—to promote *Bidwell*—to concur in various analogous points with Lord Glenelg's policy. Those disobedientes the Office did not venture to punish; but fancying, with the shortsighted ingenuity of casuists, that Mr. Ridout's not having been an actually enrolled member of the seditious society gave them a verbal advantage (which it did not) over Sir Francis, and at all events, despairing of finding a better, they determined to make this the pivot, bad as it was, for turning him out.

Strange as all these circumstances must appear, we find in Sir Francis Head's second edition a still stranger confirmation of all his views on this particular case. After he had returned from the Government of Upper Canada, Sir George Arthur, who succeeded him, investigated Mr. Ridout's case, by order of the Colonial Office: every chance was given to Mr. Ridout, in Sir Francis Head's absence, of showing cause for his restoration to office:—Sir Francis Head states that he understands that Mr. Ridout *totally failed*, and that Sir George Arthur has most decidedly recommended that Mr. Ridout should not be restored to the Offices from which Sir Francis had removed him. If Lord Glenelg could open his ponderous and marble jaws, what would he say to this?

In this affair there happened to be simultaneously mixed up its absolute converse: Sir F. Head had promoted the Solicitor-General, Mr.

Mr. Hagerman, to be Attorney-General, but Mr. Hagerman was accused to the Office of having said, in a stormy debate on the clergy reserves, that 'the Church of England was the established Church—~~that the Church of Rome was an established Church—~~ but that the Church of Scotland, out of Scotland, was no more an established Church than any other congregation of dissenters.' Mr. Hagerman might have said so, with perfect truth—particularly in reference to the Canadian colonies, where the Church of England is the established Church—the Church of Rome is, by the original capitulation, an established Church in Lower Canada—but in neither of these provinces, nor anywhere else that we know of out of Scotland, can the Church of Scotland be what is technically called an *established Church*. Mr. Hagerman, however, denied that he had, even in the heat of debate, used the obnoxious phrase—it was proved that he had even spoken and voted for putting the *Church of Scotland* on the same footing with the other two Churches—but the explanation was fruitless; Lord Glenelg—who so inexorably shut his ears to the unprivileged and vulgar insult of Mr. Ridout to the king's representative—was so sensitive to Mr. Hagerman's alleged expression as to the Church of Scotland, that, in spite of the high personal character of that gentleman, his approved loyalty, his official claims, and the recommendation of the Governor, Lord Glenelg refused to Mr. Hagerman the confirmation of his professional promotion. Was there ever such suicidal inconsistency?

In one of Lord Glenelg's letters on the subject of Mr. Ridout, there is a passage, on which recent events afford an amusing commentary. Lord Glenelg was made to say to Sir Francis Head—

'You have, in your dispatch of the 9th February, observed that, in no department of the State, *not even in my own office*, has it ever been deemed necessary, or even advisable, that every reason for which an individual is to be relieved from office must be stated to him; that it may be necessary to remove a public officer for many reasons, which it may not be desirable to explain to him.

'You must permit me to state unreservedly, that this answer appears to me inadequate; first, I am totally ignorant of the existence, either in this office or any other department of the State, of any such practice as that to which you refer.'—pp. 260, 261.

We apprehend that poor Lord Glenelg, is now no longer so totally ignorant of the practice, even in the Colonial Office, of removing a public officer without giving him a previous explanation of all the reasons of such a proceeding. We are curious to know with what feelings the great Somnambulist, who walked so unconsciously out of Downing-street into George-street, must have

have read this passage, which he perhaps did—for the first time—in Sir Francis Head's printed pages.

But while the directions for the promotion of *Bidwell* and the still more imperious mandate for the restoration of *Bidout* were on their way—the insurrection broke out and the rebels attacked Toronto with the name of

BIDWELL.

as conspicuously prominent on their traitorous flag as it had previously been in the recommendatory dispatches of the Colonial Office, Sir Francis's policy was now to be brought to another great and awful trial. It had been victorious in the severe test of the general election: it was now to pass through the appalling ordeal of fire and blood! and it was again triumphant. Such things lose much of their well-merited fame by being performed on a distant and narrow stage; but is there to be found in the history of nations any other example in which, within so short a space and by such extreme accidents, the merit of one man's policy was ever so severely tested? When the news reached us in England—ignorant of all the details of Sir Francis's administration—of his acts—his principles—his antecedent successes—his hopes for the future—nine men in ten gave up Canada as lost, or only to be preserved by a long and bloody struggle. How unexpected the result—*affavit Deus et dissipantur*! The providential policy which had brought the Canadian people to a true sentiment of their social, their moral, and their sacred duties bore its happy fruits—and after a short though sharp contest, the Canadas have been, in spite of all the mismanagement of Downing Street, united to the mother country in ties more strong, more affectionate, and more lasting—if Lord Durham's mission has not impaired them—than ever.

We wish we had room for a republication of the dispatches (with the important passages suppressed by the Government at home) in which Sir Francis announced this moral triumph—moral we call it, for arms had less to do with this victory than any that ever was won—in which he does such grateful honour to the noble provinces as he justly calls it, and in which will be found the best defence of what we will call—in defiance of Downing Street—the noble policy by which he had prepared this result. One letter, however, describing the capture of the American pirate *Caroline*, is too remarkable—both for the events it tells, and the style of narrative—to be wholly omitted. Our extract will be of considerable length, but no reader will wish that we had curtailed a word.

As soon as I found that this portion of the British empire was perfidiously

riduously attacked and invaded by American citizens, under American leaders termed "Generals"—that artillery and muskets were brought against us from the State arsenals—that Navy Island, situated a short way above the great Falls of Niagara, belonging to Her Majesty was actually seized by Americans—that batteries were formed there, from which shot were fired for many days upon the inoffensive inhabitants of this province—and that the island was regularly supplied, by boats from the American shore, with provisions and munitions of war.—I approved of the recommendation of Colonel M^cNab, commanding on the Niagara frontier, that a naval force or flotilla, under officers of experience, should be constituted; and, feeling that it would be unjust, that, in the name of Her Majesty, I should require naval officers to leave the back woods, into which they had retired, without recognising them in the professional capacity in which I had especially called them into action, I directed my military secretary, Colonel Strachan, to forward to Colonel M^cNab a written communication, directing him to call upon such naval officers in the province as he might deem proper to select, to afford me their services, on the understanding that they would receive their full pay during the period they were thus publicly employed by me on Her Majesty's service. In consequence of the above communication (which I at once think it right to acknowledge contains no authority beyond what the Lords of the Admiralty may, from the emergency of the case, deem proper to confirm to it) Colonel M^cNab called upon Captain Drew, R.N., to collect and command a flotilla of gun-boats and other craft, to be immediately fitted out for the purpose of attacking Navy Island. While the gun-boats were being prepared, the American forces, under the American commander styling himself General Van Rensselaer, continued day after day to fire from Navy Island upon the inoffensive inhabitants of the Niagara frontier, although not a gun had been fired on the part of the British, although the American forces on our island were daily increasing, and although a steam-boat, chartered by these pirates, was actually employed in transporting to the island munitions of war for the purpose of aggravating the insult which, in a moment of profound peace, had perditionously been made by American citizens upon her Britannic Majesty's dominions. Under these circumstances, Colonel M^cNab determined, as an act of self-defence, to call upon Captain Drew to capture, burn, or destroy this steam-boat. Accordingly, about eleven o'clock the same night, Captain Drew, with five boats, containing nine men each, pushed off from the British shore. The boats were commanded by Captain Drew, R.N., Lieutenant M^cCormack, R.N., Lieutenant John Elmsley, R.N., Lieutenant Christopher Beer, R.N., and — Gordon, a commander of a steam-boat. As soon as they were clear from the shore, Captain Drew ordered his followers to rest for a few moments on their oars and, while the current was hurrying them towards the Falls of Niagara, which were immediately below them, he briefly explained to the crew the duty he required them to perform and the post respectively to be assigned to each. Silence was then preserved until Captain Drew's boat came within

within fifteen yards of the steamer (which was obscurely seen moored to the American wharf at Fort Schlosser), when the sentinel on board in a hurried manner called out "Boat ahoy! boat ahoy! Who comes there?" A man in the bow of the leading boat replied "Friend!" on which the sentinel called for the countersign. "*I'll give it to you when we get on board.*" replied Captain Drew, who, by this time being close to the vessel, boarded her on the starboard gangway, and from an over-anxiety in his crew to follow him, it so happened that for more than a minute he was the only assailant on the pirate's deck. Captain Drew then encountered five men, one of whom fired his musket close to his face, but, missing, he [Captain Drew] immediately cut him down. Captain Drew then disabled another of the pirates; and, with the flat of his sword, driving the other three before him, occasionally hastening them with the point, he made them step from the vessel to the wharf. By this time Lieutenant M'Cormack had boarded on the starboard bow, and, it being so dark that he could not recognise the men he found there, he asked them "if they were friends or enemies?" One of them replied, "An enemy!" and, immediately firing, shot him through the left arm. Lieutenant M'Cormack instantly cut this man down; several of the pirates then fired upon Lieutenant M'Cormack, and wounded him in five places; yet, in spite of this, he effectually disabled another of them, and then sinking from loss of blood, the vessel was carried; when Captain Drew immediately ordered a party of his men to cut her off. It was, however, found that she was moored to the wharf by chains from the bow and quarter, which it required nearly fifteen minutes to unloose. During this delay the American guard stationed at the inn above Fort Schlosser turned out, and commenced firing upon the assailants; in consequence of this, Lieutenant Elmsley, R.N., heading a volunteer party of sixteen men, armed with nothing but their cutlasses, advanced about thirty yards towards them, and, forming in line, they gallantly stood there to protect the vessel against the American riflemen, until the chain-cables were cast off. The crews, now returning to their respective boats, towed the vessel from the wharf, but, the current irrevocably drifting her towards the Falls of Niagara, Captain Drew, assisted by one man, set her on fire; and, as soon as she was fairly towed into the stream, the assailants, finding she was more than they could hold, let her go, and, giving her three British cheers, they rapidly pulled away for their own shore, while the pirate steamer slowly glided towards her doom! A small light glowing within her suddenly burst from her hold, and in a few minutes the guilty vessel, enveloped in flames, was seen hurrying towards the rapids, down which she hastily descended, until—reaching the crest of the Great Horse-shoe Falls—*over she went!* Your Lordship will imagine, better than it is possible to describe, the solemn magnificence of this spectacle; yet it does not exceed the moral picture exhibited at the capture of the vessel.

The justness of the cause, the noble project of the attack, the coolness with which it was executed, and, lastly, the mercy that

was shown by our brave fellows the moment the vessel was their own, are naval characteristics which reflect honour on the British empire in general, and on this noble province in particular. I therefore feel it my duty to request your Lordship to lay my humble testimony of the merits of Captain Drew (whose intrepidity and generosity are beyond all praise) before the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, to whose liberal consideration I beg leave most earnestly, but respectfully, to recommend him. I also feel it my duty to bring before their Lordships' especial consideration the case of Lieutenant M'Cormack, who is still lying on his back completely disabled, and I much fear that one of his five wounds will require the amputation of his left arm.* This loss, to a backwoodsman, upon whose manual labour his family is dependent for support, is irreparable; and I feel confident that her Majesty's Government will consider that, as it is highly advantageous that the Queen should be enabled to call upon the retired naval officers in this province whenever their professional services on the lakes may suddenly be required, so it is not only just, but politic, that, if disabled, they should not be allowed to suffer from privations which might tend to deter others from following their noble and patriotic example.'—pp. 377-383.

What mind that has been excited by this panoramic and heart-stirring narrative, will hear without a revulsion of disgust and shame that Captain Drew and Lieutenant M'Cormack remain, as far as we can discover, unrewarded, undistinguished, unnoticed! This may be meant to conciliate the Americans—a miserable policy, which will fail in that object, but may not, alas, fail in alienating the Canadians.

On Sir Francis Head's return, his very first urgency—far before any personal—even before any general objects—was to repeat—to press on, the Colonial Secretary, the claims upon her Majesty's Government of Colonel Fitzgibbon, who had commanded the attack of the rebels on Gallows Hill;—of Captain Drew, who had commanded the successful attack of the Caroline;—of Lieutenant M'Cormack, who had been there wounded and disabled;—and of the widow of Colonel Moodie, who had been cruelly murdered as he was gallantly bringing intelligence of the approach of the rebels.

We believe that Lord Glenelg has evaporated from Downing-street without having accomplished any one of these duties (as Sir Francis justly calls them) of public gratitude for public services; but not, we hear—for there are points on which even a *Somnambulist* is awake—without taking care to obtain his own retiring pension.

* I visited this officer shortly after he was brought on shore, with five gun-shot wounds through him. He was of course in a high fever, but, even in that state, he expressed the satisfaction he felt at having had an opportunity of serving his country.

This seems so incredible—so impossible—that we could not persuade ourselves that these debts of public gratitude did really remain unpaid—though Sir Francis Head might have been discourteously kept in ignorance of the success of his recommendations; but we have examined the official lists, and we cannot find that Colonel Fitzgibbon has received any advancement. Commander Drew is still Commander Drew, but not, in other respects, as happy as he was before these events; for he is a marked man—we are informed that twelve ruffians lately attempted to assassinate him; but finding him on his guard, ran away, and in their retreat murdered Captain Usher. And the name of the mutilated lieutenant is not to be found in the list of wounded and pensioned naval officers. We should not now be surprised to learn that they all had been reprimanded, by the proper authorities, for having officiously interposed in a matter in which they had no official concern!

Such is our short, feeble, and inadequate summary of the wrongs, the injuries, and the injustice—provincial and personal, public and private—of the noble province of Canada, its governor, and its public servants, which Sir Francis Head felt it to be his duty to represent in the admirable and, as it seems to us, unanswerable letter (already alluded to) addressed, on the 18th Sept. 1838, to her Majesty's First Minister, with an urgent request that his Lordship would allow the writer an opportunity of establishing the truth and justice of his representations. In reply to this communication, Lord Melbourne, in a note marked 'private,' declined to accede to his request. Sir Francis bowed dutifully, though reluctantly, to this decision; and the whole of these marvellous proceedings would have remained buried in the discreet dust of Downing-street, but for the fortunate appearance of Lord Durham's voluminous and (as Sir Francis courteously admits) 'unintentionally' calumnious *Report*.

Having already touched on nearly all the questioned points of Sir Francis Head's policy, it were needless, even if we had room, to reconsider them with reference to Lord Durham's several assertions; those who wish for a nearer view of the unequal contest must read Sir Francis's volume, and by few who call themselves readers will it be unread. But we cannot omit the indignant, yet amusing, picture which Sir Francis Head gives of the unjust and dogmatical spirit of Lord Durham's *Report*, compared with the noble Lord's time and opportunities for attaining even one jot of information on the thousand and one subjects of which he so dictatorially treats.

Although but little versed in history, I firmly believe it nowhere contains a more affecting picture than has been exhibited to the civilized world

world for the last two years, by the brave resistance which a small British population has been making against the unprincipled attacks by which the Americans have endeavoured to force upon them republican institutions. The instances of individual courage that could be detailed are innumerable; while, on the other hand, the conduct of the assailants has been stamped by cruelty and cowardice. I must own, that when I daily think of the number of our soldiers who have untimely fallen—of the manner in which Colonel Moodie, Lieut. Weir, Lieut. Johnson, Staff-surgeon Hume, have been butchered and mutilated—of the privations and losses the people of Upper Canada have patiently endured, and when, on the other hand, I reflect that, on the last invasion at Sandwich, a body of American sympathisers, escaping into our woods, remained there starving from hunger and cold—not daring anywhere to ask even shelter of those whom they had professed they had invaded to liberate them from the British Government, but wandering through the province until worn out by the punishment of their guilt, they perished in the forest in such numbers that nineteen corpses were in one spot found frozen to death round the white embers of a fire;—I own that whenever these two pictures come together before my mind, it is filled with astonishment that Lord Durham, with this glaring evidence before him, could deliberately declare to our youthful Queen that the people of Upper Canada are dissatisfied with their institutions—that he could possibly find in his heart to submit a report to her Majesty without a single word of commiseration of the unexampled sufferings which had afflicted—without a single word of approbation for the gallantry and fidelity which had distinguished—her Majesty's loyal and devoted subjects in the Canadas; but which, on the contrary, lauded in well-measured terms the detestable invaders of their soil! But it really seems to me that Lord Durham has looked upon British North America in general, and upon the province of Upper Canada in particular, through a glass darkened.

It is possible that the public authorities whom his Lordship, as her Majesty's High Commissioner, has deemed it proper to revile, will feel it their duty patiently to submit to his remarks; but, when it is considered that Parliament may be advised by her Majesty's Government to legislate upon this most mischievous document, I feel it my duty to join with the rest of the community in greatly considering what opportunities Lord Durham has had for forming the astonishing opinions which are propounded in it.

"It is said" [a favourite phrase of this accurate Report] that his lordship came up the St. Lawrence in a steam-boat exclusively appropriated to himself and his suite;—that on arriving at Kingston he landed to receive an address, and then proceeded by water to Niagara, where he passed the county-town without receiving the address that was framed for him, or conversing with its inhabitants;—that at the Falls his lordship remained about four days, part of which time he was unwell, part was devoted to military review, and the greater part in receiving Americans and others who attended his lordship's

below

levees, balls, and dinners;—that thus intently occupied, he had not time to visit the most interesting part of the Welland Canal, which was within six miles, although his lordship had offered to procure assistance of 250,000*l.* from Her Majesty's government;—that in crossing to Toronto he touched at the termination of the canal in Lake Ontario without inspecting the work;—that at the seat of government at Toronto he spent twenty-four hours principally occupied with a levee, receiving addresses, and with a state dinner;—that his lordship then made the best of his way back to Montreal; and that, in such exclusive dignity did he travel, he would not allow even the public mail to be taken on board at Cornwall, by which it was delayed a day.

If the above reports be correct, it would appear that his lordship left Lower Canada only for ten days, during which time he had to travel by water about 1000 miles.

Although the preceding Governors and Lieutenant-Governors of the Canadas have formed their estimate of the country and inhabitants by personally visiting them on easy terms; although even his Grace the Duke of Richmond (whose noble memory in the Canadas is deeply respected) rode post through the province just as our country gentlemen fifty years ago used to ride through England; yet I cannot but admit that the halo of glory which everywhere accompanied his lordship, the "*champ de drap d'or*" on which wherever he landed he was seen to tread, produced in the Canadas a very favourable effect. Mankind are always led by outward appearance, and I therefore will not deny that as my Lord Durham, surrounded by a brilliant staff, and *unprejudiced by the conversation of a single Canadian*, ascended the great St. Lawrence, and traversing the noble Lake Ontario, which is forty miles broad, proceeded to Niagara, the fine hotel of which had been previously cleansed of every visiter, his lordship's career resembled the course of a heavenly meteor; but admitting all this, admitting the weight and consideration it very properly obtained for his lordship, yet as not only the welfare and the very existence of our North American colonies, but of our interests at home, hang upon the importance due to Lord Durham's Report, I beg leave to say, that, in my humble opinion, under such circumstances, his lordship had not as much means of writing the history of the American and Canadian territories between which he sailed, as *poor, blind Lieutenant Holman, R.N.*, would have possessed, had he socially travelled the same distance by public conveyances.—pp. 470-476.

And then Sir Francis very modestly and sensibly questions whether—

His lordship, in five days' sailing through Upper Canada, has become better acquainted with the interests and disposition of its people than I am, after having traversed it in all directions, on horseback, and even on foot—after having slept in its forests—mingled with its inhabitants in times of peace and war, and after an actual administration of the government during three sessions of Parliament.—p. 474.

More by and bye of Lord Durham. We must now return to Downing-street. Our

Our readers will, in the course of these details, have often asked themselves how it can have happened that Lord Glenelg, a man educated in the school of high toryism—of good moral and strict religious principles, of gentle manners, of a lettered mind, and so essentially aristocratic in his personal feelings, as to have—undistinguished by any one of the circumstances that usually lead to such an honour—slipped by some silent process into the House of Lords, and assumed a feudal title to which he had, we believe, the slenderest of claims; how such a man, in England, should be a favourer of democracy in Canada? The answer is, that his lordship was no intentional favourer of democracy, but that the love of quiet and the love of place, operating on no very masculine understanding, made him what is vulgarly but expressively called the *cat's paw* of some stronger, or at least shrewder intellect, which directed to its own aims his lordship's frequently unconscious movements.

This theory Sir Francis Head adopts, and charges, directly and by name, this baneful influence on the gentleman whom we have already glanced at as *Mr. Over-secretary Stephen*.

He first opens his general proposition,—

‘The loyal British population of the Canadas loudly complain that there exists in the *colonial department* an *invisible overruling influence*, which either favours the introduction of republican principles as productive, in theory, “of the greatest happiness to the greatest number,” or, acting under the mistaken persuasion that democracy must inevitably prevail over this continent, deems it politic to clear the way for its introduction, rather than attempt to oppose its progress; in short, it has for many years been generally believed that, however loyal may be the HEAD of the colonial department, its HEART is in favour, not only of republican institutions, but of the expediency of assisting rather than of retarding the launching our North American Colonies into that vast ocean of democracy.

‘If a statement of the above opinions were to reach your lordship anonymously, or bearing the signature of a few individuals, or even of a large body of individuals, it would, of course, be cast aside as contemptible; but your lordship, whose attachment to the British Constitution is well known, will, I conceive, be startled, when I tell you, not only that the British population of the Canadas partake largely of this opinion, but that I, her Majesty’s representative in this province, am of that opinion—that the late Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Colborne, who had eight years’ experience, is of that opinion—that Lieutenant-General Sir Peregrine Maitland, who, as Lieutenant-Governor, had ten years’ experience, is of that opinion—I believe Lord Aylmer, Lord Dalhousie, Sir A. Campbell (the late Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick), to be of that opinion—and, moreover, that if the lieutenant-governors of all the British colonies were to be examined by your lordship, their testimony would, generally speaking, substantiate rather than deny what I have stated.

‘Your

Your lordship must, of course, be aware, that a monarchy may be mechanically lowered into a republic by means of an inclined plane, the angle of which may be so acute, that the surface to a common observer appears to be level. And that this may be practically effected by a secret influence, which is may be almost impossible to detect.

For instance, there may be appointed to the government of her Majesty's colonies a series of military men, each ignorant of the principles of civil government, as well as unacquainted with the various classes of society of which it is composed. The lieutenant-governors, observing that they are applauded whenever they concede anything to the House of Assembly, and that, somehow or other, they invariably get themselves into difficulty whenever they support the legislative council, may, for a long time, be led unconsciously to do what all military men are naturally disposed to do, namely, recklessly to carry into effect the spirit of their instructions.

So long as they do this, they may peacefully enjoy their stations; but when experience in their new profession opens their eyes, when reflection staggers their judgment, when beginning to perceive that concessions to what is falsely called "the people" increase rather than satiate the appetite,—they appeal to the Colonial office, and, in language military rather than diplomatic, bid them be firm; then, and from that moment, they may immediately find themselves unaccountably afflicted with a *sneezing sickness*, which is a sure precursor of their removal. The language of praise ceases to cheer them,—they may receive slight rebukes,—objections may be raised to the appointments which they make,—people who oppose them in the colony may be raised to distinction,—any trifling disputes in which they may be involved may invariably be decided against them, their authority in the colony may continually be shaken, until, by a repetition of petty circumstances, which mortify rather than offend, they may become disgusted with their duty, they may intemperately proffer their resignation, a new man may be appointed, and the same process may be renewed.

The whole of these circumstances may occur, the democratic power may gradually be increased, the influence of the executive may gradually be diminished, the whole loyal population may become indignant at observing their inevitable declination towards democracy; and yet there may be no particular moment, or no one particular circumstance sufficiently strong to arouse the colonial minister to a knowledge of the dreadful fact, that the *tendency of his own office is republican*, and that, while all on its surface is seen flowing towards the throne, a *strong under-current* is absolutely carrying everything away from it! pp. 281, 285.

To this general charge, supported by a great number of facts, Lord Glenelg replies in a vague but not undignified style, and we hardly see—if the charge would not be distinctly and absolutely denied—how he could have done better.

It is an officer serving under my immediate authority, who charges me with having surrendered the exercise of my own independent judgment

to some invisible and overruling influence, exerted for the introduction of republican principles into British North America. I need make no reply—contented to refer to his more calm and deliberate judgment the question whether it is fitting that so serious a charge should be conveyed in such a form, and on such an occasion?—p. 339.

This would have silenced an ordinary man, but Sir Francis Head—who perhaps doubted whether this very rebuke was the production of his lordship's own pen—was not to be driven by pompous phrases from what he believed to be the truth.

The rebellion broke out, and in the same dispatch that announced its suppression Sir Francis Head distinctly states,—

“My lord, it has long been notorious to every British subject in the Canadas, that your lordship's Undersecretary, the author of our colonial dispatches, is a rank republican. His sentiments, his conduct, and his political character, are here alike detested, and I enclose to your lordship Mr. McKenzie's last newspaper, which, traitorous as it is, contains nothing more conducive to treason than the extracts which as its text it exultingly quotes from the published opinions of her Majesty's Undersecretary of State for the Colonies.”

These sentiments have already been very clearly expressed by me to your lordship, especially in my dispatch dated 10th September, 1837, and I am perfectly confident that the triumph which this noble province has gained will never be complete until the Government shall remove from office a man who, by discouraging the loyal and encouraging the disaffected, has at last succeeded in involving the Canadas in civil war.”—pp. 326, 327.

We are not much surprised that, on the close of such a conflict, Sir F. Head, like Hotspur,—

“all smarting with his wounds,
Of his grief and his impatience.”

at the fatal use which Mr. McKenzie had made of Mr. Stephen's evidence, should have expressed himself somewhat warmly on such a subject, but there is one point—and but one, as far as we know—in which he blamed Mr. Stephen for what was, we think, the fault of others.

Mr. Stephen's evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1828 was, as quoted by Mr. McKenzie, as follows:—

“It is impossible, says Mr. Stephen, to suppose the Canadians dread your power; it is not easy to believe that the abstract duty of loyalty, as distinguished from the sentiment of loyalty, can be very strongly felt. The right of rejecting European dominion has been so often asserted in North and South America, that revolt can scarcely be esteemed in those continents as criminal or disgraceful. Neither does it seem to me that a sense of national pride or importance is in your favour. It cannot be regarded as an enviable distinction to remain the only dependent portion of the New World.”

These are unfortunate, and, as we think, quite unfounded opinions; but as Mr. Stephen happens to entertain them we do not see how he, in particular, can be blamed for having stated them. The system of inviting pragmatical economists to parade mere theories and opinions before Parliamentary Committees, under the name and pretence of giving evidence, is one of our recent and most offensive absurdities—but let that pass. It is to be observed, that at the time when Mr. Stephen gave this evidence, he held the office wholly, we believe, unconnected with politics, of *law adviser* to the Board of Trade and the Colonial Office, in which his private speculations on such subjects were of little importance; and surely the culpability, the deep and indefensible culpability, was in the Ministers, who, after the publication of that evidence, chose to advance the gentleman who gave it, out of his natural line of life, into the high confidential and influential office of Under Secretary of State, and moreover to confide to him—of all mankind—the peculiar department of the Canadas! It would be too much to say that, because Mr. Stephen sincerely entertained such opinions—or even if he had taken them up as a mere political speculation—it would be too hard that he should have been therefore *taboo'd* from the public service;—but surely he might have been left in his former easy and lucrative position, or, if he ‘lacked advancement,’ he might have been usefully employed in the Board of Trade—or anywhere else in short, save in that particular office and that particular department of office for which his no doubt *conscientious*—and if conscientious, the more dangerous—theories, rendered him a moral impossibility: but the present Ministers are ‘as strong as Hercules’ in accomplishing moral impossibilities.—Sir Francis Head charges on Mr. Stephen the direct and dreadful responsibility of the Canadian rebellion, and the facts stated seem to prove that he may have been one of the proximate causes; but the real and responsible authors of all this calamity are the Ministers who so inconsiderately placed and so perversely maintained him in that incongruous position.

There has arisen on this part of the case an episode, which, though somewhat personal, is too curious to be omitted. The day after the publication of Sir Francis’s work the following letter appeared in the newspapers:—

“TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE. Sir,—In “A Narrative by Sir Francis Head, Bart.,” published this morning, I am denounced by that gentleman as “a rank republican,” and my “sentiments” are characterised as “execrable, disloyal, and erroneous.” In proof of these charges, the author, on the authority of Mr. W. L. Mackenzie, has quoted from the evidence given by me, in the

the year 1828, before a committee of the House of Commons, some passages which *he has detached from the context.* You will much oblige me if you will republish in your journal the following extract from my evidence, in which I have distinguished by inverted commas the words omitted by Sir Francis Head.

'In page 27 of the same book, Sir Francis Head attributes to me the use of certain expressions respecting his official expenses and his claim to a baronetcy. Upon these subjects I am under the *painful necessity of opposing my assertion to that of Sir Francis Head.* I did not use the language which he has attributed to me, nor any other words of the same meaning. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

Colonial-Office, Feb. 25, 1839. JAMES STEPHEN.'

The words marked 'by inverted commas,' as 'detached from the context,' and 'omitted by Sir Francis Head,' are some palliative expressions, which do not, we think, much, or indeed at all, vary the case as regards Mr. Stephen's political character and sentiments; but as regards Sir Francis Head they are utterly irrelevant. They were not '*detached or omitted by Sir Francis Head*,' but by Mr. M'Kenzie, whose newspaper, and that alone, Sir Francis professed to quote, and which he enclosed in his dispatch; and, what is still more remarkable, *they had been omitted in the official volume of the papers*, prepared, no doubt, by Mr. Stephen himself, and laid, by the Queen's command, before Parliament on the 4th May, 1838. (Parliamentary Papers, No. 357, p. 159; Appendix P. to the Report of the Select Committee of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada.) Whatever explanation Mr. Stephen might have thought it necessary to make should then have been given, instead of coming forth now to impugn the accuracy of Sir Francis Head, who has *literally* given the document as he found it. On the second point—'*the painful necessity*' under which Mr. Stephen felt himself 'of opposing his assertion to that of Sir Francis Head [on the subject of his official expenses and a baronetcy], for that *he did not use the language attributed to him, or any other words of the same meaning*'—we learn from the newspapers that Sir Francis sent a friend (Col. Wells) to Mr. Stephen, who explained that he did not mean to attribute falsehood to Sir Francis Head's statement. We confess we do not understand what Mr. Stephen can mean. It is a rule of logic and common sense, that of two contradictory assertions one must be false. Mr. Stephen does not attribute falsehood to Sir Francis; *ergo*—we leave Mr. Stephen, who seems to be a great logician, to draw the conclusion. But, supposing, as we willingly do, both gentlemen to be *bonâ fide*, and to differ only from the *defect of memory* in one, the facts must turn the balance in Sir Francis's favour; for the expenses were paid, and the baronetcy was granted,

granted, just as Sir Francis understood Mr. Stephen to promise; and we do not quite understand why Mr. Stephen should feel so much annoyed at the imputation of having for once held out to a loyal and distinguished public officer hopes of just consideration which were realised by the event.

If Sir Francis Head's surmise be just,—and we, from the internal evidence, are inclined to believe it—that the dispatches signed by Lord Glenelg were written by Mr. Stephen—‘the voice of Jacob but the hand of Esau’—we agree with Sir Francis that Mr. Stephen is an expert special pleader—but the gallant Canadian people joined issue with the learned gentleman, and there has been a glorious verdict against him.

It would not be worth while to affiliate—if we had the means of doing so—these dispatches upon the Lord or the pleader: as specimens of casuistry they might have some backhanded merit; as the dispatches of a Minister they are below contempt. As letters of business they are about the clumsiest and most confused we ever read—mere word-catching, with here and there a stilted truism which might have been interpolated by the verbose secretary himself in some waking moment to elevate the laborious hair-splitting of the chief manufacturer. In all that we have seen of them there is scarcely a word—much less an *idea*—that has any reference to the special physiognomy or condition of Canada, or any individual relation to its peculiar habits or localities, its statistical or commercial interests: they seem to treat the whole system of colonial government as a party squabble, a question of preference between this man or that—the favourite of the Colonial Office—or the friend of the British connexion—in which the latter is always maltreated. They might just as well—*mutatis nominibus*—have been addressed to Trinidad or the Cape of Good Hope, or Australia—had there been any wish to keep these places in what is called *hot water*: they are the profuse palaver of a dialectician or controversialist (bating the absence of logic and the ignorance of facts); and are no more the letters of a statesman entrusted with the practical affairs of a great country than Mr. Walter Landor's ‘Imaginary Conversations’ are the ‘History of England.’

But Sir Francis Head does not stand alone in this bold denunciation of the baneful influence and official disability of Mr. Stephen. He adds—

‘It is necessary in my own defence, I should now inform the reader that not only did my predecessor, Sir John Colborne, distinctly allude to this secret irresponsible influence, but that, in two most able reports lately addressed to her Majesty by the Legislative Council and House of Assembly of Upper Canada, reflections are directly made against Mr. Stephen’s

Stephen's influence and principles; the *Legislative Council* describing him as "a gentleman in the Colonial Department,"—the *House of Assembly* openly mentioning his name.

Besides this, in the leading article of the *Montreal Gazette* (one of the most respectably-conducted papers in Lower Canada) there appeared, on the 22nd. of November last, eight months after I had left Upper Canada, the following observations:—

"The weighty responsibility of the vast Colonial charge is directed by one official, who, unnamed and unseen, has the practical control of the Colonial Office, and is never in any way referred to at home. It is time that this system should be abolished—it is time that the baneful domination of Mr. Under-Secretary Stephen should be got rid of; and that an entirely new system of things should be adopted.

"It is well known that Mr. Stephen has for many years past been the confidential adviser and director of the colonial department; nor can it be doubted that to his evil influence must be ascribed all the misgovernment which these provinces have suffered for so long a period. Indeed, since that gentleman has made himself so officially necessary, he has prejudiced colonial interests more than he can, by any means, hope to repair, and has sat as an *incubus*, not only on Lord Glenelg's breast, and stifled his measures, but has equally stifled the good intentions as well as the active ability of his lordship's predecessors. The House of Assembly of Upper Canada, at its last session, pointedly noticed the influence of the person mentioned above, and we trust that it will be followed up by the legislatures of the other colonies: their internal peace, their advance in prosperity, and their continued connexion with the parent country, loudly call for the expression of opinion upon a matter of so much importance to their best interests, and we trust that it will be openly and boldly avowed."

'To this opinion,' adds Sir Francis, 'which is infinitely more ably expressed than my own, I subscribe; and should I be called upon, either by her Majesty's government or by either house of the Imperial Parliament, to substantiate the allegations I have avowed, I shall at once give the following list of the witnesses to whom I refer:—Sir Peregrine Maitland—Sir John Colborne—Sir Archibald Campbell—the Crown Officers of Upper Canada—Chief Justice Robinson—the Legislatures of our North American colonies—the British merchants in England connected with our North American provinces—the West India and other merchants connected with our colonies.'—pp. 373-376.

Such is this extraordinary story. We know not what effect it may produce in Downing-street—whether Mr. Stephen is to be allowed to be still the irresponsible and mole-working arbiter of all private and public interests, and to make and unmake governors at a more than royal will and pleasure; or whether—

* We have extracted but a small portion of this spirited article.

as we are induced to hope from some recent declarations of Lord Normanby in the House of Lords—a new and more vigorous intellect may vindicate its own duties and its own responsibility. Lord Glenelg has, happily for the colonies and himself, vanished into the amiable shades of private life. He alone does not know *why*—we will tell him. He had conveyed the royal reprimand to Lord Durham, and, of course, his presence in the Cabinet rendered any accommodation with that lord more difficult; and the decided enmity of Lord Durham and his House-of-Commons followers might be fatal to a ministry which has but a bare majority of half a dozen. But Lord Glenelg's colleagues could not have thus ventured to *burke* him if the country had not concurred with them—(and it is, perhaps, the only point on which they ever entirely agreed)—that he deserved an even more offensive dismissal, for his gross incapacity and notorious subserviency to underlings. As for his *Mephistophiles*, Mr. Stephen, we trust that he may be soon removed to some situation for which he may be better (he cannot be worse) fitted; and that the public opinion in England, as well as the first and most anxious wish of our whole colonial world—the phrase is not too large for such mighty interests—may be propitiated by the removal of the '*incubus*' which has so long oppressed and agitated them.

Let it not be thought that these are mere personal reflections. We speak not of *persons*, but of the *personification* of a principle, which every line of Sir Francis Head's book proves to have guided the dark and at length *fatal* policy of the Colonial Office. We doubt whether his exposure of this baneful system will not have been—next to his vindication of the Canadian people—the most immediate practical merit of his work.

But what is to be the future destiny of these colonies? This Canadian question is, as we once before stated, one of vast reach *both into time and space*; for our present management of those great colonies must determine whether they are to form, in future and not distant days, the *subordinate tributary*—or a *powerful counterpoise and rival*—to the United States. Even while we are writing we learn that the ministers are preparing, or have prepared, their scheme. We neither have the wish nor the means of anticipating what it may be; as little can we venture to foresee what additional difficulties the recent collision between New Brunswick and the State of Maine may produce. We will only deal with the matter as it at this moment presents itself to us; and we are inclined, from the best consideration that we can give the subject, as well as from the best local opinions, to think that the plan proposed in Sir Francis Head's dispatch of the 28th October, 1836, would be upon the whole the safest and most satisfactory:—

Let

1. Let the Act giving up the revenue of the 14th George III. be repealed.

2. Annex Gaspé to New Brunswick.

3. Annex Montreal to Upper Canada.

4. Make the north bank of the Ottawa the boundary of Lower Canada, giving the waters of the river, and the expenses of making them navigable to Upper Canada, Lower Canada having free right to use them by paying the same tolls as the Upper Province.

Upper Canada, which, without any exception, contains the largest region of black rich earth I have ever witnessed, would then comprehend almost all that is British in the Canadas, and it would have, as its own port of entry, Montreal, the wealth and importance of which would draw the exports as well as imports of the country to the St. Lawrence: whereas, continue to deny to Upper Canada that port, and every person acquainted with the country foresees, and has long foreseen, that its produce, *pent up under high pressure, must fly off, by licit or illicit means, into the United States.*

As long as Upper Canada remained poor, and occupied in petty political discussions, the want of a free port of entry was merely a subject of constant complaint; but whenever it shall become flushed with wealth, unless free circulation be given to its commerce, I have no hesitation in saying I believe the people would revolt from any government on earth that should deny them *this natural respiration.*—p. 131.

No fundamental change in the political constitutions of any of the provinces need, at least for the present, be proposed:—but Lower Canada, that has voluntarily forfeited its *representative* constitution—for which we really doubt whether the French Canadians are yet ripe—should be governed by the *Queen in Council*—that is as it formerly was, and as all our other colonies are governed which have not representative Assemblies. In process, and we confidently hope no long process, of time Lower Canada would be brought back to its natural loyalty and good humour, and prepared for the restoration of the representative system; while Upper Canada would be at full liberty to push the long and vigorous arms of *commerce* to the Atlantic, and of *colonization* into the boundless West.

There is one leading point in this great question which we trust we may consider as already decided. Lord Durham's *Report*, and the scheme which it proposes, *must be utterly rejected.* Lord Melbourne, indeed, said a few words on the first appearance of the *Report* which might lead us to fear an intention of adopting it—at least in some degree; but at that time Lord Melbourne could hardly have *read*—certainly not *considered*—that strange document.

Its pompous absurdities—its puerile pedantry—its distorted facts—its false reasoning—and its monstrous inconsistencies, are so flagrant as hardly to require any additional exposure. But

contemptible as it may appear, it is produced under such ominous circumstances, and seems to be fraught with so much insidious mischief, that we think it our duty to endeavour to place in their true light a few, at least, of its absurdities and iniquities. With a few our limits compel us to rest satisfied; a complete examination would have required a volume as bulky as itself, or as a *President's Message*; which species of state-paper it is indeed evident Lord Durham's *Camarilla* have kept before them as the true model of dignity, wisdom, brevity, and elegance. It would have been easy for us (though not perhaps very amusing for our readers) to exhibit gross vices and glaring contradictions in every page of this dullest and feeblest of folios.

Its very first feature is a gross and most important misrepresentation. It has forced itself into the world, not only by surreptitious means, but under false pretences. Lord Durham had no more right nor authority to make this *Report to the QUEEN* than any other individual; but it was thought expedient to invest this disingenuous production with a kind of official authority, and to veil its selfish, mischievous, and irregular character under a fraudulent—as it seems to us—colour of royal sanction. Her Majesty's minister sought not to have received any report from a person who had, in defiance of the Queen's authority and their own, voluntarily cast off his official character, and annulled whatever authority he had possessed—who, deserting his confided duties, published at the same moment a Proclamation, which tended to disable and disarm his successor in presence of the enemy, and to endanger the safety of our North American dominions, and, eventually, of the empire at large—who, *no*, after having done all the mischief he could in the provinces, promulgates here what he calls a *Report*, but, in fact, a sarrago of false statements and false principles—the poisoned shaft of the flying Parthian—which, if its levity does not render its venom innocuous, will, we confidently predict, the most fatal legacy that could have been bequeathed to our American colonies. We certainly have no very exalted opinion of the honesty, and still less of the firmness, of our ministers; but we do not believe that they would have accepted, much less promulgated, this pestilent production, if they had had an option; and the whole course of this extraordinary affair justifies, we think, a strong suspicion that the mysterious mode of giving it to the world—before the ministers could have considered it—was to ensure its publication, even in despite of them.

But it is not the mode of publication alone which betrays this consciousness on the part of the authors of the *Report*, of its real character. They have endeavoured to mystify the public by pre-
fixing

fixing to it a copy of *Her Majesty's Commission*, appointing John George Earl of Durham, &c., to be *Our High Commissioner*; and then comes the Report, as if it were the natural produce of the said High Commission. This we shall show to be a complete misrepresentation.

First—Lord Durham had ceased to be High Commissioner. He had, by his own abrupt and most indecorous abdication of his duties, annulled his public character; and had no more official right to sit in judgment on the Canadas than—in a strictly analogous case—a *Lord High Steward*, created for the trial of a peer, would have to sum up the evidence, and pass sentence on the person tried, three months after he had broken his wand and dissolved his commission.

But let that pass: the *Commission*, even if it were in existence, does not warrant the Report. The commission carefully recites that it is as *Governor-General* that Lord Durham was invested with the additional character of *Lord High Commissioner*; 'with authority, by all lawful means, to inquire into—and report?—no such thing—to inquire into and, as far as may be possible, adjust all questions depending, in the said provinces, respecting the form and administration of their *civil government*;' and, with a view to the adjustment of such questions, John George Earl of Durham is appointed *Governor-General* of all the said provinces. The commission, therefore, was clearly a power given to the *Governor-General*, acting as such within his jurisdiction, of adjusting all such questions—subject, however, to the additional restriction of obedience to the instructions he might receive from the Secretary of State. There is not here the slightest authority for making a report—a posthumous report—a report concocted in Cleveland-row, in the parish of St. James, Westminster—not respecting the form and administration of the *civil government* of the said provinces—but, *de omni prorsus ignoto*—a Report, in short, which, like the voluntary affidavits of diseases and cures, published by other quack doctors, involves no legal nor even official responsibility for its truth or falsehood.

But, if any doubt could exist upon this point, we have other documents which settle the question. The original act creating Lord Durham's authority had this proviso:—

'In order to the preparation of such measures as it may be desirable to propose to Parliament for improving the constitution of the provinces of Lower Canada and Upper Canada, and for regulating divers questions in which the said provinces are jointly interested, her Majesty hath been pleased to authorise the Governor-General of her Majesty's provinces in North America to summon a meeting, to be holden within one of the said provinces,

provinces, consisting of the said Governor-General and of certain persons to be by her Majesty or on her Majesty's behalf for that purpose appointed, and also consisting of *certain other persons representing the interests and opinions* of her Majesty's subjects inhabiting the said provinces.

This power of assembling a *Convention* of the two provinces was subsequently omitted from the Bill, on the observation of Sir Robert Peel that it was a power which should be given by the royal authority, and not by the preamble of an Act of Parliament; and, accordingly, we find it repeated in Lord Glenelg's *Instructions* to Lord Durham:—

'In order to lay the ground for the permanent settlement of the questions which agitate Lower Canada, and also of those which create divisions between Upper and Lower Canada, it will probably be found necessary to resort to some legislative measures of a comprehensive nature. *But before such measures can be framed and submitted to Parliament*, it would be highly desirable to ascertain the wishes and opinions of the people of both provinces regarding them.

'This object could best be attained by a personal communication on your part with such *persons selected from each province* as may be presumed, from their station, character, and influence, to *represent the feelings* of their fellow-countrymen in general. It seems advisable, therefore, to authorise your Lordship, if you should so think fit, to *call around you a certain number of such persons, with whom you might take counsel* on the most important affairs of the two provinces.'

From all this it is clear,

1°. That no power was given (nor indeed could be given) to Lord Durham beyond his actual tenure of office;

2°. That the powers given were to the Governor-General and High Commissioner to *adjust* on the spot whatever could be so adjusted; and,

3°. That for those larger objects which he could not *adjust on the spot*, he should have summoned a *convention to inquire, discuss, and report* to the government at home.

No such convention ever was assembled, and therefore no such Report could be made; and therefore the *present* pseudo-Report is, in form, substance, and spirit, wholly unauthorised by—nay, in direct contravention of—not only the *Commission*, which is given as its foundation, but of the plain intent and meaning of all his instructions and powers. *Quod erat (à nobis) demonstrandum.*

We have dwelt on this preliminary point, because, important as we consider it to be—decisive, indeed, of the fraudulent character of the *Report*—we have not seen that it has been noticed in either House of Parliament. *Audaces fortuna juvat*: the boldness of the attempt of giving an *official authority* to this
frothy

frothy farrago of individual ignorance and prejudice seems to have produced the desired effect of leading away the public mind from the consideration of those questions of Lord Durham's administration, for which he was legally and really, officially and personally responsible—*Quod erat (ab illis) faciendum*.

We have thus, we think, stripped this Report of its assumed character, and exhibited the real object and design of its authors—namely, in the first place, to issue, under some colour of royal authority, the most democratic and anarchical principles; and, secondly, to imitate that ingenious animal, the cuttle-fish, which, when hard pressed, muddies the water, and makes its personal escape by a profuse shedding of its inky secretion.

Such being, as we conscientiously believe, the general design and character of the Report, we must now show how it proceeds to do its work.

It begins by laying down a fundamental principle:—‘*The real struggle in Canada is one, not of principle, but of RACES—the hostile divisions of French and English!*’

Now that the mismanagement of the Colonial Office, and perhaps some echo of the July Revolution, and the successful example of Irish agitation may have succeeded in alienating to a considerable degree the affections of the French Canadians, we are not prepared to deny;—but the theory of the Report which attributes the fact to a deep-rooted, *hereditary*, and *irreconcilable* antipathy, is not only absurd in itself, but is wholly inconsistent with other assertions of the Report. Hostile divisions between *races* must be strongest, one would think, as each race should be nearest to the source of its original prejudices—but these races came into contact in Canada in the year 1760, when the English conquered the province; and even then the French Canadians showed no antipathy to the English. A few years after came the American insurrection, which would naturally have brought out this national antipathy to England: it never appeared. Then France herself joined in the war, and sent armies and agitators to America: they found no sympathy in Canada. Then came the French revolutionary war, and a series of events that might naturally have quickened every French pulse throughout the world; but the French pulse in Canada was not merely quiet, but continued to beat with a steady and a healthy loyalty towards England. Then came the double war in 1813, in which American Independence and French glory made common cause against England: the French Canadians resisted both these natural impulses, not merely steadily but *actively*: they took arms—voluntarily, affectionately, enthusiastically, successfully, in defence of the ‘*hostile race*,’ and Canada was saved to England by those

to

to whom the *Report* attributes an hereditary and irreconcilable antipathy. Can nonsense go farther?

Alas, yes! The *Report* subsequently admits that—
 ‘The national hostility has not assumed its permanent influence till of late years.’—p. 9.

That is,—never showed itself until, had it ever existed, it would in the course of nature have gradually worn itself out. When it must have been strongest, it is admitted to have been weakest.

Again—

‘During the first period of the possession of the colony by the English, intermarriages of the two races were by no means uncommon, but now are very rare.’—p. 17.

So that the first bond of human society, that which has harmonised all other nations, fails before Lord Durham’s theory; and the national antipathy of the Canadians now breaks out under circumstances which have obliterated the natural antipathies of all the rest of mankind. But may not the personal deportment of the ‘*fiers Anglais*,’ their characteristic arrogance, and ‘the exclusive favouritism’ of the government to the British race, have alienated the insulted and injured French? Quite the reverse—the hostility, it is admitted, has only assumed its marked character of ‘late years,’ and the *Report* tells us in another place that—

‘It was not till within a very few years that the [English] civil and military functionaries ceased to exhibit towards the Canadians an exclusiveness of demeanour’—‘and a national favouritism.’—p. 14.

So that, according to this argumentation, as long as the Canadians were insulted and oppressed, they were contented and loyal—they intermarried with the sons and daughters of England—they fought with equal zeal and success the battles of England; but, within a few years, the social insult and the national oppression have ceased; and, within the very same few years, the social and national antipathy has burst out into irreconcilable hostility.

What, if all this were literally true, would it prove, but that in Canada, as in Ireland, and everywhere else, a system, in which fear puts on the fraudulent veil of conciliation, and attempts to buy a precarious quiet by unprincipled concession, is sure not only to fail, but to inflame and aggravate what was at first but a bugbear into a fatal reality?

But the *Report*, not satisfied with present misrepresentation and mischief, seems almost to wish that its prophecies should accomplish themselves. If there did really exist a national antipathy, should it have been proclaimed—inflamed—perpetuated? Is a doctor to tell a nervous patient that he must die? Is the Queen’s

representative

representative to tell a distracted people that it never—no, never—in any circumstances, or any possibility, can be quieted?

'At the root of the disorders of Lower Canada lies the conflict of the two races; until this is settled, no good government is practicable.'—p. 27.

Very well—suppose this true—of course the Queen's High Commissioner, Mediator, and Pacificator will give some lenitive counsel towards settling it.

'I do not exaggerate the inevitable constancy any more than the intensity of this animosity: never again will the present generation of French Canadians yield a loyal submission to a British government. In such a state of feeling, the course of civil government is hopelessly suspended. Nor does there appear to be the slightest chance of putting an end to this animosity during the present generation.'—p. 22.

On the last word of these marvellous opinions, delivered to the world under the semblance of the Queen's authority, we should venture the emendation of a few letters, which, though it might not reconcile them with the Report, would at least make sense of the individual passage—for present generation, read present administration. The recent insurrection—the continued provocation to disaffection which is weekly transmitted from England—and, above all, this Report (if it should meet any credence)—render, we admit, reconciliation difficult, perhaps distant; but, when the din of arms is passed—and even though Hume and Durham cannot be gagged—we are satisfied that a brave, honest, and fearless policy will restore, and would restore, even if the animosity were deeper than we believe it to be, mutual confidence between the high-minded and tolerant English and the kind-hearted and amiable Canadians.

But, as if it were not sufficiently lamentable that the Report of the Queen's High Commissioner should thus contribute its vaticinal authority—*havis xanav*—to the perpetuation of internal animosities, the Report superadds a prophecy of still more formidable calamities from abroad. The French Canadians, says the Report—

'are reckless of consequences, provided they can wreak their vengeance on the English. No considerations would weigh against their all-absorbing hatred of the English. My experience leaves no doubt on my mind that an invading American army might rely on the co-operation of almost the entire French population of Lower Canada.'

To this astonishing assertion—and something worse than astonishing, from such a quarter—we answer, as Sir Francis Head did to a similar menace from the traitor Papineau—*Let them come if they dare.* Let Sir John Colborne be sure of support and countenance at home—let him have to fight no enemies but those that

that either bank of the St. Lawrence may supply—and *let them come if they dare*—even if, instead of

'*BIDWELL AND THE GLORIOUS MINORITY*,' they should bear on their banners the more ominous words of

DURHAM AND HIS GLORIOUS REPORT.

But, even while we write, the news of the invasion of New Brunswick gives a more awful importance to these passages. It is impossible that the *Report* could have reached America in time to have had any influence in producing the first proceedings in Maine*—but something of its drift may have transpired—and at all events it is impossible that in the course of the discussion or conflict it should not give encouragement to the pretensions of the American invaders.

It is really surprising to us—low as we estimate Lord Durham's prudence—that he should not have seen the fatal inferences which might be drawn from these (as we are satisfied they were on his part) *inconsiderate* suggestions. Such opinions, we venture to assert, ought not to have been promulgated under the authority of the royal commission, even if they had been the painful result of the most mature consideration and conviction; but what shall we say when they are rested on such flimsy fallacies as we have seen, and illustrated by such childish inconsistencies as follow? The Report expatiates on

'the rarity, nay almost *total absence*, of personal encounters between the *two races*: their mutual fears restrain personal disputes and riots, even among the lower orders.'—p. 17.

This 'invincible national antipathy' can be, it seems, as tame as Van Amburgh's wild beasts; and the *total absence* of personal disputes and riots might lead a common observer to doubt whether the antipathy really existed; but the Report gets rid of the difficulty by attributing so remarkable a fact to the '*personal fears of the lower orders*'; and what manner of personal fear?—of being thrashed by their adversaries, or sent to gaol by the police? Oh, no!—this prudent and thoughtful class of society acts on a merely moral consideration—a generous and self-denying principle—which does infinite honour to the *lower orders* in Canada. The French do not beat the English in the country, where the French are strongest, for fear the English should beat the French minorities in the towns; and the English populace of the city will not touch the hair of a French head, lest they should draw down the *vengeance* of the French peasantry on certain isolated English settlers, in a distant district, about whose existence

* The coincidence, however, is so curious, that it is worth while to state that the *Report* first appeared in the '*Times*' of the 8th February, and the troubles in Maine took place three weeks earlier.

the said populace know and care just as much as they do of the squabbles between the Hong merchants and the Hoo-poo at Canton. But, as if the absurdity of such a theory was not enough, the Report, in the adjoining pages, when it happened to suit some other view of the case, overturns its own facts, and admits

'the animosity which exists between the *working classes* of the two originals.'—p. 15.

And again,

'National prejudices naturally exercise the greatest influence over the most uneducated. The *working men* naturally ranged themselves on the side of the wealthy and educated of their countrymen. When once engaged in the *conflict*, their passions were the less restrained by education and prudence, and the *national hostility* now rages most *fiercely* between those whose interests in reality bring them least into collision.'—(ib.)

And again,

'In Montreal and Quebec there are English and French schools; children in them are accustomed to fight nation against nation; and the quarrels that arise amongst boys in the street usually exhibit a division of *English into one side and French on the other*.'—(ib.)

The mode in which the latter contradiction would be reconciled is, probably, that as the antipathy has grown up of late years—the boys have caught it, but the men have not. These are samples, culled from its first pages, of the blundering blindness—whether wilful or natural it is not for us to pronounce—which pervades the whole Report, and forcibly reminds us of that elegant animal, who when he commits himself to an element with which he is wholly unacquainted, cuts his throat while he fancies he is swimming. The more rapid the stream, the surer, we are told, is the *suicide*; and the St. Lawrence, therefore, is one of the finest rivers in the world for such an experiment.

From the *theorem* of national antipathy, the Report next proceeds to the still more important *problem* of the practical grievances of Canada and their remedies; and here again the authors contrive to make a fundamental mistake, which nullifies every page of their laborious dissertation. That fundamental error (perhaps we were wrong in calling it a *mistake*) is this, that they forget, or choose to forget, that Canada is a *province*—a *colony*. They measure it by a scale of doctrines which are applicable only to a national and independent *sovereignty*; nay—whatever is inconsistent with their notions, not merely of *sovereignty* in general, but of the *sovereignty of the people*, is a *grievance*, and all their remedies lead directly or indirectly to the same principle. If the Report could be personified we should say that it was a decided Jacobin of 1792, *qui n'avait rien oublié ni rien appris*. This perversion

of

of the colonial character of the provinces so completely pervades every paragraph of the *Report*, that we are hardly able to select separate instances sufficiently short for extracts; but we shall try:—

He—our imaginary Jacobin—begins by complaining, as a fundamental grievance, that by the original French constitution the Canadian

‘was allowed no voice in the government of his province, or the choice of his rulers.’—p. 12.

This recondite historical fact—that France was not, prior to 1759, an elective monarchy, and that, consequently, the Canadian colonies had no voice in the choice of either the king or even the ministers of France—hardly, we think, deserves printing at the public expense in the year 1839. But our erudite *Report* goes on to lament that the introduction of the English system of representative assemblies did not cure this original sin—we may well call it *original sin*, for we believe ‘tis as old as Adam—for, even in the interior management of the province, ‘instead of legislating in the AMERICAN spirit,’ they followed ‘the spirit of legislation which prevails in the OLD WORLD.’—(p. 19)—that is, the Colony imitated the *mother Monarchy* instead of the *neighbouring Republic*.

And again:—

‘The motives and actual purposes of their rulers were hid from the Colonists themselves. The most important business of government was carried on—not in open discussions or public acts—but in a secret correspondence between the Governor and the Secretary of State.’—p. 39.

And again:—

‘In all the Colonies the administration is habitually confided to those who do not co-operate harmoniously with the popular branch of the legislature:’

that is, the Governors are chosen by the *Crown* of England, and not by the *People* of the provinces,—

‘and it would seem as if the object of those who framed the Colonial Constitution had been the combining apparently popular institutions with an utter absence of all efficient control of the PEOPLE over their RULERS.’

Oh Shakspeare!—Shakspeare! by what spirit of poetical prophecy didst thou imagine that type of vulgar democracy that would submit to a king only on condition of being viceroy over him.

Following out this principle, the *Report* proceeds to state and to justify the encroachments of the Colonial Assemblies on the metropolitan sovereignty.

‘The [Representative] Assemblies, however, soon evinced an inclination to make use of their powers, and from that time, till the final abandonment

abandonment in 1832 of every portion of the reserved revenue (excepting the casual and territorial funds), an unceasing contest was carried on, in which the Assembly, making use of every power it gained for the purpose of gaining more, acquired, step by step, an entire control over the whole revenue of the country.—p. 28.

The sovereignty of the purse is a pretty large step towards absolute sovereignty, and so the Assemblies proceed to work out the proposition.

‘A substantial cause of contest yet remained: the Assembly after it had obtained entire control over the public revenues, still found itself deprived of all voice in the choice, or even designation, of the persons in whose administration of affairs it could feel confidence—the administrative power of Government remained free from its influence.’

In other words, Canada was a colony, and its administration was directed by the sovereign and government of the mother country; and then the Report adds—‘The powers for which the Assembly contended appear in both instances to be such as it was perfectly justified in demanding;—and this justification is rested on reference to the constitutional practice of England—quite forgetting that England is not a colony, but the mother and mistress of colonies.’

‘Since the revolution of 1688 the stability of the British Constitution has been secured by that wise principle of our government which vested the direction of national policy and the distribution of patronage in the leaders of the Parliamentary majority.’—p. 30.

And then the Report proceeds, at great length, to maintain that the application of any narrower principle to Canada is a preposterous anomaly. Now, a representative monarchy may be, for aught we know, a preposterous anomaly—a colony, with a popular representation, a still more preposterous anomaly—but neither can be so preposterous an anomaly as the investing what is called a colony with every form and power of the most absolute and entire sovereignty—in short, to use Lord Durham's own illustration—of giving to the colonial assemblies the omnipotence of the House of Commons of England.

This is the simple key which opens all the grievances and all the remedies of the Report—the Houses of Assembly are to be in the provinces what the House of Commons is in England! But then, we ask, what power over the colonies would remain, even to the House of Commons of England? We will not entangle the discussion with such small matters as the Queen and the Lords—but supposing, as in 1650, England a Commonwealth, and the House of Commons the sole government, what would remain to it of metropolitan power, if each of its colonies were governed by an equally independent House of Commons of its own? And yet

yet it is the Queen's Ex-High Commissioner, the recent depositary and organ of the royal authority, and himself a Peer of Parliament, who promulgates these doctrines—this new, and to us, incomprehensible system of 'colonial connexion': the *Report* calls it *connexion*—to our understanding, it is absolute *separation*.*

Such being the disease, we admit that the *Report* is consistent in proposing its remedy. Lord Durham, it seems, long hesitated between a *Federal Union* of the several provinces—that is, the constitution of the United States—or a *Legislative Union*, with one sole and sovereign Congress for the whole; but he finally decides for the latter. This would, at first sight, surprise the reader of the *Report*, after the manifold hints everywhere thrown out of the superiority of the *American* system, and particularly its singular appropriateness to Canada: but it does not surprise us—for the *Legislative Union* is but a shorter cut to a CANADIAN REPUBLIC;—and so we think our readers will soon be satisfied, when they come to examine the various considerations on which, if we wished to establish a *Canadian Republic*, we should recommend this very scheme in preference to all others.

1st. The naked adoption in *limine* of the *American* form might startle men both at home and abroad: it would be imprudent to begin with showing our whole game.

2nd. Nor would it be so certain to accomplish the desired result. In a *federation* of states, though meeting in one Congress, there might be a rivalry of feelings and interests: Lower Canada might take one view, Upper Canada another; New Brunswick might tend *towards*, or possibly *against*, its neighbours of Maine; Nova Scotia and the Islands might be influenced by the maritime power of the metropolis. The divided opinions of the local legislatures would be strongly felt in the circumscribed and responsible Congress; and the process of bringing them all to concur in throwing off the British monarchy might be difficult, or at best tedious. But, amalgamate them all—create one single, unfettered, and, according to the hypothesis of the *Report*, omnipotent and House-of-Commons-like assembly—unchecked by local influences, uncontrolled by local legislatures—invested with the absolute power of the purse—with the making and un-making of 'its own rulers'—the sole arbiter of its own government—and add to all these, the *esprit de corps*, the vanity, the pride, the ambition, that are inevitably generated in such an assembly; and

* There is another inconsistency in the *Report* which deserves special notice. All the *sovereign* rights are to be transferred to the local legislatures, except one, the one with which, perhaps, they could best be intrusted, namely, the management of unallotted lands—that alone is to be reserved for the *home government*. Why?—to create a *Board of Canadian Land Commissioners* in London, at which some two or three of the authors of the *Report* would not be averse to sit!

then—one passionate debate, one excited hour—one hasty, one enthusiastic, one intimidated vote—and the business is done!—done perhaps by a majority of one.

Srd. Towards such a design, if we entertained it, we should have proceeded just as the Report does. The French Canadians profess and possess an *established religion*, that—except when perverted by extraneous circumstances, as in Ireland, is essentially favourable to *monarchy*: they are attached, also, to a kind of feudal system and a code of ancient law, which they venerate: they are quiet, indolent, contented, and affectionate: the unbridled sectarianism and the wild adventurous character of the population of the United States are alike repugnant to their religious feelings and their social habits. Though they may have been momentarily, accidentally, or by a train of infamous delusions, alienated from their monarchical allegiance, the events of 1813 show that it lay deep in their hearts, and may at any moment be revived. It might therefore happen that this, at the present hour, most disturbed district should be—on the question of assimilation to the American republic—found the most refractory: they might have the bad taste to abhor *camp-meetings*, *Lynch-law*, and the *bowie knife*; and they might chance to be perversely resolute in their allegiance to the mild, paternal, and tolerant monarchy of England. These are *possibilities* which, with our supposed design, we would thus guard against. We should begin by attributing to these poor people a strong, and, though only of a few years' growth, fixed and incurable antipathy to the *British race*. This, if we could contrive to get it promulgated (no matter by what undue means) from the highest authority, might be believed by both parties, and the alienation might really become mutual and invincible. Having thus advocated their separate and special grievances, and given their imputed hostilities such undue importance in the scale as to make it the excuse of our ulterior proceedings, we should, when that purpose had been served, turn round on them and propose plans for their utter extermination. We should write a series of chapters under such significant headings as the following:—

'Lower Canada should be made ENGLISH.'—p. 103.

'Isolation of the French in an Anglo-Saxon world.'—p. 104.

'Hopeless inferiority of the French Canadian race.'—p. 105.

'Economical obstacles to perpetuation of their nationality.'—ib.

'The French nationality is destitute of invigorating [quere republican] qualities.'—p. 106.

'Character of the province should be immediately changed.'—ib.

And finally—

'Importance of preserving the SYMPATHY of the UNITED STATES!'

What

What think you, good reader? Have we made out our case? Do you now understand the *Report*, whose contradictions and intricacies seemed so incomprehensible at the outset? Could we—if we were planning the overthrow of our colonial dominion—have, with more art than this *Report* has *unintentionally* done, wound round the unhappy colonies a series of more sleek and serpent-like coils, till we finally developed the awful *rattle* at the tail! ‘*Importance of American SYMPATHY!*’ while Canada is bleeding and burning under the tender mercies of the AMERICAN SYMPATHISERS!

There we leave the more important and serious topics of this wonderful *Report*. We are willing to acquit Lord Durham, not merely out of courtesy but in sincerity, of having seen and intended all the monstrous results with which it is to our eyes pregnant; and we do so with the less difficulty, because with so much that appears to us mischievous, and even fatal, we find so many instances of mere absurdity, that we can hardly comprehend how such contemptible trifling could be mixed with any premeditated mischief; unless indeed it could be supposed that Lord Durham was only

‘the tool

Which knaves do work with, call’d a fool.’

To justify in any degree this indulgent opinion, we think it necessary to give some specimens of the childish folly* which tends to neutralise the portentous passages that we have already quoted.

What think you of a member of the *House of Lords*—to be sure a very new and unexperienced one—but what think you of any Englishman discovering as one of the great evils of the judicial system of Canada that—

‘The appellate jurisdiction of Lower Canada is vested in the Executive Council, a body established simply for political purposes, and composed of persons in a great part having no legal qualifications whatsoever. On these occasions the two chief justices of Quebec and Montreal are *ex officio* presidents, and each in turn *presides when*

* The solemn nonsense of the statistical information given in the Appendix to the *Report* is laughable. Take one example as extracted by Sir F. Head in his second edition of the ‘*Narrative*’ :—

‘*Etat des Enfants Trouvés qui ont été aux soins des Sœurs Grises, de l’Hôpital général de Montreal, pendant le période du 10 Octobre, 1836, au 10 Octobre, 1837.*

‘*I. Etat des enfans qui étoient reçus avant le 10 Octobre, 1836, et qui ont continué à être en nourrice.*

88.—‘(Here follow five folio pages, containing a list of these little babies.

‘In this valuable document it is reported to the Queen that none of these babies had surnames, but their christian names are all inserted, as well as the precise dates at which they were received by “les sœurs grises,” the periods they remained with them, and the day of their deaths. Thus it appears that François lived two days; Jeanne, eight days; Marie Philomène, five days; Louis, five days; Cornelle, eight days; Leander, six days; Edouard, four days; Maximin, only one day; and so on for two hundred and fifty-six little babies!’

appeals from the other's district are heard. The laymen who are present to make up the necessary quorum of five, as a matter of course, leave the whole matter to the preceding chief justice, &c. &c.; and further, that the two chief justices constantly differed, and reversed each other's decrees.'—p. 44.

Monstrous! but has the Earl of Durham never heard of a certain *appellate jurisdiction* nearer home, in which a chief judge, who is *ex officio* president of a *political body*, with only three laymen as an assistant *quorum*, decides all questions *en dernier resort*—and in which the laymen, 'as a matter of course, leave the whole matter to the chief judge?—Has he never heard by chance that one Lord Chancellor will sit as presiding judge when one of his predecessor's decisions is questioned; that the predecessor will sit when one of the existing Chancellor's is appealed against; that it sometimes happens that one of these legal lords reverses the decision of the other; and that Lord Cottenham 'constantly reverses' the decisions of Lord Langdale? All this may be very shocking; but we did not expect to find it occupying so formidable a place in the catalogue of *provincial grievances*.

Think too of a British Governor General, with *three legal advisers* from the English Bar, recording as a grave *Colonial grievance*, that—though an English barrister may practise in Canada as a *barrister*—he cannot—*proh pudor!*—practise as an *attorney*! (p. 61.) We know not where the severity of this grievance is felt:—hardly, we suppose, by English barristers, of whom '*vel duo vel nemo*' would be very desirous of practising as attorneys at *Patquashagama* or *Capoonnacaucaunistic*;—nor, we think, by the Canadian attorneys whose monopoly in *Capoonnacaucaunistic* is thereby protected;—and least of all by the good people of the back settlements, who think that they have already more lawyers than enough. But what of that? we want *grievances*, and '*faute de mieux*,' a *grievance* it shall be! Happy country where such are the *grievances*!

Think also of members of our Imperial Parliament—supporters, if not friends, of the present government—who condemn the Transatlantic legislatures to annihilation because—*inter alia*—

'it is their practice to make Parliamentary grants for local works—roads, bridges, &c.—a system *so vicious* and so productive of evil that I believe that until it is entirely eradicated, representative government will be incapable of working smoothly and well in those colonies.'—p. 33.

We certainly believe that legislatures do sometimes make improvident grants for local and even personal purposes, but *quis tulerit Gracchos?*—What does Lord Durham think of the long series of grants, loans, advances to our *Hibernian colony*—so

vicious and so productive of evil,' and some of which passed, we think, while he was in the Cabinet?—what of Lord Morpeth's last *Leviathan* job of proposing 2,500,000*l.*—for Irish Rail ways, said his Lordship—for Irish Tail ways, replies the indignation of England; but, at all events, we need not have sent to Canada for this species of grievance!

Again, on the important subject of the religious phenomena that must distinguish a country in which different persuasions are legalised, the *Report* makes some profound observations, only to be equalled in Doctor Swift's 'Critical Essay on the Faculties of the Human Mind'—*e. g.*

'Religion forms no bond of intercourse or union.'—p. 15.

It is seldom expected to do so amongst *opponent* sects. Nay, it has been generally thought—though Lord Durham has not happened to hear it—to have rather a contrary tendency, even in Europe, and that not within the *last few years* only; but notwithstanding this strange fact, that a diversity of religion does not tend to union, things of this sort are, on the whole, tolerably well managed in Canada:—

'It is, indeed, an admirable feature of Canadian society, that it is entirely devoid of any religious dissensions. Sectarian intolerance is not merely not avowed, but it hardly seems to influence men's feelings.'

We do not see how the result could be much better, even if rival religions had been a bond of intercourse and union. But the *Report* does not leave us long in the happy state of mind which this amiable picture of general tolerance creates,—

'For though the prudence and liberality of both parties has prevented this fruitful source of animosity from embittering their quarrels'—

not, we should have thought, a *very fruitful* source, since it produces no animosity—yet

'the difference of religion has, in fact, tended to keep them asunder.'

We might have been at a loss to guess how a matter that 'hardly seems to influence men's feelings' could, on the contrary, keep them asunder—but it is all cleared up by the crowning wonder—

'Their priests are distinct!'

Mirabile dictu! The same individual man is not, it seems, in Canada, the Anglican parson, the Romish confessor, and the Presbyterian minister. *Pro-digious!* and this announcement is followed by another equally astonishing:—

'They do not meet *EVEN* in the same church!'

That is, the Calvinist does not attend high mass, nor the Popish bishop the conventicle. *Credat Judæus!*—but if it be true, this is clearly a state of society which it was well worth crossing

crossing the Atlantic to witness, and well worth coming back to tell.

But Lord Durham has made a still more curious discovery. Who do you think are the 'rival race' that divide Canada with the French? The English, you will say, or the Scotch, or the Irish. No such thing. Oh! we see—his lordship always endeavours to speak with precision, even on the most trifling point—he, therefore, calls them by one generic name, the *British*—Not a bit of it! The Canadas were colonised first by the French, as we all know, and latterly, which nobody but Lord Durham knows, by the *Anglo-Saxons*! Yes, by St. Dunstan, and all the saints of the Heptarchy! all the *emigrants* or *immigrants** have been *Anglo-Saxons*! O, miracle of retributive justice! The French, under William the First, conquered the *Anglo-Saxons*, and the *Anglo-Saxons*, under William the Fourth, have taken their revenge in another hemisphere!

Now, that's what Lord Durham and Co. may call *philosophy*—a comprehensive view of the origin of national prejudices! If the immigrants had been English, or Irish, or Scotch, there might be some danger, perhaps—which would have spoiled half the Report—of their amalgamating with the French—but the *Anglo-Saxons*?—Never!

This stupid and blundering pedantry—particularly stupid, as the majority of the Canadian immigrants are subsequently stated to be the aforesaid Scotch and Irish, who have not a drop of *Anglo-Saxon* blood in their veins—this stupid pedantry we suppose may be borrowed from an *United States*' affectation (which we formerly noticed in Doctor Channing) of dissembling their *British* origin under the title of *Anglo-Saxon-Americans*: but used as it is in this Report *passim*, seriously, and earnestly, to mark more strongly the fancied and factitious antipathy between the French and English races, it is neither more nor less than what in French would be called a *bêtise*, and in *Anglo-Saxon*—*balderdash*!

We have neither space nor patience to drag our readers deeper into this mass of presumptuous and mischievous nonsense, and it is the less necessary, as some of its most prominent fallacies, both of statement and argument—which we might otherwise have been tempted to notice—have been exposed in a clever series of letters, published at first in the 'Times,' and since reprinted in a separate pamphlet, by 'A Colonist,' who knows—if it be not too much to say—almost as much about British America as Lord Durham—does not. The *Colonist* is understood to be Mr. Justice Hali-

* His Lordship with his usual accuracy frequently confounds the words, he thus pedantically distinguishes:—one passage of the Report talks of 'a tax on emigrants as a check on immigration.'

burton of Nova Scotia, the author of that lively work, *The Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, Clockmaker*, which so many people have read as a very amusing novel, but which is in truth a practical and patriotic view of the real state, the actual wants and wishes, and future capabilities of our North American empire. Mr. Haliburton's remarks on the spirit betrayed in the *Report* of stern hostility to the Church of England, and indeed all British institutions, and of flattery and flummery—*soft sauder*—to the Roman Catholics, the Dissenters, and the Americans, are powerful and conclusive, and prove that the *Report* has been concocted, much less by any sound or settled notions about Canada, than by a morbid anxiety to propitiate sectarian parties at home, and to atone with the Radicals in England for any little discountenance which Lord Durham was obliged to give to the Radicals in Canada.

And now we ask, what is to be the result of all this? Will not every legislature in British America, which is not tainted with *Papineau* or *Mackenzie* disaffection, repudiate all concurrence in the *Report* of Lord Durham, and petition against the possibility of any measure built on so rotten a foundation? Will that 'noble colony' of Upper Canada—will the loyal province of New Brunswick—will the happy and prosperous people of Nova Scotia not raise their voices against this libellous *Report*? Will not its echo reach even the poor misled and doomed French Canadians themselves, and will they not come forward to abjure the national antipathy and treasonable feelings attributed to them, and to deprecate the cruel extermination with which they are threatened? Will Sir George Arthur, and, above all, Sir John Colborne, acquiesce in what we believe to be such an extravagant tissue of misstatement and misrepresentation? Will not every heart, of whatever race or creed, in British America, rise indignantly against a *Report* smuggled into publicity by abusing the king's press most damnably, and which, under false colours, would invade and overthrow all the institutions under which they have lived, and under which they know that they have hitherto prospered, with less vicissitude than afflicts any other branch of the great British family?

But the cry, sharp and sonorous as it may be, of those distant and distinct victims of half-a-dozen men, who could not influence a parish vestry in England, may come too late! Have we no voice at home to vindicate their insulted characters and institutions, and to anticipate their certain and their just remonstrances? Where is Lord Brougham, with that abstract and expansive love of justice which before detected and punished Lord Durham's Canadian enormities? His lordship is not of our party;

but

but we appeal to qualities which political adversaries do not question—nor is this a party question—it is a question of justice to the provinces—of safety to the empire. It is a question, too, in which Lord Brougham is not altogether without personal responsibility; for we suspect that, if Lord Brougham had not driven Lord Durham from his Canadian throne, we should not have had so mischievous, certainly not so peevish, a Report to complain of. And, moreover, is Lord Durham's *Report* less monstrous in principle than Lord Durham's *Ordinances*? Have these been defeated only to give greater force and a more extensive and practical effect to doctrines still more dangerous? Or is Lord Durham's *Report* to be passed over in the same silence as so many of his former enormities? Why, we take the liberty of asking—why has not this Ex-Governor-General been arraigned at the bar of public discussion for his desertion of his duty—for his incendiary Proclamation—for the unconstitutional insubordination of his military dinner? Why has he not been personally asked to give to the country those *astounding revelations*—those *inconceivable disclosures* which he *promised* to the knot of Radicals in Devonport? Why has he not been summoned—ay, and put to parliamentary torture—to explain why, having, while he was in power, illegally banished certain traitors, he, after he had, in a childish pet, thrown up his office, invited them by Proclamation to return, to the manifest increase (as he admitted) of the public danger—and why did he, in the same Proclamation in which he threw up the government, and on the very eve of a formidable rebellion, promulgate and press on an excited public every topic which could embarrass and weaken his successor? All these matters may be, perhaps, explainable, but surely they require a fuller and more distinct explanation than any that has yet been elicited. Why was the discussion about the surreptitious publication of his *Report*—with a falsehood on the face of it, as *presented by the Queen's command*—not pressed to some rational conclusion after the lively and *promising* debates in the House of Lords of the 11th and 15th of February? Why did their Lordships permit the reluctant minister to lay on their table, as *from the Queen*, a document which he fairly confessed he should not have presented had it not been *forced on him* by its previous publication in the newspapers? Why has *acquiescence* given Lord Durham, in the eyes of the ignorant majority of mankind, a kind of twilight acquittal? Let it not be suspected that we have any personal prejudice against Lord Durham—the fact is quite otherwise. We regard him individually as a gentleman of great mark—of amiable private character, and undoubted personal honour—and we feel sincere regret that his *public* proceed-

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ings have forced us upon these animadversions. Sir Francis Head told Lord Glenelg, *on ne fait pas les révolutions avec de l'eau de rose*. We say, still more emphatically, *on n'éteigne pas les révolutions avec de l'eau de rose*. If Lord Durham's conduct deserves approbation, let it be approved; if, on the other hand, as we believe, his public conduct has been mischievous and unconstitutional in the deepest and the highest degree, let it be exhibited before the proper tribunal—the grand inquest of the nation. Let full and fair justice be done to Lord Durham if he be innocent, and to the Colonies and to England, if he be guilty.

We know, and we respect, and, if we may presume to say so, we participate the feelings which disincline the Conservative party from being forward in such criminatory proceedings. They are reluctant to question the authority of the Crown, even when its own ministers contemptuously discard it—they are reluctant to bring on a political crisis when they cannot foresee its final issue—they are unwilling to hazard the destinies of the empire in a by-battle on a '*trumpery Report*,' which few will read—fewer understand—nobody approve. With reference to the critical state of Canada itself, they have been willing to postpone to the last moment discussions which, with their immediate advantages, might also have produced collateral and local inconvenience. But a time *must* come, and we think that this monstrous *Report* authorises us to say *it is come*, when endurance becomes impossible. How long are our modern Catilines to abuse the patience of the senate? Is the usual *pis-aller* of ministerial mischief—the silly, hot-headed and cold-blooded Lord Ebrington—to be sent to make war on the Established Church in Ireland, with the same sort of dutiful acquiescence that would have accepted any of the decent nullities whom rumour had previously suggested for the Vice-Royalty? Why when this blusterer was so rash as to appeal to the House of Lords without being able to deny the *fatal word*, was he not answered by an address to the Throne for his removal? Is our respect for the Queen's constitutional authority to disable us from vindicating that authority from the reiterated insults of her mutinous representatives?

We venture to proclaim with a confidence—not our own merely, but prompted by the opinion of the best and gravest colonial authorities—that the time is arrived in which active resistance to these accumulated and accumulating evils is become an inevitable duty. This '*trumpery Report*'—as with regard to intrinsic value it is justly called—will become a text-book of disaffection in the distant recesses of our American provinces. With what does any incendiary set about kindling his fire but the lightest and most worthless trash? If the obscure and *obiter* evidence of such a person

person as Mr. Pleader Stephen was ostentatiously arrayed in the front of Mr. Pedlar Mackenzie's rebellion, only because he held a subordinate place in Downing-street, what will be the effect of the '*Report of his Excellency John George Earl of Durham, G.C.B., her Majesty's High Commissioner—printed and presented to Parliament*'—so runs, or rather, so lies the title-page,—by '*HER MAJESTY'S COMMAND*'? We can venture to answer—that every uncontradicted assertion of that volume will be made the excuse of future rebellions—every unquestioned principle will be hereafter perverted into a gospel of treason; and that, if that rank and infectious Report does not receive the high, marked, and energetic discountenance and indignation of the Imperial Crown and Parliament, BRITISH AMERICA IS LOST.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Tracts for the Times*. By Members of the University of Oxford. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1833-1837.
2. *Library of the Fathers of the Holy Catholic Church anterior to the division of the East and West*. Translated by Members of the English Church. Vols. I. and II. Oxford, 1838.
3. *Plain Sermons*. By Contributors to the '*Tracts for the Times*.' *First Series*. 1839.
4. *Remains of the late Rev. Richard Hurrell Froude, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College*. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838.
5. *Primitive Tradition recognised in Holy Scripture. A Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of Winchester, at the Visitation of the Worshipful and Reverend William Dealtry, D.D., Chancellor of the Diocese, Sept. 27, 1836. Third Edition, with a Postscript and Catena Patrum*. By the Rev. John Keble, M.A., Vicar of Hursley, and Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 1837.
6. *Parochial Sermons*. By J. H. Newman, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, and Fellow of Oriel College. London, 1834.
7. *Lectures on the Prophetical Office of the Church, viewed relatively to Romanism and Popular Protestantism*. By John Henry Newman, B.D. London, 1837.
8. *A Letter to the Rev. Godfrey Faussett, D.D., Margaret Professor of Divinity, on certain points of Faith and Practice*. By the Rev. J. H. Newman, B.D. Oxford, 1838.
9. *Lectures on Justification*. By J. H. Newman, B.D. London, 1838.
10. *Patience and Confidence the Strength of the Church. A Sermon preached on the Fifth of November before the University of Oxford*,

- 10 *Oxford, at St. Mary's.* By the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, Canon of Christ Church, and late Fellow of Oriel College. Oxford, 1837.
11. *A Letter to the Right Reverend Father in God, Richard Lord Bishop of Oxford, on the tendency to Romanism, imputed to Doctrines held of old, as now, in the English Church.* By the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D. Oxford, 1839.
12. *Sermons, preached chiefly in the Chapel Royal at Whitehall.* By F. Oakeley, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, and one of the preachers at Whitehall. Oxford. 8vo. 1839.

IT is of no little importance to watch the rise of a theological controversy. The feelings excited by it are generally good, and always strong. And religion takes so wide a range, that every theory respecting it must sooner or later bring it home to the interests of the many, by some practical application of principles. It becomes still more important, if the theory itself takes the form of a compact comprehensive system—if it is directed against the general temper of the day, and thus bears at once upon the whole circle of prevailing opinions—if it is conducted with a serious resolved dedication of great talents and learning to one definite object; and especially if it originates and spreads among men of commanding position and moral influence, and in a place which has always been favourable to the growth of similar principles.

All these circumstances are found in the controversy, to which the works named at the head of this article have given birth; and it occupies at present so much of public attention, both in England and abroad, that we can scarcely avoid taking notice of it.*

The 'Tracts for the Times' were commenced in the year 1833, at a time

'when irreligious principles and false doctrines had just been admitted into public measures on a large scale;' 'when the Irish seces had been suppressed by the State against the Church's wish;' 'when parties were acquiescing in it in utter apathy or despair;' and 'the attempt to remonstrate was treated on all hands with coldness and disapprobation.' 'They were written with the hope of rousing members of the Church to comprehend her alarming position, of helping them to realise the fact of the gradual growth, allowance, and establishment of unsound principles in her internal concerns; and having this object, they spontaneously used the language of alarm and complaint. They were written as a man might give notice of fire or inundation, to startle all who heard him, with only so much of doctrine

* See *Annales des Sciences Religieuses*, published at Rome; and *L'Ami de la Religion*, a religious journal published at Paris. No. 2915. Jan. 1838.

or argument as might be necessary to account for their publication, or might answer more obvious objections to the views therein advocated.*
—vol. iii. p. 3.

The principal contributors to them are understood to be four distinguished Members of the University of Oxford—Dr. Pusey, Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christ Church; the Rev. J. Keble, Professor of Poetry; the Rev. J. H. Newman, Fellow of Oriel, and Vicar of St. Mary's; and the Rev. I. Williams, Fellow of Trinity College. The volumes consist of Tracts on the Constitution of the Church—the Authority of its Ministers—the Ordinances, and especially the Sacraments of the Church—Refutations of the Errors of Romanism, and Directions how to oppose it—Reprints of old Tracts on the same subject—Translations of interesting portions of early Church History—Catenæ Patrum, or Collections of passages from the great standard English divines, to confirm and illustrate the principles of the Tracts—and Examinations of certain opinions and practices of the day connected with religion; especially a very valuable criticism on the popular writings of Mr. Abbot and Mr. Erskine. This is evidently a wide range, and no unimportant class of subjects; and, whatever opinion may be held on the mode of treating them, it is certainly surprising to find not only ordinary men throwing ridicule upon them, as questions of forms and ceremonies, and as tending to divide the Church upon frivolities, but even the excellent Bishop of Chester congratulating his assembled clergy that they are relieved from the necessity of attending to such trifles, in a passage like the following:—

‘We may regard it,’ he says, ‘as a compensation for urgent and laborious duties, that the business of a diocese, like that of which we are members, leaves no time for fables and endless genealogies, and questions which are not of godly edifying. We have too much to do with realities to be drawn aside by shadows.’—*Charge*, 1838, p. 3.

The object of these publications seems to have developed itself by degrees. It began with this question to the clergy—

‘Should the government and country?’—[as was then and is now very probable]—‘so far forget their God as to cast off the Church, to deprive it of its temporal honours and substance, on what will you rest the claim of respect and attention which you make upon your flock? Hitherto you have been upheld by your birth, your education, your wealth, your connexions; should these secular advantages cease, on what must Christ’s ministers depend?’—*Tract I.*, vol. i. p. 1.

No one can say that such a question was ill-timed, or that it is not as vital to the constitution of the Church, as the question whether the right by which kings rule be of God’s appointment,

* See also *Tract 1*, vol. i., *Tract 59*, vol. ii., and *Introduction to Lectures on the Prophetic Office of the Church*, p. 9.

or of expediency, or of the popular will, is to the constitution of the State. They proceeded to answer it by reminding the clergy of the derivation of their power from the Apostles, through Episcopal ordination—in other words, of ‘the Apostolical Succession.’ They showed, in addition to the Scriptural character of this doctrine, that this Succession has been handed down in the Church with scrupulous care from the earliest times*—that at the Reformation it was rigidly preserved by the Church of England,† and suspended by Luther and even by Calvin with avowed reluctance, and only under the pressure of necessity‡—that it has been shown to be an unanswerable argument for the truth of Christianity§—that it has been forgotten by ourselves only within the last fifty years—that it is the only ground upon which we can boldly meet Romanism and Dissent, the one with equal, the other with superior claims to a ministerial authority,—and that it has been maintained as the great pillar of the Church by the men on whom our Anglican theology rests, and is founded;|| for instance, by Hooker, Andrews, Hall, Bramhall, Mede, Sanderson, Hammond, Jeremy Taylor, Heylin, Pearson, Bull, Stillingfleet, Ken, Beveridge, Wake, Potter, Nelson, Law, Johnson, Dodwell, Collier, Leslie, Wilson, Bingham, Samuel Johnson, Horne, Jones of Nayland, Horsley, Heber, Jebb, Van Mildert, and Mant.

The next question was the polity of the Church. If it be an empire and government of its own, and a government appointed by God, how are we justified in disobeying its laws, especially when they face us every day in our Prayer-Books; and this when it is attacked on every side, endangered by the aggressions of the State, and numbers are deserting it on account of the negligence with which its discipline and teaching are enforced?

‘Methodism and Popery,’ it is observed in the preface to the Tracts, ‘are in different ways the refuge of those whom the Church stints of the gifts of grace; they are the foster-mothers of abandoned children. The neglect of the daily service, the desecration of festivals, the Eucharist scantily administered, insubordination permitted in all ranks of the Church, orders and offices imperfectly developed, the want of societies for particular religious objects, and the like deficiencies, lead the feverish mind, desirous of a vent for its feelings, and a stricter rule of life, to the smaller religious communities, to prayer and Bible meetings, and ill-advised institutions and societies on the one hand—on

* Tract, Nos. 5, 15, vol. i.

† Collier, p. 11, b. vi. p. 461.

‡ Bishop Hall, in his *Episcopacy by Divine Right*, quotes Calvin’s saying, ‘they are worthy of any anathema who, when they can have Bishops, have them not’ (p. 1, c. 2); and Beza’s, as to the Bishops of the Church of England,—‘Let her enjoy this singular bounty of God, which I wish she may hold for ever.’ (p. 1, c. 4.) Of Luther’s feeling on this subject it would be idle to multiply proofs.

§ Leslie’s *Short and Easy Method*, vol. iii. p. 2.

|| *Catenæ Patrum on the Apost. Success. Tract, No. 74, vol. iii.*

the other, to the solemn and captivating services by which Popery gains its proselytes. . . . There are zealous sons and servants of the English branch of the Church of Christ, who see with sorrow that she is defrauded of her full usefulness by particular theories and principles of the present age. . . . And while they consider that the revival of this portion of truth is especially adapted to break up existing parties in the Church, and to form instead a bond of union among all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, they believe that nothing but these *neglected* doctrines, faithfully preached, will repress that extension of Popery, for which the ever-multiplying divisions of the religious world are too clearly preparing the way.'—*Tracts*, vol. i. p. 4.

Hence the Tracts on the daily service, on the office of Bishops, the administration of the Eucharist, the celebration of Saints' days, the observance of Fasting according to the command of our Church, and one or two also on the relation of the Church to the State.

With these were necessarily connected two most important subjects—the doctrine of the Sacraments, and the authority of the Church in doctrinal matters. The former was the turning point of the Reformation. It involves, if thoroughly drawn out, nearly every point of faith and practice, and especially the chief differences between the Catholic Church in England, and its two opposite enemies, Romanism and Dissent. But we feel that this is not the place to enter on it.

'They are not subjects,' says Dr. Pusey (in his usual tone of deep reverential piety), 'for discussion, for speculation, for display of recently acquired knowledge; they are high, mysterious, awful Christian privileges, to be felt, revered, embraced, realised, acted. Let men not speak of them, until they have practised them, but rather pray God to deepen their own sense of them. They will then speak of them, if they speak at all, more chastenedly and in the ear—not in mixed society or in the market-place, and, we may trust, not so as to injure themselves or others, or make the mysteries of God a common thing.'

On this head, also, the authors of the Tracts have published two *Catena Patrum*,* showing that the views which they would revive are those of our old standard theologians, Jewell, Hooker, Overall, Field, Andrews, Hall, Mede—the compilers of the Scotch and American Prayer-Books—Bramhall, Cosin, Heylin, Hammond, Thorndike, Sancroft, Patrick, Bull, Stillingfleet, Beveridge, Comber, Nelson, Sherlock, Grabe, Leslie, Brett, Wheatley, Ridley, and Horsley, with a number of other eminent divines, without including the early Church, which our own Church acknowledges as her progenitor and guide.

The question of the authority of the Church, or the right doctrine of Tradition, was first boldly revived by Professor Keble in a sermon

* Tract, No. 51, p. 52, and No. 76, vol. iii.

preached at Winchester. It has been followed up (No. 78, vol. iv.) by a long Catena, confirming the views of the Tracts by the testimony of forty-two of our greatest theologians—for instance, Jewell, Hooker, Overall, Field, Hall, Jackson, Mede, Archbishop Usher, Bramhall, Sanderson, Cosin, Hammond, Thorndike, Taylor, Heylin, Pearson, Bull, Stillingfleet, Ken, Beveridge, Patrick, Grabe, Waterland, Bingham, Jebb, and Van Mildert; besides the Convocation of 1591, the Queen's Council of 1582, the Convocation of 1608, and the Commissioners of 1662; and to these must be added Chillingworth himself, the supposed champion of the very opposite principles. Dr. Hook, in a visitation sermon, (1838,) has added to these the testimonies of our English reformers, and shown that the doctrine contended for by Mr. Keble, instead of being papistical, is the true original foundation of the English Church. And a sermon, with a valuable appendix, has also been published on the same subject by the Rev. E. Manning, (1838,) which enters into it still more deeply, and must be conclusive to every reader. Shortly stated the doctrine is, that human tradition has no place in revelation—that neither the opinions of an individual on the interpretation of the Bible, nor the assertions of a single church, or any portions of a church, can be admitted to mix with the pure word of inspiration—that no individuals since the apostles are by themselves expositors of the will of Christ—that the unanimous witness of Christendom as to the teaching of the apostles, is the only, and the fully sufficient, and the really existing guarantee of the whole revealed faith—that catholicity is the only test of truth.* And both Mr. Keble and Mr. Manning have shown that we do possess, historically, such a guarantee, in the proceedings and remains of the primitive church.

Of this doctrine it will be easily seen, that, as involving the test of truth, the whole fabric of Christianity is virtually connected with it;—that the roots both of popery and dissent lie in wrong views of it—that it forms our only chance of uniting Christians in one common belief by fixing for their interpretation of Scripture a standard external to themselves—and that wherever it has been lost, either in Romanism or in the ultra-Protestant sects, there the consequences have been most perilous—in truth, wherever extraneous circumstances did not present some counterbalance, fatal—the overthrow of the church and gospel of Christ has followed also.† These are mainly matters of fact resting upon history, and not on preconceived opinions, and controversialists must be reminded that they are to be dealt with as facts, and

* Preface to Catena, No. 78, vol. iv.
† Palmer's Treatise on the Church, vol. ii. p. 49.

‡ Mr. Manning's Appendix, p. 113.

can be met only by historical contradictions. We mention this, because it is on this part of the field that the battle has been hitherto mostly fought; and the opponents have come forward in great alarm and bustle; but in such entire ignorance of the real question, and have been engaged so busily in beating the air, that it seems most probable that they have never even read the works which they have proposed to refute.

It is scarcely necessary to enter more minutely into an analysis of these Tracts. They contain, besides those which have been mentioned, two remarkable essays. One (No. 73, vol. iii.) is on the popular writings of Mr. Erskine and Mr. Jacob Abbott, containing a strong but most necessary warning of their real nature and tendency. And we should hope it would have the effect of checking their further circulation. It is in itself striking, as exhibiting the contrast between the earnest, trustful, reverential spirit of the writer, probably Mr. Newman, and the bold, presuming temper of that rationalising spirit which is at present prevailing among us. The other (No. 80, vol. iv.) is on the subject of 'Reserve in communicating Religious Knowledge.' It is written in a touching, humble, childlike temper, which is singularly interesting. It inculcates the necessity of dispensing religious truth with caution and reverence, not throwing it promiscuously before minds ill suited to receive it, nor making the most solemn doctrines of Christianity mere instruments to excite the feelings. This is too much the practice of the present day, and every sensible man will agree in reprobating it. The warning, however, requires to be given with the greatest caution, lest it seem to border on a recommendation of a suppression of the truth; and we are not sure that the writer has sufficiently brought out the errors which he is combating to save himself from some such censures.

The remainder of the volumes consist of shorter Tracts, reprints from old divines, chiefly in refutation of the errors of Romanism; and portions of primitive ecclesiastical history.

One feature in them must not be omitted—their opposition to what is called the popular religionism of the day. To delineate this fully as it appears in the writings of the world in which we live, would be beyond our present purpose. The contrast between it and the spirit of the Tracts may be seen in many essential features in a passage from another of Mr. Newman's works, and we select it not only with this view, but as compensating for the dryness of this detail, by its natural eloquence. It alludes to the prevailing notions on the subject of faith, and to that habit of self-consciousness which is at the root of most of our prevailing errors, whether in common life or in religion.—

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True faith is what may be called colourless, like air or water; it is but the medium through which the soul sees Christ; and the soul as little really rests upon it, and contemplates it, as the eye can see the air. When, then, men are bent on holding it (as it were) in their hands, curiously inspecting, analyzing, and so aiming at it, they are obliged to colour and thicken it, that it may be seen and touched. That is, they substitute for it, something or other, a feeling, notion, sentiment, conviction, or act of reason, which they may hang over, and doat upon. They rather aim at experiences (as they are called) within them, than at Him that is without them. They are led to enlarge upon the signs of conversion, the variations of their feelings, their aspirations and longings, and to tell all this to others;—to tell others how they fear, and hope, and sin, and rejoice, and renounce themselves and rest in Christ only; how conscious they are that they are but “filthy rags,” and all is of grace;—till in fact they have little time left to guard against what they are condemning, and to exercise what they seem to themselves to be full of. Now men in a battle are brief-spoken; they realise their situation and are intent upon it. And men who are acted upon by news good or bad, or sights beautiful or fearful, admire, rejoice, weep, or are pained, but are moved spontaneously, not with a direct consciousness of their emotion. Men of elevated minds are not their own historians and panegyrists. So it is with faith and other Christian graces. Bystanders see our minds; but our minds, if healthy, see but the objects which possess them. As God’s grace elicits our faith, so His holiness stirs our fear, and his glory kindles our love. Others may say of us “here is faith,” and “there is conscientiousness,” and “there is love,” but we can only say “this is God’s grace,” and “that is His holiness,” and “that is His glory.”

And this being the difference between true faith and self-contemplation, no wonder that where the thought of self obscures the thought of God, prayer and praise languish, and preaching flourishes. Divine worship is simply contemplating our Maker, Redeemer, Sanctifier, and Judge; preaching, conversing, making speeches, arguing, reading, and writing about religion, tend to make us forget Him in ourselves. The ancients worshipped; they went out of their own minds into the infinite temple which was around them. They saw Christ in the gospels, in the creed, in the sacraments and other rites; in the visible structure and ornaments of His house, in the altar, and in the cross; and not content with giving the service of their eyes, they gave Him their voices, their bodies, and their time, gave up their rest by night and their leisure by day, all that could evidence the offering of their hearts to Him. Theirs was not a service once a week, or some one day, now and then, painfully, as if ambitiously and lavishly, given to thanksgiving or humiliation; not some extraordinary address to the throne of grace, offered by one for many, when friends met, with much point and impressiveness, and as much like an exhortation, and as little like a prayer as might be; but every day and every portion of the day was begun and sanctified with devotion. Consider those seven services of the Holy Church Catholic in her best ages, which, without encroaching upon her children’s

children's duties towards this world, secured them in their duties to the world unseen. Unwavering, unflagging, not urged by fits and starts, not heralding forth their feelings, but resolutely, simply, perseveringly, day after day, Sunday and week day, fast day and festival, week by week, season by season, year by year, in youth and in age, through a life, thirty years, forty years, fifty years, in prelude of the everlasting chant before the throne,—so they went on, “continuing *instant* in prayer,” after the pattern of psalmists and apostles, in the day with David, in the night with Paul and Silas, winter and summer, in heat and in cold, in peace and in danger, in a prison or a cathedral, in the dark, in the day-break, at sun-rising, in the forenoon, at noon, in the afternoon, at eventide, and on going to rest, still they had Christ before them; His thoughts in their minds, His emblems in their eyes, His name in their mouths, His service in their postures, magnifying Him, and calling on all that lives to magnify Him, joining with angels in heaven and saints in paradise to bless and praise Him for ever and ever. O great and noble system, not of the Jews who rested in their rites and privileges, not of Christians who are taken up with their own feelings, and who describe what they should exhibit, but of the true saints of God, the undefiled and virgin souls who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth! Such is the difference between those whom Christ praises and those whom he condemns or warns. The Pharisee recounted the signs of God’s mercy upon and in him; the publican simply looked to God. The young ruler boasted of his correct life, but the penitent woman anointed Jesus’ feet and kissed them. Nay, holy Martha herself spoke of her “much service,” while Mary waited on Him for the “one thing needful.” The one thought of themselves; the others thought of Christ. To look at Christ is to be justified by faith; to think of being justified by faith is to look from Christ and to fall from grace. He who worships Christ, and works for Him, is acting that doctrine which another does but enunciate: his worship and his works are acts of faith, and avail to his salvation, because he does not do them as availing.—*Newman on Justification*, p. 385.

Regarded merely as literature, these publications possess a high interest, as coming from the University of Oxford. They are indeed the production of a few individuals, and have no claim to any sanction from the University itself. But they are the natural produce of its institutions, and indicate, like a float on the water, the setting and force of the current of its studies. In this point of view, without any reference to the opinions which they contain, they exhibit a return, and a very vigorous return, to sound principles of education. Every one will allow, that if a century back the University was comparatively torpid, yet the last fifty years have seen a great revival of activity. But its first movements, as generally happens in such cases, were irregular and even mischievous. Original thinking was the object professed. Clever men, too indolent or

too conceited to inquire what other men had written before them, sat down to think out subjects by themselves, and what was still worse, threw out their thoughts as they came uppermost, with a *haast* that no authority had been consulted, and just as hastily as if the welfare of the world depended on the publication of some crude fancy.

By this class of writers the Greek philosophers and our own deep school of Platonism in Cudworth, Smith, Berkeley, Norris, and More were set aside as mystics; and Locke, the man who, of all others, has done most to corrupt our ethics, unsettle our politics, and debase our metaphysics, was recommended, with Paley and certain Scotch writers, as offering to young minds an easy and intelligible doctrine. As they had no supply of facts from experience and research, and the same indolence which would not read could not think, except very superficially, a kind of captious logic was the only field left for the exercise of ingenuity; and words, not things, formed the main end of their inquiries. In history nothing was attempted, because the very highest powers of originality cannot invent dates and facts. Or, if the subject was touched on, some novel German theory, half understood and uninvestigated, was seized on and put forward in a new dress. Of poetry* (it is a remarkable fact, strongly indicating the poverty and shallowness of the prevailing principles) there was absolutely nothing. And in theology, to speak of the Fathers was to recall an antediluvian dream. Each man took his Bible, theorised on a text, discerned some new internal evidence, which was evidence perhaps to no one but himself, or offered to simplify a mystery by some rationalistic process, which ended in the unconscious revival of an exploded heresy.

Without any wish to depreciate the talents and personal worth of this school of writers, it is evident that such habits of mind, indulged in the presence of young men, must do harm. They strengthened, and, perhaps, in a great measure, originated the worst errors against which we are now struggling throughout the country. Men were sent out from the seat of their education with the belief that they were to think, not read, judge rather

* We have not space in the present article to go into the poetry which has proceeded lately from the Oxford School, but it forms an important feature in their general contribution to our literature. We gave a very brief notice of 'the Christian Year' on its first appearance—and constant re-perusals have only deepened the admiration we then expressed. Mr. Keble has founded a school of religious poetry—or rather, he has revived one—which affords a most remarkable contrast to the semi-sensual effusions still in vogue with too great a portion of English readers. He, indeed, is a true poet, and of a very high order; and several of his disciples are not unworthy to partake in his honours. That others should dilute his strains of sentiment, and some caricature his mere manner, might have been expected.

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than learn, look to their own opinions for truth, instead of some permanent external standard, and pursue it indolently in their easy chairs, as if any real wisdom or goodness could be reached without toil. And the effects we now see before us.

Happily another school has succeeded of a different kind. One of the most prominent characteristics of the new publications from Oxford is, that they are really learned. They exhibit, indeed, far more depth and originality of thought, and far more of logical power and acuteness, than any writing of the former class;—but there has been added to this as a principle, that ‘Individual speculation is not to be substituted for solid learning.’* And it is satisfactory to those who wish to see the English literature placed on a par with those monuments of labour and research which have been raised in Germany and by the Benedictine writers, that a commencement should have been made in this century, and made in the proper place—the University of Oxford. Already translations of the principal works of the Fathers have been undertaken, with a new edition of the original text. A translation of the epistles of ancient ecclesiastical writers, as the best basis of a sound church history, has also been planned; and such a general interest in the subject has been thus revived, that the demand for ancient theology in England, coupled with a recent demand in America and other countries, not unconnected with similar circumstances, has entirely exhausted the market.†

* Earnest Remonst., Tracts, vol. iii. p. 18.

† As this revival of theology is a very important fact in the literature and history of the day, it may be interesting to add a few particulars, which are given on the authority of an eminent bookseller.

There are now publishing in Paris the following reprints of Benedictine editions, with emendations of the text:—

St. Chrysostomi Opera, 15 vols. in 26 parts, royal 8vo.

Augustini Opera, 11 vols. in 22 parts, 1835-39.

Basilii Opera, 3 vols. in 6 parts.

Of these large and expensive works above 900 copies are regularly sold as the volumes appear; and probably the whole impression of 1000 copies will be sold as soon as completed.

Ambrosii Opera, 4 vols.

Bernardi Opera, 3 vols.

Cypriani Opera, 1 vol.

Lactantii Opera,

8vo. Besancon, 1836-38. At five francs a volume.

The exact extent of this series is not known; but, from the form and low price, it is evident that a large sale is calculated on.

Josephus, 6 vols. 12mo.

Philo Judæus, 8 vols. 12mo.

Clemente Alexandrinus, 4 vols. 12mo. } Leipzig, 1836-38.

Origen, 8 vols.

This series has been going on for some years, and sells in Germany at about three shillings a volume. Another series has been commenced at Leipzig by Tauchnitz. Of the text of St. Augustine's Confessions no less than three editions were published in the course of last year; one in Paris, one in Leipzig, and one in Oxford.

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It is to be hoped that this restored theology will not be allowed, either in the University or elsewhere, to supersede the other sciences, and classical literature. The latter, indeed, it can scarcely dispense with; but the former are in danger of being neglected for a study so much more elevated and inspiring. Of physical sciences especially, it should be remembered, that, having very little root in themselves, they require occasional encouragement; and that, however humble in their sphere, they may be made very useful servants, when kept in their proper subordination: '*Principatum non habent, ancillari debent.*' They are a part, though an inferior part, of the empire of human knowledge, and as such are not to lie unoccupied, but to be seized on and Christianised, like the rest.

With this precaution, there is every reason to be pleased with the new impulse given to theological studies. In themselves, apart from all higher considerations, they will give men greater depth and solidity of mind; and accustom them, in all their speculations, to the same careful and serious habit of inquiry, which they are obliged to practise when treading on holy ground. They hold out a hope, also, of restoring a deep philosophy, without which a deep theology can scarcely be maintained, and a nation must soon sink down into a general meanness of thought and

Of translations from the Fathers, several have been published lately in Germany; and in Paris, '*Les Peres des deux Premiers Siecles*,' five volumes, 8vo, at seven francs the volume—and a larger series by the Abbé Guillon, of which upwards of twenty volumes have already appeared. With respect to the Library of the Fathers now publishing in Oxford, of the two first volumes which have appeared, upwards of 1200 copies have been sold in the first three months. Of Mr. Jacobson's Apostolical Fathers nearly the whole edition has been sold in the first six months. The entire edition of Mr. Palmer's Treatise on the Church has been sold in about the same time; and there have been already two editions of a work on the Antiquity of the Liturgy by the same author. The demand for the older English divines has so increased that many are not to be procured at all, and others only at a great advance of price, which seems rapidly increasing; for instance, Field on the Church has risen from 15s. to 3*l.* 3s., and is hardly to be met with at any price. Collyer's Church History has risen from two guineas to five or six. The works of Hammond, Patrick, Brett, Thorndike, Hicke, &c., are equally in request. Many have been reprinted, and have succeeded beyond expectation; and reprints at Oxford of Sutton, Taylor, Land, and Cosin, are meeting with a very rapid sale.—The note cannot be closed without referring to the important part which might be taken by the Clarendon press in assisting or directing this movement. The University is surely bound to employ the magnificent revenues derived from it in procuring the very best editions of such works, whether the Fathers or Anglican divines, as ought to be in the hands of the public, and especially of the clergy. It must be seen, with great regret, that the Library of the Fathers is an undertaking of individuals, who ought not to be exposed to risk where the public good is concerned, and over whose selection the University can exercise no control. Surely the republication of standard books on theology, in the best form, at the cheapest rate, and with care and prudence—and we may add, their diffusion both at home and abroad, or in grants to the colonial dioceses—such as we rejoice to see have been already made to Canada and Australia—is the due return to be made for the monopoly enjoyed by the University, and the best answer to the charges of its enemies.

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action. The more, also, men are brought into contact with past ages, and especially with the treasures of mind accumulated in the ancient theology, the more they will become modest and active and firm: modest, from a reverential feeling towards their ancestors; active, from emulation; and firm, from being supported by authority. It was a wise remark of Niebuhr, that the French would scarcely become a great nation until their studies were closely connected with the history of past ages, and they had learned 'to consider themselves more as but one link in the great chain of nations.*' And how much of our own national greatness has been lost, both morally and politically, by losing sight of our relation to the past, we know from the experience of the present. As to the position of the Church, its whole safety necessarily depends (humanly speaking) upon its learning; and its chief danger lies in the individual ingenuity of its teachers. And if, politically (that we may take this low ground also), the Church is to be maintained as the very ark of the constitution, its learning must be maintained likewise; and men must acquiesce patiently, though with the learning there rises up a somewhat more stubborn and untractable adherence to principles than is always convenient for political partisanship.

In addition to the learning of the Oxford publications, there is something very pleasing and striking in their general tone. Not that they are, for the most part, remarkable as compositions: for the style, particularly of Dr. Pusey, is at times harsh and perplexed, as if formed by an early acquaintance with German writings; and in some, mostly of the early Tracts, the attempt to be clear and familiar, when the thoughts are deep, has produced a stiffness and pruniness, singularly contrasted with the ease and vigour with which the language flows when a natural warmth of feeling is readmitted to it.

But there is—what is so rare in the present day—an absence of self; a straightforward, earnest-minded endeavour to communicate information and suggest thoughts, which are evidently felt to be of vital importance—which are not to conciliate favour to the teachers or to excite admiration, but to do good; and this, not upon a principle of expediency and calculation, as if the duty was to be measured by its results, but as a message which the messenger is bound to deliver, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear—a message which has its own destiny to speed it—which sooner or later will find its own—which will work its own way, defend its own cause, fulfil its own end, by a living instinct of truth, whether other minds embrace it or not. Probably much of the influence of these writings has been derived from this right

* *Reminisc. of Niebuhr*, p. 127, Lond. 1835.

—but unhappily, in the present day, this novel—mode of addressing readers on religious subjects.

There is, indeed, a result, very common when men of retired and contemplative habits thus resolutely follow out their own views, without reference to the world around them: they must often see what men in the world do not see, and state what is startling; and then they are called imprudent and incautious. Now, that we are startled by opinions is no test either of truth itself, or of the prudence with which it is exhibited. There may exist a deep disease, requiring a strong medicine; and a strong medicine in a weak body must cause a great shock. Thus, if an age has waded fur into disorder, insubordination, low materialistic views, rationalism, neglect of forms, indolence, and self-indulgence, they must be roused by setting before them principles of order and discipline; high theories, which will be called mysticism; the law of faith; the value of externals; self-denial, energy, and patience. And this cannot be done without a shock; and the violence of the shock proves, not the cautiousness of the process, but the necessity of its application. Incautious it will be, if these new principles are put forth *alone*, without reminding men that they are not to absorb them in turn—without balancing them by their counteracting tendencies; but with this, it must be confessed, after candid examination, the writers of the Tracts are rarely, if ever, to be charged. If they have attacked ultra-Protestantism, on the one hand,* they have struck Romanism with the other.† If they have recalled man's thoughts to works, they have not trenched on justification by faith.‡ If they have insisted upon forms, they have endeavoured to spiritualise them all.§ If they have elevated the office of the clergy,¶ they have laid on them an increased weight of moral responsibility.¶ If they have raised the Church before men's eyes,** they have taught them to look through always, and see in it Him who is its Head.†† Self-examination is enforced, but self-consciousness deprecated.‡‡ Respect for tradition revived,§§ but veneration for the Scriptures revived too.¶¶ While men are carried back to the study and imitation of antiquity,¶¶ they are reminded, also, of their allegiance to the Church into which they were born.*** Rationalism is condemned,††† but

* Newman on Romanism, Tract 78, vol. iii.

† Tracts 71, 72, vol. iii.

‡ Newman on Justification, p. 227.

§ Tracts 18, 32, 34, 14, 16.

¶ Tracts 1, 7, 10, 24.

¶ Tracts 62, 55, 50, and others of Bishop Wilson's.

** Tracts 11, 38, 47, 59, vol. i.

†† Newman on Justification; see a very striking passage, p. 225, lect. viii.

‡‡ Newman on Justification, p. 395.

§§ Keble's Sermon and Appendix.

¶¶ Pusey on Baptism, vol. iii. p. 197.

¶¶ Tract 6, vol. i.

*** Letter to Bishop of Oxford, p. 17.

††† Tract 73.

reason not stigmatised.* The study of the Fathers is urged, but the extent of their testimony restricted.† Mortification of self is imposed,‡ but superstitious asceticism checked.§ The privileges of baptism are magnified, yet so as to enhance the necessity of practical holiness.¶ The defects of the Reformation are pointed out,|| but this is coupled with a grateful acknowledgment of the blessings of which God made it the source.** And many other instances might be added. If they are not insensible to departures in our own Liturgy from the primitive models, they state broadly that we must cherish what we possess, and 'that there cannot be real alterations without a schism.†† If the principle of the Apostolic Succession compels them to draw a broad distinction between the Church and sectarians, they speak of them, particularly of Presbyterians, with kindness, and most distinctly, in numberless passages, disclaim all uncharitable conclusions, inconsistent with the just sense of individual worth and piety, and the untoward circumstances of former times, under which existing arrangements took place.‡‡ If obedience to the King is revived,§§ it is not stated nakedly, as in Filmer's and other treatises, but is coupled with its own preservative against extravagance—the principle of faith in God and obedience to His appointment, 'whose authority he hath.' And if the system of mystical interpretation is applied to the Bible, there is no sacrifice of the letter, but rather a more strict adherence to it.||||

These instances may be sufficient: and if these writers are to be fairly criticised, and especially if the panic-fear which prevails of rash innovation is to be allayed, attention must be given to this their ordinary mode of stating truth. Nothing can be more unlike than this to rashness or party-spirit, or is a fairer test of their intentions and good judgment.

One more remark must be made on the general tone of these writers. Their discussions are polemical, and directed against errors, grievous in themselves, and which evidently shock their feelings as well as their belief. But even their opponents

* Lectures on Romanism, lect. v. vi.

† Preface to Cyril, vol. ii. p. 61.

‡ Vol. i. No. 18.

§ Pusey, Tract on Fasting, p. 7.

|| Pusey on Baptism, Tract 111, S. v.

¶ Pusey on Baptism, p. 193.

** No. 69, p. 105.

†† Earnest Rem. p. 27.

‡‡ Tract, No. 47, vol. ii.—See particularly Pusey's Letter to the Bishop of Oxford, p. 168, where he quotes the words of Archbishop Bramhall, who disavowing a harsh construction put by defenders of Presbytery on his assertion of the divine right of Episcopacy says—'We are none of those hard-hearted persons. This mistake proceedeth from not distinguishing between the true nature and essence of a Church, which we do readily grant them, and the integrity or perfection of a Church, which we cannot grant them without swerving from the judgment of the Catholic Church.'

§§ Appendix to Dr. Pusey's Sermon, Nov. 5.

|||| Pusey on Baptism, Tract 111, p. 190.

acknowledge* that they have written throughout as Christians should write, abstaining from bitterness and invective, and from censures on individuals, and with a deep humility and reverence—becoming men who feel that, even in disputing with men, they are disputing about holy things, and in the presence of holy Beings.

This is the more remarkable, because they have for a long time been made the object of violent attacks. Even in the University of Oxford, where, personally, they are deeply respected, they are, we believe, sometimes regarded with a certain degree of suspicion and alarm, peculiarly painful to earnest-minded men. We do not quarrel with this hesitation to adopt seemingly new views, in a place like Oxford, or, indeed, anywhere—quite the contrary; and yet, it naturally would provoke irritation. But out of Oxford there has been a violence of opposition far more easy to bear with patience, but far more distressing and offensive to mere spectators. The most idle tales have been circulated, publicly and privately; in journals of all classes; in Scotland, where it was found impossible to give a public dinner without denouncing Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman as enemies of the Church of England;† and in Ireland, where it is understood that the clergy with a national vehemence are anxious to rise, *en masse*, against them; though it is acknowledged that scarcely a single Tract has ever found its way into the country.

Within the Church of England the greatest opposition has arisen from a class of religionists who avowedly take their views from garbled extracts in a party paper, and even venture to confess, in the midst of their censures, that they have never read the works themselves, and do not intend to read them for fear of contamination. Even bodies of clergy have been found to join in the same clamour, with the same ignorance. Not very long since, the clergy of a whole district in the west of England met—and resolved unhesitatingly to enter a protest against the Oxford Tracts. The protest was on the point of being made, when some one suggested that it might be better to read them first; and, as it was found that this preliminary step had been universally omitted, the society resolved itself into sections to read what they had determined to condemn, and the protest was postponed till the following meeting. We give this as a fact, and as a specimen how little we can trust the real temper of even an age which boasts so much of its gentle, tolerant, equitable, and enlightened dealings, especially with theological opponents.

These calumnies, also, have been reiterated and believed in the face of the most positive denials from the parties accused,

* See, among others, *Ancient Christianity*, p. xi.

† See *Ulster Times*, Dec. 29, 1838.

from disinterested by-standers, and even from the Bishop of the diocese. Men are called Papists who are writing against Popery, with infinitely more of learning and of zeal than perhaps any of their contemporaries; traitors to the Church of England, when their time, talents, and money, are devoted to support it; violators of the Rubric, when they are enforcing its authority; theorists and inventors of novelties, in the same page which stigmatises them as bigots to antiquity and authority; upholders of human tradition, while they are blessing God that the Church rests on no human names, but on the inspiration of the apostles;* and founders of a party, when their avowed object is to merge all parties in† the Catholic Church. And, after all, there is no party in existence; since, with the exception of three or four friends, other writers in the same cause are evidently independent assertors of their own personal views.

Certainly, to lookers on, there is something very suspicious in these ambidexter attacks. Either the Oxford writers are little short of lunatics, or such charges are not far from libels. And in this dilemma, we should be inclined to take refuge with another class of critics, composed both of Papists and ultra-Protestants, who *have* condescended to read what they condemn, and, finding the works contain neither Popery nor ultra-Protestantism, but protests against each, and protests urged with a learning and a piety which it is impossible not to respect, have fallen in their perplexity upon the hypothesis, that so much goodness, coupled, as they each suppose, with so much error, can be nothing else but the prophesied appearance of "the Mystery of Iniquity." All this idle violence is very sad. But this is not all.

We have been in the habit for many years of priding ourselves on the good sense and discrimination of the English people; and especially on the wide circulation of information, so that what is done in one corner of the empire is known the next day at the other, to the great benefit and enlargement of our minds, and the increase of our happiness and virtue. This, if we remember right, was made one of the main reasons for the Reform Bill. Nothing was hidden from the knowledge of the people; and therefore power should not be withheld from them. Now it is certainly disappointing and humiliating to find that, even in the 19th century, of one place, and that a very important place, in the very heart of the country, open to the most public observation, and communicating constantly with all the other provinces, the English people, at this day, seem to know as little, and to believe as many self-evident absurdities, as of the countries to the north of Hearn's river. Even on the spot, a writer distinguished in phy-

* Tract, No. 69, p. 105.

† Preface to vol. i. p. 3.

sical science, and who candidly ridicules the notion of treating the new doctrines as Popery, yet is led by the prevalent credulity to use such language as this:—

"In confirmation of these views," says Professor Powell, "reference is made to the avowed opinions of this party proclaimed in print, to the republication of ancient popish or semi-popish documents and rituals, to the recommendation of them by modern comments and panegyrics. Much is also heard of the real or supposed secret influence exercised by some leading zealots upon their devoted followers, both in the University and out of it. Reports are in circulation of secret meetings and discussions in deep conclave, among the leaders and the initiated; of assemblies of a more popular character, suited to the mass of disciples; of means used, with great skill and discrimination of character, to entice and entrap novices of promising talent. Whispers, moreover, are heard of the more profoundly austere exercises of the more advanced; of the rigorous observances of the ordinances of the Church, of private assemblies for daily service at early matins and late vespers; of the restoration of obsolete practices in the Church services; of vestments and crosses; of postures and bowings. Mysterious hints are heard of the asceticism of the more deeply initiated, of days spent in rigorous fastings, of nights passed in vigils, or on the bare floor, of secret penances and macerations of the flesh. All this, and much more, is suspected."

And we could wish that the writer had contented himself with adding, perhaps, with little foundation, or at least had mentioned the grounds which he says do really exist for some such statements.

It may matter little to the individuals accused, whether such absurd apprehensions prevail or not; but it matters very much to the University, and to the Church and the country. Once strike a panic into the mind of the English people, be it on politics, or commerce, or religion, and they run into extravagancies, always melancholy and evil, but in the present instance peculiarly mischievous. And for this reason it is necessary to speak seriously of fancies which would be otherwise too palpably ridiculous to be noticed. The public may be assured that the University of Oxford is perfectly clear of Jesuits. It is carrying on no correspondence with Papal emissaries; it is planning no innovation in the Church—nothing but a reform of the hearts and minds of Churchmen, by recalling them to their own professed principles of obedience and order. It is also perfectly quiet. Whatever ferment its writings have produced without, within the University there is little controversy at all; and what has hitherto been written on the opposite side of the question by Dr. Shuttleworth and Professor Powell is marked with great quietness and courtesy.

The popish or semi-popish publications alluded to by Mr.

Powell reduce themselves on inquiry into two little tracts. One is the celebrated 'Commonitorium of Vincentius of Lerins; of which, in addition to the use made of it at the Reformation against the Church of Rome, it is sufficient to say, with the late Bishop Jebb —

'That it has been received, extolled, and acted upon by such men as Ridley, Jewell, Grotius, Overall, Hammond, Beveridge, Bull, Hicke, Bramhall, Grabe, Cave, and Archbishop King; that it has been admired expressly, even by Chillingworth; that it has been unreservedly acknowledged as a just and true guide by Bishop Taylor.

The other semi-popish Tract, with a still more popish name, is a reprint of the celebrated 'Treatise of Ratram, or Bertram, on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It was written in the ninth century to oppose the doctrine of Transubstantiation, then first introduced. It has been condemned by the Council of Trent and the principal Romish writers; was substantially republished, under the shape of a Saxon Homily, by Archbishop Parker and fourteen other bishops, to oppose the Romish doctrine; it was the book which converted Ridley, and, through Ridley, Cranmer himself, from the Romish views of that Sacrament; and no less than four translations of it have been published before in England.

The charge about 'popish rituals' probably refers to the reprinting of some little devotional works, by very illustrious members of the Church of England, consisting chiefly of arrangements of the Psalms and the Collects of our own Liturgy; and it indicates a return to a more healthy devotional spirit, that the public have been able to appreciate the quietness and sobriety of their tone, compared with the heated extravagance of modern popular religion. Of one Tract, indeed, (No. 75,) we had heard much, as an alarming relapse into the popish practice of prayer for the dead. Without entering into this subject, which has lately excited so much interest, it is enough to say, with Bishop Taylor, that 'such general prayers for the dead (as were used in the Primitive Church) the Church of England never did condemn by any express article; but left it in the middle;† and that as a private opinion, the practice has been maintained and sanctioned by most of her great authorities.‡

The

* Life, vol. ii. p. 249. † Life of Ridley, pp. 103, 165. (†)

‡ Dissuasive from Popery, Heber's Edition, vol. x. p. 148.

§ For instance —

Archbishop Bramhall, Answer to the Epistle of Mr. de la Mitiere, Works, p. 38.

Archbishop Usher, Answer to the Challenge of a Jesuit, ch. 7.

Bishop Overall, Nicholls on the Liturgy, Additional notes, p. 64.

Bishop Cosin, Paper concerning the chief points of difference between

Rome and the Church of England.

Bishop Andrews, Heylin's Summe of Christian Theology, p. 451, 452.

Bishop Montague, } 3rd Book of the Church, ch. 17, and Appendix, p. 783.

Doctor Heylin, } Bishop

Doctor Field, }

The Tract, however, in question was found on examination to be nothing more than some selections from the Breviary, on which our own Church services were founded, published for the purpose of 'wresting a weapon from the hands of the Romanists;' of 'discriminating and separating off the Roman corruptions from the primitive Church;' 'of impressing persons with a truer sense of the excellence of the Psalms,' which form the main body of the work; 'of illustrating and explaining our own Prayer Book;' and of 'providing matter for our private devotions from the same source from which the Reformers arranged our public services.*' One thing indeed might better have been omitted. We may be allowed, or rather should be encouraged, to cherish the memories of the dead, to mark the days when they were taken from us, to maintain our communion with them still, though separated by the grave, and especially to keep constantly before our eyes our long ancestry of good and holy men, who are to be our example and support in the Church: but it is for the Church herself to fix whom we should thus sanctify and honour. When individuals select individuals, there is a danger of lapsing into that evil which in Romanism has led to the worship of tutelary saints, and in many modern sects to the excessive veneration for individual teachers. Bishop Ken's excellence no one will doubt; but the principle of individuals selecting him to commemorate, not as a private friend, but as a saint of the Church, is surely indefensible. This however is not the point complained of—and those who complain indulge so universally in no very dissimilar practice, that they require no answer.

The Tract we are speaking of has indeed been assailed on another ground, as if it sanctioned addresses to the Virgin Mary and the Saints. The Tract, *per contra*, expressly condemns 'the invocation of Saints' as one of the chief 'practical grievances' of the Romish system, and one of those 'which should be put in the foreground in this controversy'—an 'infringement upon the plain word of God'—a 'violation of our allegiance to our only Saviour,' &c. &c. But this charge has been answered in so full and satisfactory a manner by Dr. Pusey, in his letter to the Bishop of Oxford, (p. 192,) that it is needless to say more on the audacious calumny.

As to the 'secret influence,' and 'secret meetings,' and 'deep conclaves of the initiated,' inquiries on the spot will, we fear, dispel that interestingly alarming illusion, which would conjure up a

Bishop Hicke,
Bishop Stillingfleet,

2nd Collection of Controversial Letters, p. 87.
Rational Account of the grounds of Protestant Religion,
p. 3, ch. 6, sec. 8.

Bishop Bull,

The Corruptions of the Church of Rome. Burton's
Edit. vol. ii. p. 261.

We might add Bishop Jebb, and others.

* Tract 75, vol. iii., pp. 1—11.

romance of Jesuitism in a place like the University of Oxford. That great respect is felt for such men as Dr. Pusey, and Professor Keble, and Mr. Newman, is, we suspect, undoubtedly true. That young men who know their character and read their books should be much captivated with them, is not at all surprising. Learning, coupled with humility and piety, and warm-heartedness, and principles which offer some solid foundation for belief and practice when all truth is shaken elsewhere, and no guide is left to man but his own wilfulness, naturally does command respect; but if authorities on the spot are to be trusted, instead of planning or exercising an extensive influence either secretly or publicly over the minds of old or young, the very outside number of those who could be considered identified with the Tracts is scarcely ten or twelve, if indeed so many. The University has not compromised itself; the Heads of Houses do nothing; the most influential men openly protest against committing themselves to anything like a party. The students of course are kept aloof from the controversy; and the more thoughtful and earnest-minded, who might be carried away by the excitement of a new-seen doctrine, are not only placed under a discipline, which will permit no extravagance of the kind, but are warned against it by the very principles which they read:—‘Adhere to the Church of your fathers, eschew human and individual authority, practise obedience, and guard against wilfulness and self-indulgence.’

Of secret conclaves we have heard nothing. There is indeed a society for the cultivation of Theology, at which any senior member of the University may be present; and where papers—which are usually published afterwards—are read in the presence of twenty or thirty strangers. And undoubtedly the existence of the Tracts proves combination on the part of those who write them to publish their common opinions. But, instead of being alarmed at this association, those who have examined the history of sects and parties will be rejoiced that the present doctrines emanate from an *association*, not from an individual. It is individual teaching, individual authority, individual names, which the Church has to dread, and from which heresies and schisms have proceeded. When men act together, they act more slowly and deliberately, under mutual correction, with the aid of more knowledge, and with more checks upon that self-agency in which all attempts at reformation must commence, and which is the real spirit to be watched and counterpoised: and, moreover, there is then no central point on which a body of rash adherents may fasten themselves, without thought or discretion; as in the cases of Luther, and Calvin, and we may add Wesley, converting individuals into popes, and losing sight of the minister of the Church in the leader

leader of a party. So long as the Tracts proceed from a body, and that body acts independently of the great mass of those who agree mainly with their opinions, everything is safe. We shall have no repetition of heresies founded on the fancies and known by the names of individuals.

'This is the very distinction,' says Mr. Newman,* between our Church and (for instance) the Lutheran; that they *are* Lutherans, but we are not Cranmerites, nor Jewellites, but Catholics—members, not of a sect or party, but of the Catholic and Apostolic Church. And while the name of Luther became the title, his dogmata were made the rule of faith of his followers; his phrases were noted, almost his very words were got by rote. He was, strictly speaking, the *master* of his school. Where has the English Church any such head? Whom does she acknowledge but Christ and his Apostles, and as their witness, the consent of fathers? What title has she, but as an old father speaks, "Christian for her name, and Catholic for her surname?" If there is one thing more than another which tends to make us a party, it is the setting up the names of men as our symbols and watchwords. Those who most deeply love them will not magisterially bring them forward, and will rather shun than denounce those who censure them.'

We understand that the sincerity of these views is so fully acknowledged by those who are acquainted with the parties, that in no good society at Oxford could persons be permitted without check to use the name either of Dr. Pusey or Mr. Newman to denote their opinions. It is for persons wholly ignorant of facts to invent such terms; and they cannot be too strongly reprobated.

Another rumour, full as rife with follies and falsehoods as that of jesuitical conspiracies, relates to innovations introduced in the ritual of the Church by clergymen of Oxford. Our object, let it be remembered, is not to defend one system of opinion or another, but to assist in allaying, if possible, a dangerous ferment, and to do justice to a body of men who, whether in some points erroneous or not, are men of piety, learning, and zeal, and are devoting their talents and their all to the cause of a Church in danger. Two answers have been given to this charge of innovation, which are perfectly conclusive. One is a letter by Dr. Pusey to Archdeacon Townsend, published in the 'British Magazine,' [vol. xii. p. 637], in which he enters, at length, into the facts of the case. It is too long to be quoted, and the whole should be read, not merely to understand the truth, but to learn by example in what way false charges should be met and answered by Christians. This letter, and another addressed by the same author to an anonymous jester,† are models of Christian apologies.

* Letter to Dr. Faussett, p. 27.

† Earnest Remonstrance to the author of the *Pope's Letter*.—Rivington.

The spirit in which they are written must tell upon every reader; and we trust, if any more personal controversies should arise, the tone and temper of them will never be abandoned for sharper rebukes, however well deserved.

Dr. Pusey's letter, however, is superseded by an authoritative statement in a late charge of the Bishop of the diocese:—

'I have been' (says the Bishop, alluding directly to the subject before us) 'continually, though anonymously, appealed to, in my official capacity, to check breaches both of doctrine and discipline, through the growth of popery among us. Now, as regards the latter point, breaches of discipline, namely, on points connected with the public service of the Church, *I really am unable, after diligent inquiry, to find anything that can be so interpreted.* I am given to understand that an injudicious attempt was made in *one instance* to adopt some forgotten portion of the ancient clerical dress;* but I believe it was speedily abandoned, and do not think it likely we shall hear of a repetition of this or similar indiscretions. At the same time, so much of what has been objected to has arisen from minute attention to the Rubric, and I esteem uniformity so highly (and uniformity never can be obtained without strict attention to the Rubric), that I confess that I would rather follow an antiquated custom (even were it so designated) *with the Rubric*, than be entangled in the modern confusions which ensue from the neglect of it.'

The Bishop adds some remarks, to which, if it were not presumptuous, we should add our most cordial concurrence:—

'I may say that, in these days of lax and spurious liberality, anything which tends to recall forgotten truths is valuable; and where these publications (the Tracts for the Times) have directed men's minds to such important subjects as the union, the discipline, and the authority of the Church, I think they have done good service; but there may be some points in which, perhaps, from ambiguity of expression or similar causes, it is not impossible but that evil, rather than the intended good, may be produced on minds of a peculiar temperament. *I have more fear of the disciples than of the teachers.* In speaking, therefore, of the authors of the Tracts in question, I would say that I think their desire to restore the ancient discipline of the Church most praiseworthy; I rejoice in their attempt to secure a stricter attention to the Rubrical

* A young clergyman wished to conform to the Rubric, which enjoins 'that in the time of his ministrations such ornaments should be worn as were in the Church of England, by the authority of Parliament, in the second year of King Edward VI.' Accordingly, he adopted a particular scarf, in obedience *not to primitive antiquity, but to the Rubric.* This has been magnified into the fact that the students at Oxford now walk about with crosses on their gowns. The exaggeration would be ludicrous, if falsehood and credulity were fit subjects for laughter; but it will be useful if it warns young followers against venturing to put in practice any notion whatever of their own until it is sanctioned by their superiors. It is as easy to be self-willed in interpreting a Rubric as in neglecting it; in going back as in going forward. And innovation of any kind, at this moment, without competent authority, is highly reprehensible.

directions in the Book of Common Prayer; and I heartily approve the spirit which would restore a due observance of the fasts and festivals of the Church. But I would implore them, by the purity of their intentions, to be cautious, both in their writings and actions, to take heed lest their good be evil spoken of—lest, in their exertions to re-establish unity, they unhappily create fresh schism—lest, in their admiration of antiquity, they revert to practices which, heretofore, have ended in superstition.

And then, to prevent the supposition that any censure was intended by this admonition, an admonition as paternal as it is wise, and in which all good men, who had the right, would surely join, the Bishop adds, in a *note*,—

‘There must always be allowable points of difference in the opinions of good men, and it is only when such opinions are carried into extremes, or are mooted in a spirit which tends to schism, that the interference of those in authority in the Church is called for. The authors of the Tracts in question have laid no such painful necessity on me, nor have I to fear that they will ever do so. I have the best reasons for knowing that they would be the first to submit themselves to that authority, which it has been their constant exertion to uphold and defend. And I feel sure that they will receive my friendly suggestions in the spirit in which I have here offered them.’

This statement may be sufficient on the subject of innovations in ceremonial matters. It is satisfactory as showing not only that really nothing of the kind has taken place; but that if, in any evil hour, such a disposition should appear, there is an authority ready to take cognizance of it, and check it with as much of firmness as of mildness and discretion.

Of the ascetic practices which are said to prevail among the members of the Oxford school we are most unwilling to speak. There is something in self-denial and self-mortification, even under the worst of its forms, which shelters it from the contempt or sarcasm of all but vulgar minds. A good man may lament deeply, but he will not sneer at it. When a man has learnt to restrict his wants—to abandon comforts—to suppress his feelings—to act upon a law without, instead of an inclination within—to bear cold and hunger and sleepless nights, and the dreariness which the world puts on at first when stript of its lusts of eye and lusts of flesh,—he has made the first step to goodness. It may be made too rapidly, too far—on wrong grounds, on a false motive—but it is a step in advance; and he makes it most boldly and most wisely, who thenceforth, not merely in great temptations and strong passions, but in every little trifle of life—in the turning of a thought, in a word, a gesture, a petty comfort, a favourite delicacy—watches sternly over the faintest movements of the enemy within him. And, therefore, ‘vigils and fastings, and secret penances and

and macerations of the flesh,* and self-denial in the merest trifles, supposing that such things do exist, are not fit subjects for jests by any, but least of all by those who are sitting at full boards and lolling in easy chairs.

And, indeed, there is little fear in this day from any stoicism of religion. Stoicism must find another soil to flourish in than an age which makes indulgence everything, and art, science, virtue, and *religion*,* good only as ministering to comfort. And, if it does come, it will do us no harm. It is an epicurism of heart and mind—a lax, voluptuous, selfish spirit—which is the plague and poison of this country.

It is to this we owe our evils:—Ireland, with its extortions and debts—its impoverished and absentee landlords—its starving peasantry, and all the long catalogue of Irish evils:—In England, our mass of beggary, ripe for sedition and crime—a mass created chiefly by the blindness of greedy avarice, degraded more and more by its heartless cruelty, and which may one fearful day avenge upon this great empire her cold postponement of moral duties to questions of immediate gain in ledgers and taxes:—Our public embarrassments, which already bind us hand and foot in the face of Europe—which nothing but vast private sacrifices can relieve, and those sacrifices no one will make: the spiritual destitution of our Church, and all the evils of dissension—the bitterness, and ignorance, and loss of truth, and desecration of the State, which

* We have no wish to enter upon the properly *theological* points in debate, but the following extract from Dr. Pusey's Letter to the Bishop of Oxford may be useful to the reader, who is now, for the first time, considering this controversy. After various remarks on Romish Absolution, Indulgences, &c., and on the Calvinistic abuse of the doctrine of Justification by Faith, he proceeds thus:—

"Our Church, my Lord, here, as elsewhere, appears to me to hold a distinct line, however she has not been able as yet to revive the "godly discipline" which she feelingly deplores. Romanism, as well as Ultra-Protestantism, practically frees a man from his past sins; our Church bids him confess that he is "tied and bound with the chain" of them, and to pray Him that "the pitifulness of His great mercy may loose us;" she teaches us, in her daily service, to have our "sins ever before us," that so God may "hide His face from our sins, and blot out all our iniquities;" she bids us come day by day with "broken and contrite hearts," which God "will not despise;" to "rend our hearts" that "God may repent Him of the evil;" to seek of God "correction," though "with judgment, not in His anger;" to go daily to our Father, and say unto Him that we are "no more worthy to be called His sons." She teaches us daily to confess all the sins of our past life; all our past "erring and straying," our *having* "offended against His holy laws," *having* "left undone what we ought to have done, and done what we ought not to have done;" three times a week she teaches us to pray to be delivered "from His wrath and from everlasting damnation," and "in the day of judgment;" that He would give us "true repentance, forgive us *all* our sins, negligences, and ignorances." And in her most solemn service, she would have us approach with "true penitent hearts;" still gathering before our eyes all the sins of our past lives, that "the remembrance of them" being "grievous unto us, and the burthen of them intolerable," we may bring them all before Him, pray Him, "for JESUS CHRIST'S sake to forgive us *all* that is past."—*Letter*, p. 88.

are to be traced to this one source. And over it we sigh and groan, as if the remedy were beyond the reach of man: doling out our pounds and guineas, and sixpences and shillings, while millions would scarcely supply the wants of our own country, and whole continents are crying to us to save them from continuing or becoming empires of sin and darkness. And all the while we are building ceiled houses for ourselves, adding field to field and palace to palace—boasting of our warehouses and commerce—covering the sea with our merchant ships—doing everything for ourselves, that we may walk in silks and velvet, and fare sumptuously every day; but, when the work for God and man is called for, sitting down with despair and lamentation that we are poor and in debt. And to this, too, we owe the degradation of our character: for, with all our boasts, our character as a people is degraded from what it once was. We owe it all to our indulgences and comforts.

And, therefore, if an opposite school is rising up in our great seat of education, which shall teach men to master themselves—to economise their pleasures, that they may be liberal in their duties—which shall drill and exercise them in hardness—and so give them nerve to fight and suffer for us, in the evil days which seem approaching;—if it bring back something of that ancient discipline which the deepest philosophy, the greatest legislators, Saints, and Martyrs, and the Church and the Bible, deemed needful for the perfecting of man; and which, so far from growing out of popery, was enervated and destroyed by popery;—we see nothing but a cause for rejoicing. There is a hope still left us: there are some among us yet who will not shrink in the face of peril—who will retain high principles—who will not take expediency as their rule—who will be able to guide and govern us; and, by the blessing of a merciful Providence, may save us from much evil yet. And we are rejoiced that they should arise in Oxford. Far better that such a place should be ridiculed for asceticism than, as it was of old, for self-indulgence:—

*Νυν γὰρ ἰσχύρας ὑπὲρ
πίζας ἐνέρεται φάος ἐν Οἰδίπῳ δόμοις.*

Even if obtruded on the eye, it may be that we need, as other ages and people have needed, some sight of the kind to startle us from our luxurious indolence. But this complaint has no place yet. Men only know that warnings have been given by clergymen to obey the commands of their Prayer-book, and not to feast when the Church bids them fast.* And from that which may lie beyond—those hours of suffering and sorrow, when Christians retire into

* No. 18, vol. xi.; No. 21, vol. xi.

their closets to humble themselves before the record of their sins, and to battle with the plague of their own heart—who will tear aside the veil, and bid coarse and sensual eyes look on them with scorn?

And this may be enough to say of the common tales now circulated respecting the authors of these publications. For themselves, it must be repeated again, it may matter little whether they are believed or not. But it is not so with the University and the Church; and even the country itself must suffer much in its tone of mind, as well as in its loss of truth, if grave and solemn questions, put forth with great claim to respect, are to be stifled by idle scandal, and men's feelings are to be enlisted against them by irritation and alarm.

This scandal has, for the most part, it would seem, arisen from two sources—one, the hostility of the spirit of the age, against which these publications have been directed; but, latterly, from a misinterpretation—we must add, a very natural misinterpretation—of a work in some degree connected with them—the *Remains* of Mr. Froude. Reluctant, as we confess we are, to say anything harsh of men who are evidently fighting the battle of the Church with no less purity of intention than energy and talent, it appears to us equally strange and lamentable that such a work should have been published with the sanction of their name. It is a fragmentary sketch of the opinions and character of a dear friend, whose views in the main coincided with their own, and who died young, leaving behind him unfinished papers, which, with the consent of his relatives, it appears, two of the principal contributors to the *Tracts* undertook to arrange and edit. Now, a posthumous publication of a *bonâ fide* private journal, of hasty expressions in conversation, and fragments of confidential letters, is evidently a dangerous form of stating religious opinions, especially in the midst of a grave controversy, and not a favourable mode of drawing a portrait. It is tolerated at times, in order to satisfy the cravings of the public to know all that can be known of some man who has filled a large space in the eye of the Church; and even then the result has seldom been devoid of evil. But of this young clergyman nothing was known beyond the circle of his intimate friends; and, under any circumstances, the editors have shown, both by their Preface and by their other writings, that they are the last persons who would betray the confidence of private life for the gratification of mere curiosity. They must not complain, therefore, especially after their Preface, if the book is supposed to have a deeper meaning, and to exhibit either opinions which they wish to inculcate, or a character held up for imitation. In any other point of view the

publication is inexplicable; and in each of these it is far from satisfactory.

We have, indeed, heard it suggested that the journal was published as a means of calling men's attention to the union of practical self-discipline with the adoption of views which, as theory, and theory only, are worthless;* that the other fragments were then added to give a sketch of the real character, without any attempt to disguise its faults. It was thought, say these apologists, 'more honest, more like the representations of human nature made to us in Scripture,' to allow the portrait to be seen in its harsher features; and there was so much of truth even in the seeming paradoxes, that the editors trusted to their rousing attention without leading readers into error. This may, very probably, be the true account; and, if so, we must admit that the editors should rather be accused of too much simplicity than of any guile. We can well believe, too, their own knowledge of many features of goodness in the character of their friend, which do not appear in the book, their being familiar with his style of expression, and their insight into the grounds of his most startling statements may have much deceived them as to the effect they would have upon others. Yet, even with the amplest allowances, it is impossible not to be surprised that these 'Remains' should ever have been esteemed worthy of publication at all—and not to lament very deeply that the book should have been published as it stands, without such an explanation as would exonerate the editors from the unfavourable conclusions which are naturally drawn from it.

Many, indeed, of its seeming paradoxes are true, when balanced and explained by other truths which the writer may have held in his own mind, and which, perhaps, *may* be found scattered about the book, and *may* be put together by a very careful, thoughtful reader. But the English public, for whose instruction books are written, are in the present day anything but careful and thoughtful. They take up a new work, especially a fragment of biography, as they would take up a newspaper. They skim it through, seize on a few prominent sentences, gather, as they suppose, a knowledge of the whole in two or three pages, and then, with all the gravity and peremptoriness of an absolute judge, they pronounce not only on the merits of the book, but on the views, opinions, and character of every one connected with it. Now, it is perfectly natural that sensible men should dislike such a temper of mind, and disdain to adapt themselves to it. But it is the temper, not of one or two men, not of the higher classes or the lower classes only, but of the great bulk of the middle population, the very men who are to be leavened with truth, and to be

* See the Preface to Plain Sermons, No. 1.

recalled from grievous and confirmed errors. These men are, moreover, extremely ignorant—ignorant especially of history, and entirely of ecclesiastical history—and, therefore, have not in themselves the knowledge, which ought to exist somewhere or another, to qualify abstract statements on such subjects, and prevent them when received into the mind from becoming positive errors. For the only safe mode, it must be repeated, of conveying truth, is by shaping and directing the thoughts of the hearer into a right course; and this can only be done, as in matter so in mind, by employing two counteracting principles, which may impel it in a mean between the two. This is the method with which Almighty God educates us in Nature, in the Bible, and in the Church; and, instead of being overlooked in the other publications of these writers, it has been almost taken as their motto.

But there is far less of this caution in the Remains. For instance, the term 'odious Protestantism'* may be very intelligible, even from a clergyman of the Church of England, to those who know the nature of the words, and, with our own Convocation of 1689,† are unwilling to employ it. And Mr. Newman might use it safely by the side of his own explanation:—

'If persons,' says he, 'aware that names are things, conscientiously think that the name of Protestantism is productive of serious mischief,—if it be the property of heresy and schism as much as of orthodoxy—if it be but a negative word, such as almost forces on its professors the idea of vague indefinite creeds, makes them turn their thoughts to how much they may doubt, deny, ridicule, or resist, rather than what they believe—if the religion it generates mainly consists in a mere attack upon Rome, and tends to be a mere instrument of state purposes—if it tends to swallow up devotion in worldliness, and the Church in the executive—if it damps, discourages, stifles that ancient Catholic system, which, if true in the beginning, is true at all times—and if, on the other hand, there be nothing in our formularies obliging us to profess it—and if external circumstances have so changed, that what it was inexpedient or impossible to do formerly is both possible and most expedient now,—these considerations, I conceive, may form a reason for abandoning the word.'—*Letter to Dr. Faussett*, p. 28.

It might be added that no word so tends to prevent the conversion of Romanists, because it entirely hides those parts of our Church system to which they most devotedly and most wisely adhere in their own communion, and which, therefore, if put prominently forward, would draw them most easily to our own. But the common reader is ignorant of all this. He has heard for years of only two religions, as he supposes, Protestantism and Popery. With him to hate Protestantism is to love Popery; and, though this inference is not very logical, yet to hate Protestantism is as

* Vol. i. p. 322.

† Birch's Life of Tillotson, Tract 70, p. 33.

had a spirit for a reformer as to hate Popery. Hating any system, in which we find ourselves placed by Providence, running away from it as a whole, instead of adhering to it as far as may be, is a vicious principle. It is the very principle which generated Puritanism out of a purifying system, and the Rebellion out of the Reformation;* and it will be full as dangerous in forcing men from Protestantism into Popery, as it was of old in driving them from Popery to infidelity. The expression is coarse and rash, and the spirit of it unsound.†

Again, members of the Church of England are warmly attached to its admirable Liturgy. They value it, often, merely for its beauty, simplicity, piety, and depth; but they have no notion that it is scarcely more than ancient services translated, and in some slight points remodelled,‡ and that, in the eyes of one who understands the real nature of the Church, this constitutes its chief value, as giving it a moral high authority. They are accustomed also to regard all other ancient Liturgies as popish; to touch our own is sacrilege—to supersede it by one used at Rome, absolute wickedness—for they do not know that Rome retained her old inheritance of Catholic truths, formularies, and practices, even when she added

* See Hooker, book iv. c. 8.

† We cannot pass from this point without adding a still more important suggestion on the use of the word *Catholic*. Even educated men are in the habit of employing it as synonymous with Popery, without knowing that the concession is seized on by Papists as one of the strongest weapons which they can wield against the Church; because, by our own confession, our daily service, and the unanimous agreement of orthodox Christians, *Catholicity* is the test of truth. It was by the name of the *Catholic* Church that the Romish clergy at the Reformation, as they still continue to do, endeavoured to 'deceive the realm.' (Fox's Acts, p. 1646.) 'These two poisonous rotten pests,' says Bishop Ridley (Letter to Bradford), 'he hath so painted over with such a pretence and colour of religion, of the *Catholic* faith, and such like, that the wily serpent is able to deceive, if it were possible, the elect of God.' The very device by which the contrivers of the Gunpowder Plot were allured to that enormous crime was the word *Catholic*. 'When the authors of it were examined,' says Bishop Andrews (Answer to Bellarmine, p. 224), 'they were all found *Catholici Catholicissimi*, and they all declared that their only object was to bring back the *Catholic* religion.' Perhaps the jealousy with which they regard it cannot be shown better than by the following extract from their organ, Dublin Review, July, 1837 (Note, p. 47):—'Where we write *Catholic* or its derivatives, the *Critic* has *Romanism*. It is evident that these terms are not used in scorn; but our ears are not accustomed to hear them employed in any other way, and we trust we shall be excused, if we refuse to admit them, and decline every other appellation but our own, simply "*Catholics*."—This is the apology for altering the phraseology of an Anglican journal whose statements these Romanists are quoting! They still take advantage of the word, as they did at the Reformation, to misuse the panegyrics of Christian Antiquity upon the true Church, by applying them to their own communion: as, for instance, the passage of Lactantius, 'The Catholic Church alone retains the true worship; it is the fountain of truth, and the House of God.' And this is taken as a motto to a defence of Romanism. See the 'Catholic Directory' for 1839, p. 187. See also a very valuable sermon on this subject by the Rev. Vaughan Thomas, with Notes and Appendix. Oxford, 1838.

‡ See Palmer's *Origines Liturgicæ*.

to them her own corruptions; and therefore, that, in abusing these, we may perhaps be abusing remains of apostolical practice—at any rate, of the purest Christian ages. Let a reader in this frame of mind meet with a sentence, light and flippant, and occurring without any preparation, suggesting the replacement of our communion-service by a good translation of the Liturgy of St. Peter,* or speaking of the Service itself as a judgment upon the Church;† and can any one expect that he should not be startled?—not be very much offended?—and this too when it is a young man who speaks, and in a tone which, with the greatest possible allowance for peculiarity of manners, borders on irreverence. Now then turn to Mr. Newman's explanation, and see the difference.‡ He begins by stating the facts that all the Eucharistic services of the ancient Church may be traced, it would seem, to four originals, and those probably apostolic—that the Liturgy of St. Peter is one, and, though in use [in the Romish Church, has been kept free from Romish corruptions—and that we enjoyed it in England prior to the Reformation.

'This sacred and most precious monument, then,' he proceeds, 'of the apostles, our reformers received whole and entire from their predecessors; and they mutilated the tradition of 1500 years. Well was it for us that they did not discard it, that they did not touch any vital part; for, through God's good providence, though they broke it up, and cut away portions, they did not touch life; and thus we have it at this day a violently treated, but a holy and dear possession, more dear perhaps and precious than if it were in its full vigour and beauty, as sickness or infirmity endears to us our friends and relatives. Now, the first feeling which comes upon an ardent mind, on mastering these facts, is one of indignation and impatient sorrow; the second is the more becoming thought, that, as he deserves nothing at all at God's hands, and is blessed with Christian privileges only as his mere bounty, it is nothing strange that he does not enjoy every privilege which was given through the apostles; and his third, that we are mysteriously bound up with our forefathers, and bear their sin, or, in other words, that our present condition is a judgment on us for what they did.'

This single instance, we are sure, will justify us in complaining that it was reserved for a subsequent apology to show thus clearly how much of truth was contained in a paradox at first naturally offensive, and to transmute its seeming coarseness into the most beautiful piety, by throwing on it the light of feelings which, whatever was the character of Mr. Froude's own mind, pervade every work of his editors.

Another point in Mr. Froude's book, which may not unreasonably perplex even such thoughtful readers as do not confound a Catholic

* Remains, vol. i. p. 287.

† Remains, vol. i, p. 410.

‡ Letter to Fausset, p. 43.

with a Popish spirit, is his leaning to the Church of Rome. As to the idle notions of there being anything in the system before us to encourage Popery, all sensible persons will agree with Professor Powell in rejecting them * as flowing either from 'ignorance of the question,' or 'disregard of distinct disavowals.'

Probably one passage, which follows, will be sufficient to set the matter at rest:—

'If,' says Mr. Newman,† 'we are induced to believe the professions of Rome, and make advances towards her, as if a sister or mother Church, which in theory she is, we shall find too late that we are in the arms of a pitiless and unnatural relative, who will but triumph in the arts which have inveigled us within her reach. No;—dismissing the dreams which the romance of early Church history, and the high theory of Catholicism, will raise in the guileless and inexperienced mind, let us be sure that she is our enemy, and will do us a mischief when she can. In saying and acting on this conviction, we need not depart from Christian charity towards her. We must deal with her as we would towards a friend who is visited by derangement; in great affliction, with all affectionate tender thoughts, with tearful regret, and a broken heart, but still with a steady eye and a firm hand. For in truth she is a *Church beside herself*, abounding in noble gifts and rightful titles, but unable to use them religiously; crafty, obstinate, wilful, malicious, cruel, unnatural, as madmen are. Or, rather, she may be said to resemble a demoniac; possessed with principles, thoughts, and tendencies not her own, in outward form and in outward powers what God made her, but ruled within by an inexorable spirit, who is sovereign in his management over her, and most subtle and most successful in the use of her gifts. Thus she is her real self only in name; and till God vouchsafes to restore her, we must treat her as if she were that evil one which governs her. . . . SATAN ever acts on a *system*; various, manifold, and intricate, with parts and instruments of different qualities, some almost purely evil, others so unexceptionable that, in themselves and detached from the end to which all is subservient, they are really "angels of light," and may be found so to be at the last day. In Romanism there are some things absolutely good, some things only just tainted and sullied, some things corrupted, and some things in themselves sinful; but the *system* itself so called, as a whole, and therefore all parts of it, tend to evil.'‡

* Tradition Unveiled, p. 7.

† Lectures on the Prophetic Office of the Church, Lecture iii, p. 100.

‡ If more instances are wanted of the mode in which the Tracts speak of the Church of Rome, they may be seen in a little pamphlet entitled—"Extracts from Tracts for the Times, showing that to oppose ultra-Protestantism is not to favour Popery." One item in the Index will relieve the most anxious mind:—"Popery, incurable, 7; a falling off, 73; pestilential, 7; malicious and cruel, 15, 64; rebellious, 75; tyrannical, 1, 67, 72; an insanity, 64; an evil spirit, ib.; heretical, 3, 7, 8, 20; exclusive, 19; irreconcilably different from us, 7, 14, 28, 50, 66, 84, 88; unscriptural, 6; presumptuous, 17; persecuting, 9, 32, 58; political, 58, 59, 76; an Antichrist, 38, 40, 41, 48, 72. And if the reader will turn to Tract No. 38, page 11, he will see the corruptions of Popery severally and distinctly repudiated after the model of Bishop Hall.

—For the information of those who suppose that the authority of Catholic Antiquity, maintained by the Tracts, is the same with Popish Infallibility, we may continue in Mr. Newman's own words — '*Of this evil system the main tenet is the Church's infallibility.*'

Now this is rather strong language to be used by a reviver of Popery;—we scarcely think it would dispose the Pope to receive his expected proselytes favourably. But the point to be observed is the discriminating line drawn between wishing for the possibility of communion with Christians of the Church of Rome, and seeking for union with that Church as a Church. The former is the wish and prayer of every good Christian. The latter cannot be desired without a dream of restoring that unscriptural and unapostolical unity which popery has substituted for true Catholicity. Let each national Church at least preserve its independent connexion with the primitive apostolic Church. To restore this was the first great work of the Reformation. Without it, instead of preserving separate independent witnesses to truth, they will all be merged in one, and their authority lost: not to mention the incalculable evils arising from the existence of foreign spiritual influence within a civil dominion. But in Mr. Froude there is evidently a tendency to lose sight of this distinction. And it is acknowledged in the preface.*

The apology made for his seeming want of attachment to the Church of England is, that he considered himself a minister, not of any human establishment, but of the one Holy Church Catholic, and thus allowed himself to indulge in a 'looking and longing† for some fuller development of Catholic principles than he could easily find'—being at last 'obliged to confess, with undissembled mortification and disappointment, that such development was *not to be looked for in Rome.*' But we must and will ask—is not such a looking for the realization of a theory, into regions beyond that in which our own sphere of duty is cast, a highly dangerous indulgence? Is it not in itself, without peering into the modifications which it might have received in the mind of the individual, something like that vague cosmopolitan philanthropy which, instead of cherishing what we have, and striving to improve it, wanders off to a distant imaginary object? Is it not a deviation from that humble practical Christian spirit which recognises, both in moral duties and in the system of the Church, local arrangements, attachment to home, country, language, and soil, as necessary for giving stability to our virtues and limits to our extravagant affections? Did not the undue pre-

* Vol. i. p. 1, 4.

† P. x.

ponderance of the Church of Rome commence in this very way—by good men* being tempted to look to it as a centre of unity and a depository of truth, when the Churches of their own lands were distracted by heresies and persecutions? And ought we not to be extremely careful how we thus create any other centre for our ecclesiastical system than that from which it emanated—the body of the Apostles? Is not any leaning to a foreign Church, even if that Church be sound, a very erroneous tendency, while our own is acknowledged to possess all the essentials of a true Church, and by the pious care of her members may be wrought out into all its perfection? Is it not unlike Mr. Newman's own sentiments, when, borrowing† the words of Archbishop Bramhall, he concludes:—

‘No man can justly blame me for honouring my spiritual mother, the Church of England, in whose womb I was conceived, at whose breasts I was nourished, and in whose bosom I hope to die. Bees, by the instinct of nature, do love their hives, and birds their nests. . . Likewise I submit myself to the Representative Church, that is, a free general council, or so general as can be procured; and until then to the Church of England, wherein I was baptized, or to a *National English Synod*.’

And again‡ in this noble exhortation to perfect our own national Church—

‘O that we knew our own strength as a Church! O that, instead of keeping on the defensive, and thinking it much not to lose our own niggardly portion of Christian light and holiness, which is getting less and less, the less we use it—instead of being timid and cowardly and suspicious and jealous, and panic-struck, and grudging, and unbelieving—we had the heart to rise, as a Church, in the attitude of the Spouse of Christ, and the treasure-house of his grace; to throw ourselves into that system of truth, which our fathers have handed down even through the worst times, and to use it like a great and understanding people! O that we had the courage and the faith to aim at perfection; to demand the attention, to claim the submission of the world! *Thousands of hungry souls in all classes of life stand around us*; we do not give them what they want, the image of a true Christian people, living in that apostolic awe and strictness which carries with it an evidence that they are the Church of Christ. This is the way to withstand and repel the Romanists; not by cries of alarm, and rumours of plots, and disputes and denunciations—but by living up to the creeds, the services, the ordinances, the usages of our own Church, without fear of consequences, without fear of being called Papists; to let matters take their course freely, and to trust to God's good providence for the issue.’

That Mr. Froude came back to the Church of England, as the only mode of realizing his views, is true.§ But surely, for the

* See the Letters of Athanasius, Jerome, and Augustin, *passim*.

† Lectures on the Prophet. Off. of the Church, Advertisement, p. 6.

‡ Letter to Dr. Fausset, p. 9.

§ Preface, p. xii. vol. i. pp. 307, 308.

warning of the young, so likely to be led astray by the same impatient yearning for a more perfect system than they now possess, a broad mark should have been set upon the error of his having gone to seek it out of the bosom of his mother Church. Let no one think that the distinction is too refined: it is of infinite importance to be drawn when the minds of men are turned to projects of change and improvement.

To take another instance of incaution. Nothing is more alarming to a thoughtful mind than the present position of the Church in regard to the State. The Church has its commission, its constitution, its authority, its legislative power, its functions and duties, from God, not man. It is not created, nor can it be destroyed, by any power upon earth. But it has accepted an office in the State; or rather, the State has permitted it to exercise its own office of educating the people, and consecrating the fabric of society. In so doing, the State must assume a certain right of interference, necessary not only to prevent a corrupt Church from trespassing on the civil power, but also to check the tendency to corruption in the Church itself, by in some degree limiting its independence. But even in the worst excesses of this power, even under Henry VIII. and his immediate successors, the State interfered *as a member of the Church*, not as *an alien*;—and in almost every instance, even, it may be said, in the tyranny of the royal supremacy as it stood at the Reformation, the Church as a whole was in some sort benefitted. Either it was protected from foreign domination, or the duties of the clergy were enforced, or restrictions were laid upon an arbitrary secular power in the bishops, or the laity were secured in the proper enjoyment of their spiritual privileges, or a check was put upon some mischievous practice or vice, which could only be suppressed by the secular arm. This was the state of things before the removal of the Test Act.—But since that time, step by step, the State has begun to withdraw itself from the Church, and yet the same interference continues. Though nominally the Crown is still within its communion, the advisers of the Crown, and especially Parliament, on whom they are professedly dependent, may be anything—may be its deadly enemy.

Now, what would be said either by Romanists or any dissenting body—properly zealous as they are for the independence of their spiritual functions—if they were placed in such a position as this;—if the Crown, being a member of the Established Church, had the power of forcing upon them—the Dissenters—bishops or pastors under the penalty of a *premunire*;^{*} if it could suspend and stop altogether their synods, conferences, and other oppor-

^{*} Tract 59, vol. ii.

tunities of deliberation on spiritual matters; if it retained the appointment of ministers to their chapels—who could not be rejected even for ill conduct, unless some of the very gravest offences could be formally substantiated in a court of law, at the expense of the parties rejecting, and with damages against them if they failed in the proof;* if a power, thus alien and perhaps hostile, claimed a right to suppress their spiritual offices, and commenced operations by suppressing them where they were most needed and their opponents were most strong; if it then appointed a Commission of its own to rearrange the revenues of their chapels, to alter the districts of their teachers, to interfere with the internal discipline of those teachers, and to mutilate their most important institutions for preserving what they hold to be truth; if it attempted to throw open their seminaries and apply their revenues to persons of most hostile creeds—insisting that the Romanist and Unitarian colleges should remodel their system of teaching in order to give members of the Anglican Church the opportunity of profiting by it; and if all the time it employed the ministers of those bodies as its own officers to marry, bury, register, answer questions, and exercise a variety of parochial duties? And yet this is the present position of the Church of England.—Can it be wondered that men who think deeply on such things should feel keenly and speak strongly? Nay, who will deny that to strive to correct the anomalies in the present relations of the Church and the State, or even to form plans in anticipation of a separation which possibly may be forced on us, is a great duty in this crisis?

And the language of the Tracts on this subject is sound and moderate.

‘Firmly as we may be resolved’ (they say, speaking of the clergy) ‘at present, from the dictates of a sober and contented spirit, not to commence changes, yet, as other changes are commenced and seem likely to extend still more widely, it may obviously be the duty of churchmen, in mere self-defence, to expose and protest against their destitute and oppressed condition; and this may be perfectly compatible ‘with a natural jealousy of the attempts which are making to separate, as it is called, Church and State.’†

But it becomes a very different thing when a book is put out exhibiting, especially to young readers, a young clergyman looking forward to the apostacy of the State from the Church, not as a deed most fearful and repugnant to every Christian thinker, but as almost desirable in itself—as likely to release the Church from an unnatural thralldom, and enable it to exercise indepen-

* Blackstone's Comment. b. i. c. ii. p. 389.

† Tract No. 59, vol. ii. pp. 10, 11.

dently its spiritual dominion. We may lament that the *establishment* of the Church has clogged it with objectionable conditions; but to speak of it even in its present form as an 'incubus upon the country,'* as 'the blighting influence of our Upas-tree,'† to wish, as a clergyman of the Church of England, 'that he had received his orders from a Scotch bishop,' 'the stream being purer;'‡ or 'to admire the hit about our being united to the State as Israel was to Egypt,'—surely this is language and a spirit which may well shock those who believe that one of the first duties of the Church is to Christianize and hallow the State; that to abandon the State to itself is to convert *our country* into an empire of Atheism; and who therefore would strive with all their means not to hasten but avert the blow by which those whom God has joined, wilful and irreligious man would put asunder. The Church is not united to the State as Israel to Egypt; it is united as a believing wife to a husband who threatens to apostatise; and as a Christian wife so placed would act—with patience, and love, and tears, and zealous entreaties, and prayers, hoping even against hope, and clinging to the connexion until a law from God dissevered it—so the Church must struggle even now, to save—not herself, but the State—from the crime of a divorce.

Another thing which will and should pain the readers of Mr. Froude's book, is the mode in which he speaks of the Reformation and the Reformers. The latter indeed have far too generally been regarded as the founders and saints of our Church, instead of the imperfect, though zealous and venerable, purifiers of its corruptions. Mr. Froude could not have studied their history without perceiving their faults;—but this is very far from justifying the mode in which he speaks of them. It is unhappily too true that Cranmer was for a long time vacillating and unsound in his views (it could scarcely be otherwise); that he was embarrassed by his fidelity to his master;§ that his Church policy was Erastian;|| that his anxiety to reunite the Churches of Christendom led him to the statement of truth in vague and ambiguous

* Rem. vol. i. 405.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

§ Coll. p. 2, b. iv. p. 223.

|| For this indeed Cranmer was scarcely more blameable than the other divines of his day. Their views of Church government had evidently been so unsettled by the unscriptural assumption of the papal supremacy, which had annihilated the independence of the bishops, that, when this yoke was shaken off, if the crown had not put itself in the place of the Pope, probably the Church would have fallen to pieces. It is interesting to observe how a modification of the exorbitant claims of the Regale were introduced first in Scotland by the violence of Knox, and then, through the accession of James, quietly brought into England. But men must not look to the troublous period of the Reformation for principles or precedents in all ecclesiastical matters; and, in many cases, the authors of the Tracts have done wisely in going for their authorities rather to the great divines of the 17th century, whose views were more settled. Burnet, *Hist.*, p. 2, p. 6; Collier, p. 2, b. iii. p. 198. language;

language;* that several parts of his writings have a Zuinglian tendency;† and that his last days were stained with those melancholy recantations which must make even the firmest Christian tremble for his own perseverance in the hour of trial.‡ It is true also that Latimer was coarse and irreverent, and lax in his Church principles; that Ridley, the great centre of the triumvirate, though happily with more strength of mind than Cranmer, and more learning and discipline than Latimer, was their associate in innovations, which, not being absolutely necessary, were a dangerous infringement upon Catholic principles;§ and that Jewell, though in his later days he became more settled in his views, was led at first, like many others, by his opposition to Romanism, into opinions little consistent with either Church discipline or Catholic doctrine.|| And yet no Englishman can take up his Bible, or join in the blessing of his Church service, or feel the comfort and support of those checks upon his erring judgment which are provided in the Articles, or reflect on the corruptions of Popery, and that Providence which by the hands of those men saved us, while escaping from one curse, from falling, like Germany, into another infinitely more fatal; or, again, can think of the death, which sealed the truths which they held, as it blotted out their faults;—no Englishman can remember these things, and, however he may lament their errors, can bear to hear them named with anything but reverence and gratitude.

And, as of the Reformers, so of the Reformation. ‘Hatred for the Reformation,’ even though balanced as it was in Mr. Froude’s mind by ‘hatred to Popery,’¶ is not a safe temper in which to commence the Reformation which is needed at present. Taken with every allowance for the freedom of private intercourse, Mr. Froude’s expression proves the rash intemperateness of the man. But in the great bulk of readers, who know nothing of the real history of the Reformation, and have been taught for years to regard it but in one light, as the era which gave them their Bible and emancipated them from the tyranny of Rome, it will produce an alarm and disgust highly prejudicial to the cause of truth. That a young man, imbued with right principles, and entering for the first time on the history of that period, should feel bitterly, is no matter of surprise;—that he should express himself harshly is very excusable: but that, in the heat of a controversy, when its mature and sedate leaders are charged most unfoundedly

* Strype’s Cranmer, p. 408.

† Burnet, p. 11, p. 61.

‡ Strype’s Cranmer, b. 111, c. 21.

§ Heylin, p. 96.

|| Defence of the Apology, *passim*.

¶ Vol. i, pp. 293, 294, 307, 308, 434.

with abetting Popery, they should commit themselves by publishing broad, violent censures on the Reformation, unqualified and unexplained, is wholly unintelligible.

Such is not the language of the authors of the Tracts.

'In that great commotion,' says Dr. Pusey,* 'there were brought to the surface not only treasures which had long lain hid, but froth and scum also; would one might say, froth and scum only. Every thing which before had been concealed under the thick veil of outward conformity, was laid bare; the Gospel was again eminently a savour of life and a savour of death,—to those who embraced it with an honest and true heart, life; others profited by the security given, only to manifest the unbelief or heresy which lurked within. To others, death and life were mingled in the cup. Protestantism then, as now, was often as negative as its very name; Protestant was often another name only for infidel. The deadly, stupifying heresy (if it may even be called such) of Socinus was, we must recollect, one produce of the Reformation.'

But again—

'We cannot sufficiently admire the loving kindness of Almighty God, who allowed the seeds indeed of Reformation to be sown among us by Wickliffe, yet then, notwithstanding the powerful human aid which he had, and his great popularity, caused them to lie, as it were, in the earth, until those which were less sound should by length of time decay; and again, that he placed so many impediments in the way of our final Reformation (for what man does rapidly he does rashly), and held back our steps by the arbitrariness of Henry; and when we were again going down the stream of the times too readily, checked us at once by the unexpected death of Edward, and proved us by the fire of the Marian persecution, and took away, by a martyr's death, those in whom we most trusted; and then finally employed a number of labourers in the restoration of his temple, of whom none should yet be so conspicuous that the edifice should seem to be his design, or that he should be tempted to restore the decayed part according to any theory of his own, but rather that all things should be made according to the pattern which He had shown us in the church primitive. Had our reform taken place at first, we had been Wickliffites; under Edward, we had been a branch of the Zuinglian or Calvinist church; now we bear no human name; we look to no human founder; we are neither of Paul nor of Apollos, but have been led back at once to the distant fountains, where the waters of life, fresh from their source, flowed most purely.'

This language, and there is much like it, is as sober as it is pious.† And in such a spirit as this, remembering the blessings which were restored to us at the Reformation, grateful that some of its defects we have been able to amend, and that others may still be amended; resolved not to risk the good which it gave and left by any rash projects of improvement; not 'to break the limb

* Tract on Baptism, vol. ii. p. 193.

† Tract for Times, No. 69, p. 105.

‡ Tract No. 81, vol. iv. p. 23.

again, that we may reset it after our own fancy.*—we may read its history, not with hatred, but with mixed sentiments of gratitude and sorrow. It was one of those melancholy periods in which men, driven on to desperation, 'try to amend a nuisance by pulling down the house.† In England the house was saved—saved as by a miracle, but not without infinite damage and criminal violence. It began by transferring to the Crown the same fatal prerogatives which had been usurped by the Popes against the liberties of the Church.‡ It was made the plea for acts of tyranny and spoliation which unsettled the foundations of property—laid precedents against all establishments of charity, learning, or religion§—deprived the country of institutions which, if wisely reformed, had saved us from some of the worst evils of this day||—covered the land with starving poor, who were to be punished for begging their bread by being sold and branded as slaves¶—and reduced the poorer clergy to such straits, that, in the words of Latimer, 'they were forced to go to service, and turn menials.'** It was disgraced by sacrilege, 'which turned altar-cloths into carpets, and chalices into drinking-cups' ††—by the plunder, ‡‡ profanation, and demolition of churches§§—the destruction of libraries, so that by Beale's unsuspecting declaration, 'neither Britain under the Romans and Saxons, nor yet the English people under the Danes and Normans, had ever such damage of their learned monuments;|||—by the menace of Colleges, as if, in the words of Bishop Ridley, 'there seemed a design to drive away all civility, learning, and religion out of the nation; ¶¶—the oppression of the poor, 'as if,' says Burnet, 'it was a general design among the nobility and gentry to bring the inferior sort to that low and servile state to which the peasants in many other kingdoms are reduced;*** by the denial of tithes; †††—by 'animosities, tumults, and schisms, which grew and sprung up within the realm; ‡‡‡—by the 'reduction of the Universities to the last degree of discouragement; §§§—by 'faction among the nobility, insolence and insurrection among the commons, the debasing the coin, the disorder of the administration, the revolt of the peasantry, so that the kingdom made a

* Rem. vol. i. p. 433.

† Burke's Speech on Reform.

‡ Collier's Church Hist., p. ii., b. i., pp. 62, 68, 69, 85, 94.

§ Coll., p. ii., pp. 2, 103, 105, 111, 162.

|| Burke, on French Revolution.

¶ Literally so; Statutes at Large, 1 Edw. VI. c. 3.

** Latimer's Sermons, pp. 38, 114, 241.

†† Heylin, p. 134.

‡‡ Coll., p. ii. b. iv. p. 239.

§§ Fuller, b. vii.; Burnet, p. i. p. 318.

||| Fuller's Ch. Hist., b. vi. p. 335; Wood's Athenæ Oxon., lib. i. p. 271; Burnet, p. i. p. 314; Coll., p. ii. b. iv. p. 325; Fuller, b. vii. p. 417.

¶¶ Ridley's words when refusing to suppress Clare Hall, Burnet, p. ii. p. 120.

*** Burnet, p. ii. p. 114.

††† Fuller's Ch. Hist., b. v. p. 236.

‡‡‡ Stat. at Large, 34 Hen. VIII. c. 1.

§§§ Ascham's Epist., lib. i. p. 406; Wood's Athen. Ant., p. 266.

miserable appearance, and looked, as it were, languishing in one part, and distracted in another.* Many, too many, of the leaders in the great change had no real motive but avarice; † delicacy of conscience and purity of zeal were the impudent pretexts of a gross sensual tyrant, and a court of greedy knaves and upstarts. 'The service of the Church,' says Bucer himself, a zealous reformer, 'is performed in a cold, lame, and unintelligible manner—pastoral duties are neglected—the churches are made places for commerce and diversion—the meaning of the Church, the Communion of Saints, and the Kingdom of Christ, is little understood—the fear of God, and the notion of religion, make a very faint impression; and hence it is that lying, cheating, theft, perjury, and whoredom are so much the complaint of the times. ‡ 'The holy Sacrament,' says an act of Parliament, § 'is so contemptuously depraved, despised, and reviled at, and men call it by such vile and unseemly words, as Christian ears abhor to hear rehearsed.' 'The Bible itself,' says Henry himself in his last speech to parliament, 'is turned into wretched rhymes, sung and jangled in every alehouse and tavern. I am sure,' he adds, 'charity was never in a more languishing condition, virtue never at a lower ebb, nor God never less honoured and worse served in Christendom.' ||

Such facts being undeniable, young men may be pardoned for at first dwelling too much upon the black side of the history: but there is great danger to themselves if they do so too long. There is great fear lest in their natural disgust at such crimes, increased by the ignorant clamour of the day—which makes the Reformation the watchword of religious parties, the standard of Christian truth, and the origin of our Church—they should be led to undervalue the blessings which were won back for us by that fearful struggle, and should think of unsettling a system which takes its date from so sad a beginning.—But we have no such fear from the authors of the Tracts.

'This unsettling of the mind,' says one of them, ¶ 'is, I think, a frightful thing, both to ourselves, and more so to our flocks.

What will be the effect'—he adds, (speaking of the Liturgy, but the principle is applicable throughout,)—'of the temper of innovation in us? We have the power to bring about changes in the Liturgy; shall we not exert it? Have we any security, if we once begin, that we shall ever end? Shall not we pass from non-essentials to essentials? And then, on looking back after the mischief is done, what

* Camden's Appar. ad Elizabeth.

† Heylin's Hist. Refor., p. 48; Ridley's Letter to Grindal, Fox, p. 449.

‡ Bucer's Letter to Hooper, quoted by Collier, p. ii. b. iv. p. 294.

§ Stat. at Large, 1 Edw. VI. c. 1.

|| Collier, p. ii. b. iii. p. 218.

¶ Tract No. 3, p. 2.

excuse shall we be able to make for ourselves, for having encouraged such proceedings at first?

'We never have wished,' says Dr. Pusey, 'nor do we wish for any alteration in the Liturgy of our church; we bless God that our lot has fallen in her bosom,—that he has preserved in her the essentials of primitive doctrine, and a Liturgy so holy; and although I cannot but think its first form preferable, alteration is out of the question. THERE CAN BE NO REAL ALTERATION WITHOUT A SCHISM.*'

'This,' says Mr. Keble,† 'that is, the elevation of men's ideas of the *existing system*, proving it divine in many points where they now ignorantly suppose it human—this, and not the establishment of any mere theory, new or old, is the immediate object of those who have most earnestly urged from time to time the reverential study of Christian antiquity.'

And again Dr. Pusey says—

'In these principles of our dear mother, the Church of England, have we been trained, and in these old ways we would humbly tread.‡'

And again—

'The whole course of these Tracts has, as you know, and as yourself reproach us with, been against innovation.§'

'Not,' says Mr. Keble,|| 'that they would entirely shut out the hope of improvement in many respects. . . . Nor do they feel it any breach of fidelity to the Church of England to join in the confession of one on whom she has ever prided herself as among her truest children and chiefest ornaments—

"The second temple could not reach the first,
And the late Reformation never durst
Compare with ancient times and purer years,
But in the Church and us, deserveth tears."'

But hear again the writer of the 71st Tract—

'Should it be inquired whether this admission of incompleteness in our own system does not lead to projects of change and reform on the part of individuals, it must be answered plainly in the negative. Such an admission has but reference to the question of *abstract* perfection; as a practical matter, it will be our wisdom as individuals to enjoy what God's good providence has left us, lest striving to obtain more, we lose what we still possess.' p. 35.

Let the reader attend above all to the following noble passage in Dr. Pusey's Letter to his Bishop:—

'We must have acted up more to the theory of our Church as she is, before we attempt to alter any ritual belonging to her. We must amend ourselves before we amend any thing of hers. When the body of our clergy shall have acted up to her injunctions, by performing for years, day by day, her daily service, then may they be judges

* Earnest Remonst., v. iii. p. 27. N.B. The author himself here uses large letters.

† Postscript, 3rd edit. of *Sermon on Tradition*, p. 76.

‡ Preface to Tract No. 67, p. xviii. vol. ii.

§ Earnest Remonst., p. 28.

|| *Sermon on Primit. Trad.*, Postscript, p. 76.

whether any improvements may be introduced into that service; when our service shall have become daily instead of weekly, then may we judge whether any additions should be made to that of the Lord's day; when people, by the daily devotional use of the Psalms, shall have come to learn some portion of their depth, then they will see whether they are not, in truth Christian hymns, and how much more of Christian truth they contain than the popular modern hymns, now often in use among us; when we have learnt and taught our congregations the blessedness of infant baptism, and to be gladdened instead of wearied by seeing our little ones, one by one, made members of Christ—or have realised the blessings of our own engrafting into Christ—then may they perhaps judge of the language of the Baptismal Service; when we have become alive to the importance of a true confession of the Holy Trinity, how much belongs to it, how manifold and subtle the temptations to deviate from it—have jealously observed our own inherent tendencies, and to what heresies our own frame of mind was inclined, or from which we have, perhaps, on the very road, been snatched—then may men judge fitly whether our Church* “at this day needeth not,” in the Athanasian creed, “those ancient preservatives, which ages before us were so glad to use;”—or rather, when our whole selves shall have been disciplined by her solemn rounds of prayers, thanksgivings, fastings, festivals, communions, shall we be formed in her model, and so shall understand her, and may supply any thing lacking to her. Till then, our only safe course is to abide as we are, fitting ourselves to receive any enlargement of our treasures, by learning gratefully to appreciate and to use those which we have. What is good in itself, might not be good to us, until we are other than we are.’—p. 17.

We have now touched on the principal points which seem to require notice in Mr. Froude's Remains. Thoroughly studied, much of the paradox will vanish. But men will not study them thoroughly, and therefore, thrown out as they are, with very inadequate explanations, they must, we fear, do harm.

As a biography we do not intend to enter on the work. The person whom it sketches is gone, and gone recently, to another world; and it is no pleasing task at any time to sit in judgment upon the character of the dead. That there are expressions and sentiments attributed to him which will pain and startle even the most partial reader, cannot be denied; and however honest the intention of putting them out, they are not in themselves the less unsatisfactory. His zeal, energy, straightforwardness, self-discipline, and decided views of the social and political character of true Christianity, are all good; and he was the intimate friend of men, who have proved by their writings that they were incapable of tolerating in religion anything like bitterness or irreverence. All this must be borne in mind; and when to this are added the freedom of private intercourse, and

* Hooker, *Ecc. Pol.* V. xliii. 13, ed. Keble.

certain peculiarities of temper, perhaps some excuse may be found, not for putting forward the sketch as it is—(for this we cannot comprehend)—but for those shades of character which are open to most cavil.*

We cannot close these remarks without adding two warnings, which may be required for younger readers. First, that asceticism, however sincere and real, is no sure test or safeguard of true religion, but has again and again been the prelude to heresy and even sensuality, where it has not been accompanied with deep humility, warmth of affection, obedience, and gentleness of mind. Secondly, that in representing Mr. Froude, in his own description, as an 'ecclesiastical agitator' (the words are painful to use) the editors did not intend to recommend that those who adopted their views should be Hildebrands or Becketts.

'Let us not be bent,' to use Mr. Newman's words,† 'on proselyting, organising, and ruling, as the end of life, and the *summum bonum* of a Christian community, but bring ourselves to give our testimony "whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear," and then leave the matter to God.' Let us beware of confounding the humble, patient, obedient, gentle servants of the Church, with such a character as he proceeds to describe;—'The man of ardent political temper and prompt and practical habits, the sagacious and aspiring man of the world, the scrutiniser of the heart, and conspirator against its privileges and rights'—who 'understands that the multitude requires a strong doctrine'—and thinks less of maintaining the truth, than of avoiding what may 'blunt and enfeeble the energy of those who are called upon to act'—who 'will impatiently complete what he considers to have been left imperfect'—and drug moral truths, 'as vintners do their wines, to suit the palates of the many.'‡ Let each in his post serve the Church, obey it, purify it as far as he may within his own reach; love it, honour it, counsel for it, and pray for it; but let all beware how they take upon themselves the title or the office of 'ecclesiastical agitators.'

'If,' say the authors of the Tracts in a preface to their sermons,§

* We think it only fair to call our readers' attention to a very manly note on Froude's Remains, which occurs at p. xxiii. of the masterly preface to Mr. Oakeley's Whitehall Sermons. But, indeed, we may earnestly recommend the whole of that preface to every one who is desirous of studying this controversy. Mr. Oakeley is not one of the Tract writers—he disclaims being familiar with any of them—and has evidently arrived at his conclusions in the same independent manner wherein he expresses them. Had his volume reached us sooner (it is just published) we should have made considerable use of it in various parts of the present article. The Sermons are worthy of the preface—and we could not pay them a higher compliment than by saying this.

† Lectures on Prophetical Offices, Lect. iv. p. 129.

‡ Lecture iv. p. 130.

§ Plain Sermons, Advertisement, p. 1.

'if,

'if, as time goes on, there shall be found persons, who, admiring the innate beauty and majesty of the fuller system of primitive Christianity, and seeing the transcendent strength of its principles, shall become loud and voluble advocates in their behalf, speaking the more freely, because they do not feel them deeply, as founded in divine and eternal truth; of such persons it is our duty to declare plainly, that as we should contemplate their condition with serious misgivings, so would they be the last persons from whom we should seek support.

'But if, on the other hand, there shall be any, who, in the silent humility of their lives, and in their unaffected reverence for holy things, show that they in truth accept these principles as real and substantial—and by habitual purity of heart, and serenity of temper, give proof of their deep veneration for sacraments and sacramental ordinances—these persons, whether our professed adherents or not, best exemplify the kind of characters which the 'Tracts for the Times' have wished to form. The subjects treated of in them were not set forth as mere parts of ideal systems, or as themes for disputation—matters only of sentiment or party—or idle speculation—but are rather urged as truths of immediate and essential importance, bearing more or less directly on our every-day behaviour, means of continual resource and consolation in life, and of calm and sure hope in death.'

But if these cautions are necessary for those who adopt the views of the Tracts, there are some still more necessary for others.

Romanists and Dissenters, of course, will oppose (as they always have done) principles which, if thoroughly revived in the Church, must have the effect of overthrowing their own erroneous systems. But that members and even clergymen of the Church of England should join *heedlessly* in the cry, and clamour down, without inquiry, a teaching devoted to the cause of the Church, speaking with her voice, supported by her soundest divines, and enforcing obedience only to her plain rules—*this* would be as strange as it is painful, if the history of the Church of England had not uniformly presented a similar phenomenon.

'This calumny' [of popery], says Nelson, in his *Life of Bishop Bull* [Burton's Edit. vol. i. p. 311] 'hath been thrown upon the greatest lights of our Church—and will be the fate of many more, who shall zealously contend for the primitive doctrines and discipline of Christianity. But yet, in the day of any trial, the men of this character will be found the best defenders of the Church of England, and the boldest champions against the corruptions of the Church of Rome.'

Our Reformation was called popish by Geneva;* our Church popish by Calvin and Beza, and the puritans in our own country.† Popery was the charge against all the bishops in the reigns of

* Collier's Ch. Hist., vol. ii. p. 471.

† Barlow's Account of the Hampton Court Controv., Phoenix i. p. 166.

Elizabeth,^a of Charles I.,^b and of James II.^c It has ever been the cry of both parties against the greatest and best of our divines, as often as they have stood forward to maintain against Romanism on one hand, and Puritanism on the other, the rights, ceremonies, or doctrines of the Catholic Church of England. It was the cry against Jewell,^d Whitgift,^e Hooker,^f Bramhall,^g Andrews,^h Hall,ⁱ Laud,^k Montagu,^l Cosin,^m Wren, Taylor,ⁿ Sherlock,^o Sancroft,^p Kettlewell, Hickes,^q Brett, Dodwell, Leslie,^r Ken,^s and Butler.^t Even Chillingworth^u did not escape the insinuation. And last, though not the least surprising, Baxter^v himself, 'as the reward of all his labours from the separating independent,' was charged 'with having done more to strengthen popery than ever was done by any papist.'

We cannot enter into the causes which must always expose the Church of England, as a true branch of the Catholic Church, to these idle calumnies of popery. But surely, such being the case, men will do well to reflect and examine before they join in them, remembering how fatal a thing, and yet how easy it is, to take up a groundless alarm, and 'rend their garments,' and call 'blasphemy,' and 'throw dust into the air,' even in the very presence of truth. To such persons we earnestly recommend an attentive perusal of Bishop Stillingfleet's Preface to 'the Unreasonableness of Separation,' and Bishop Sanderson's Preface to his first volume of sermons, especially section 18. They will there see that it is possible for men to be loud and zealous in declaiming against popery, but 'whilst they causelessly suspect their brethren, to be themselves in truth, really and eventually, the great promoters of the Roman interest among us, and that more ways than one.'

^a Strype's Life and Acts of Abp. Whitgift, b. 3, ch. 22.

^b Canterbury's Doom, by Prynne, *passim*.

^c D'Oyley's Life of Abp. Sancroft, vol. i. p. 321.

^d Wordsworth's Eecl. Biog. vol. iv. pp. 52, 57.

^e Strype's Whitgift, fol. ed. pp. 265, 302.

^f Christian Letter, 4to, 1549; Wordsworth's Eecl. Biog. vol. iv. p. 269; Orme's Life of Baxter, p. 16.

^g Life of Bramhall, by the Bishop of Limerick, prefixed to his Works, M. 2, and Vindication of himself and the Episcopal Clergy from the charge of Popery.

^h Canterbury's Doom, p. 157.

ⁱ Wordsworth's Eecl. Biog. vol. v. p. 305.

^k Canterbury's Doom, *passim*.

^l Heylin's Life of Laud, p. 124.

^m State Trials, 8vo. ed. vol. iv. pp. 23, 27.

ⁿ Heber's Life of Jeremy Taylor, p. 90; Works, vol. xi. p. 211.

^o Orme's Life of Baxter, p. 655.

^p Life of Kettlewell, prefixed to his Works, p. 58; and D'Oyley's Life of Sancroft, vol. i. p. 321.

^q Burnett's Own Times, vol. vi. p. 114.

^r Swift's Preface to the Bishop of Sarum's Introd.; Works by Nicholls, vol. v. p. 90.

^s Evelyn's Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 625, 637, 4to ed.; and Biog. Britan.

^t Life, by Halifax, p. 2, notes to Preface.

^u Canterbury's Doom, p. 56.

^v Life of Baxter, by Himself, p. 154.

With reference to certain mere politicians, who, in the present condition of parties, find it convenient to affect religious zeal, and who have been very forward to condemn what they have presumed to call the *Oxford heresy*—if they condemn it as favouring that Popery which is the curse of the empire, they are speaking in utter ignorance. No system is more fatal to Popery than the system of the Church of England, fully and faithfully developed—and the papists know it. For men cannot live without a resting-place for their belief,—a home for their religious affections,—a polity real and visible to engage their public duties—without authority and antiquity to support them—without a stimulus to their practice; and all this is offered them, offered them in a spurious form, with forged credentials, with lies and treachery—by the system of Romanism. But let the Church of England rise up by the side with her real Catholicity of doctrine—her apostolical descent as clearly traced—her spiritual power manfully asserted—with strictness of discipline, unity of polity, warmth and energy of spirit, and earnestness of devotion—and there will be no place for Romanism.

Let not, in fine, the leaders of the Conservative party in Parliament adopt the easy credulous fancy of their underlings. Let not them suppose for a moment that it is for light things—for a mere theory or form, that the present controversy is pending—or that it is one in which the interests of the State are no way concerned. If the State is to be preserved, all see it must be preserved by the Church. But if the Church is made to hang upon the State, with no authority of its own, if its power is rested on the plea of expediency, or the will of its subjects, it must fall at once. Whatever gives stability to the Church gives stability to the Constitution: whatever leads men to recognise in their spiritual governors the hand and the appointment of God will also make them loyal to their kings: whatever gives them depth of thought, humility of mind, quietness of spirit, submission to external law, reverence for unseen things, and interest in an unseen world, will draw them from the feverish, restless strife of party, and make them good and contented subjects. Above all, whatever gives to those who shall be called upon to govern, whether in Church or State, sound and solid reasons for their conduct—not reasons of chance good, of calculation, of expediency—not of barter and sale between duty and profit—but clear, definite lines of fixed, paramount duty, which nothing can obliterate, and nothing is wanted to defend—whatever does this will enable them to take a position in behalf of our laws and institutions very different from that which at present they seem contented to occupy. And with this view—by no means tying ourselves to approve every expression,

expression, or even to subscribe to every doctrine—we think the publication of the Oxford Tracts a very reasonable and valuable contribution to the cause both of the Church and the State, and therein of religion and liberty, and all the other interests of Englishmen; and we are rejoiced that they proceed from a place which owes this duty to the country and to the memory of its great benefactors. And so long as the authors continue in adherence to their original declared principles—anxious for improvement, but averse to innovation—submissive to authority without yielding their own right of reason—careful in abstaining from extremes—abandoning all thoughts of self, and looking only to God's glory in all things—so long, we trust and believe, they will find a blessing resting on their labours—and all those who love their country and their Church, will heartily wish them God-speed.

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